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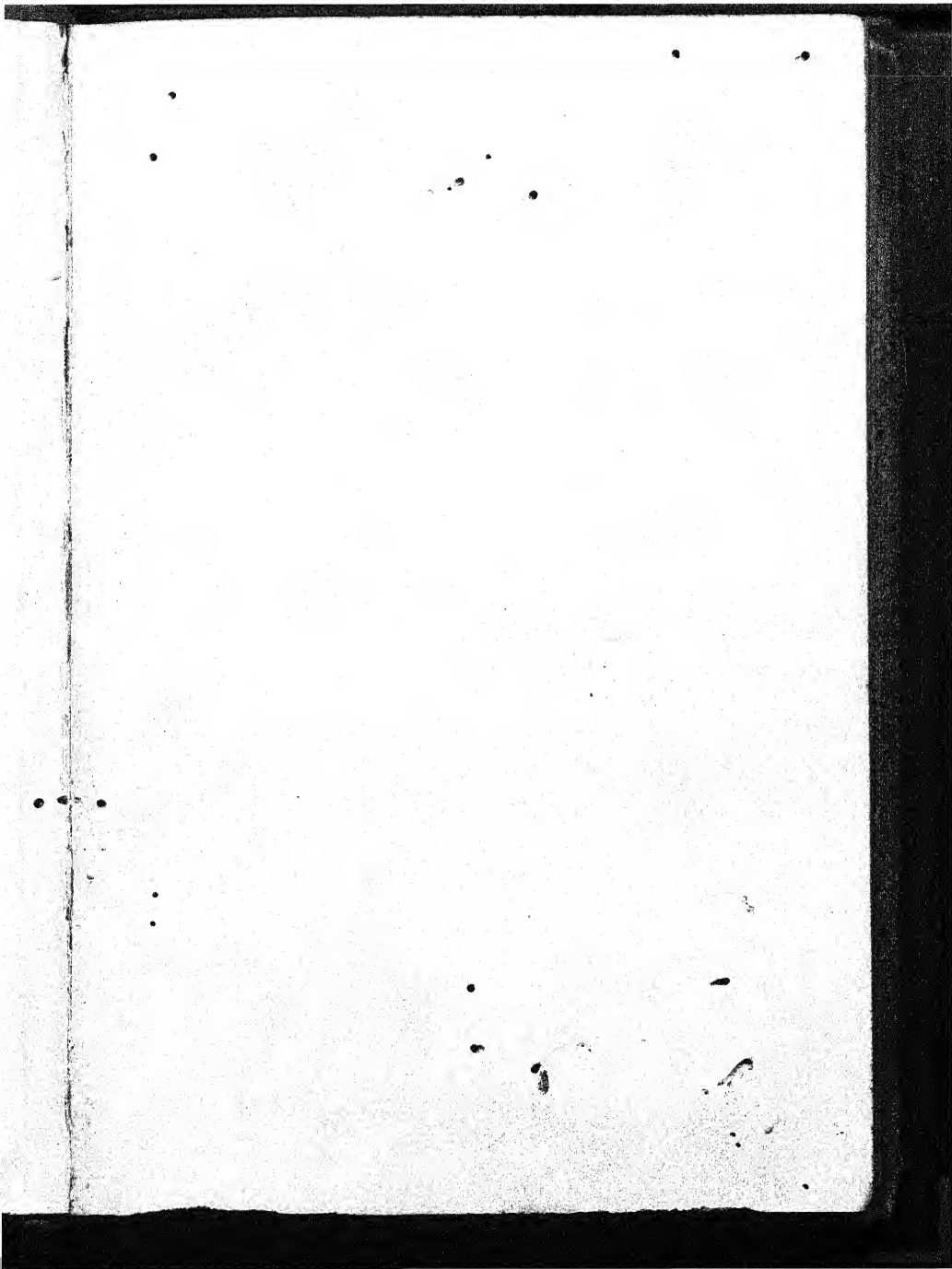
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over before taking up the chapter; though, in reality, it would matter little, if they left the notes till after the chapter had been studied.

The series comprises the following volumes, to be added to from time to time:—

| | | |
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THE CHALLENGE

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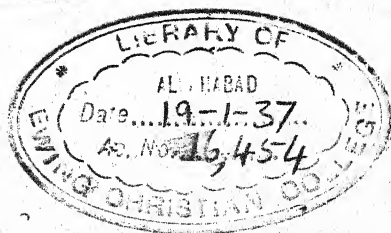
WESTWARD HO!

BY

CHARLES KINGSLEY



DEC. 1935.



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INTRODUCTION

Westward Ho! is deservedly one of the most popular of English novels. Its author, Charles Kingsley, tells us in his dedication of the work to Rajah Brooke and Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, that in it he has tried to depict "that type of English virtue, at once manful and godly, practical and enthusiastic, prudent and self-sacrificing", which these great Englishmen had manifested in their own lives.

The period with which the story deals is the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth"; the subject, the struggle with Spain to secure access for Englishmen to that New World which the discoveries of Columbus and others, nearly a century earlier, had opened up to European trade and colonization. Never before in the history of England had there been a struggle of such overwhelming importance. On it not the future of England only, but the future of the human race depended. A victory for Spain meant the overthrow of human freedom—material, intellectual, and spiritual—and the reduction to slavery not merely of the natives of the New World, but of the peoples of Western Europe. The Netherlands had entered on their fight for freedom, and their revolt from Spain and from the Inquisition had been begun under the great national hero The Silent William, whose murder in 1584 only led to English intervention in the struggle, which grew more and more fierce until the independence of the Netherlands was acknowledged in 1609.

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The same sinister combination threatened the destruction not merely of Protestantism, but of all freedom, and of society itself in France. Protestants had been murdered at Vassy in 1562, and in the name of religion the indescribable horrors of the Bartholomew massacres had been perpetrated in 1572. The "Holy Catholic League", for the suppression of Protestantism, had been formed in 1576, and, with Spain at its head, had set about the destruction of Protestants in France, as well as in the Netherlands and elsewhere. In France, as in the Netherlands, it was the help of England that encouraged the persecuted to struggle against persecution, to struggle on, indeed, until they secured that success on the field of Ivry in 1590 which for the time being ended the persecution.

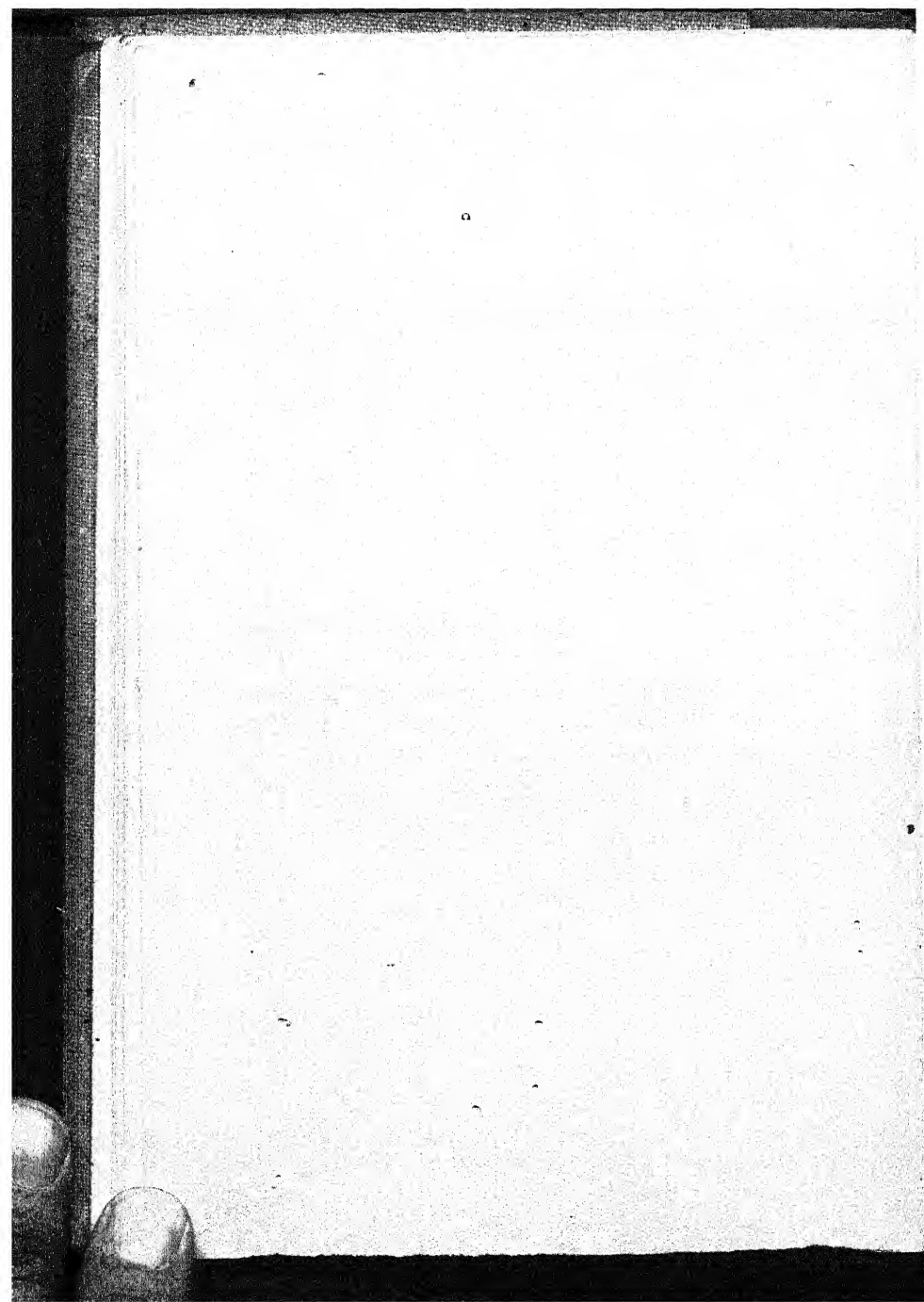
The Pope had granted to the Kings of Spain and Portugal all new lands that might be discovered anywhere in the world. The unspeakable brutalities of the Spaniards, like those of the Germans in the Great War, called forth a protest from outraged humanity. Under these brutalities the aborigines of the West Indies died out. To meet the Spanish settlers' demands for labour, slaves were brought from Western Africa. These the cruelties of their owners often drove into rebellion, and it is partly with these cruelly used natives and negroes that Kingsley deals in this great novel.

Much of the action takes place in Devonshire, the county where Kingsley was born, and where much of his boyhood was spent, the county which he loved more than all the other counties in England. The story gives an account of the defeat and punishment of the motley crew of Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians who had entrenched themselves at Smerwick. The story culminates in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the salvation of human freedom.

Almost all the great characters of this great time are introduced. Remember it was the time of Bacon and Hooker and

Raleigh, of Sidney and Spenser and Shakespeare, to mention only a few of the great writers; and it was the time also of great men of action, great politicians, great soldiers, and great sailors. It is with the latter especially that the action of the story is concerned. Devonshire was at this time the county in England most noted for the numbers and for the achievements of its great sailors. It was the county of the Drakes and Hawkinses, the Gilberts and Raleighs, the Grenvilles and other heroic adventurers of the time; and these are all introduced into the story.

It is a story which no boy could read without feeling inspired by that admiration for what is good and right, and that contempt for cowardice and hatred of the cruel and mean which, as a stimulus to right-living and a deterrent from wrong-doing, will be found under all circumstances most helpful. The story is given in Kingsley's own words. The discussions of the professor of history, the wonderful representations of the literary conditions of the England of the time, and of its social customs and religious opinions have been dropped as too difficult for young readers; but, as far as possible, nothing essential to the story itself, or necessary to its interest, has been omitted.



WESTWARD HO!

CHAPTER I

HOW MR. OXENHAM SAW THE WHITE BIRD

One bright summer's afternoon, in the year of grace 1575, a tall and fair boy came lingering along Bideford quay, in his scholar's gown, with satchel and slate in hand, watching wistfully the shipping and the sailors, till, just after he had passed the bottom of the High Street, he came opposite to one of the many taverns which looked out upon the river. In the open bay window sat merchants and gentlemen, discoursing over their afternoon's draught of sack; and outside the door was gathered a group of sailors, listening earnestly to some one who stood in the midst. The boy, all alive for any sea-news, must needs go up to them, and take his place among the sailor-lads who were peeping and whispering under the elbows of the men; and so came in for the following speech, delivered in a loud, bold voice, with a strong Devonshire accent, and a fair sprinkling of oaths.

"And says Captain Drake: 'There, my lads of Devon, I've brought you to the mouth of the world's treasure-house, and it's your own fault now if you don't sweep it out as empty as a stock-fish'."

"Why didn't you bring some of ~~the~~^{my} home, then, Mr. Oxenham?"

"Why weren't you there to help to carry them? We would have brought 'em away, safe enough, and young Drake and I had broke the door aboard already, but Captain Drake goes off in a dead faint. And tell me, ye sons of shotten herrings, wasn't it worth more to save him, than the dirty silver? for

silver we can get again, brave boys: there's more fish in the sea than ever came out of it, and more silver in Nombre de Dios than would pave all the streets of the west country: but of such captains as Franky Drake, Heaven never makes but one at a time; and if we lose him, good-bye to England's luck, say I, and who don't agree, let him choose his weapons, and I'm his man."

"Who'll list?" cried the gaunt man, "now's your time! We've got forty men to Plymouth now, ready to sail the minute we get back, and we want a dozen out of you Bideford men, and just a boy or two, and then we'm off and away, and make our fortunes, or go to heaven.

"Our bodies in the sea so deep,
Our souls in heaven to rest!
Where valiant seamen, one and all,
Hereafter shall be blest!"

"Now," said Oxenham, "you won't let the Plymouth men say that the Bideford men daren't follow them? North Devon against South, it is. Who'll join? who'll join? It is but a step of a way, after all, and sailing as smooth as a duck-pond as soon as you're past Cape Finisterre. I'll run a Clovelly herring-boat there and back for a wager of twenty pound, and never ship a bucketful all the way. Who'll join? Don't think you're buying a pig in a poke. I know the road, and Salvation Yeo, here, too, who was the gunner's mate, as well as I do the narrow seas, and better. You ask him to show you the chart of it, now, and see if he don't tell you over the ruttier as well as Drake himself."

On which the gaunt man pulled from under his arm a great white buffalo horn, covered with rough etchings of land and sea, and held it up to the admiring ring.

"See here, boys all, and behold the pictur of the place, dra'ed out so natural as ever was life."

And the horn was passed from hand to hand.

The schoolboy, who had been devouring with eyes and ears all that passed, and had contrived by this time to edge himself into the inner ring, now stood face to face with the hero of the emerald crest, and got as many peeps as he could at the wonder.

And now to his astonished gaze displayed themselves cities and harbours, dragons and elephants, whales which fought with sharks, plate ships of Spain, islands with apes and palm-trees,

each with its name over-written. Oh, if he could but possess that horn, what needed he on earth beside to make him blest!

"I say, will you sell this?"

"Yea, marry, or my own soul, if I can get the worth of it."

"I want the horn, I don't want your soul; it's somewhat of a stale sole, for aught I know; and there are plenty of fresh ones in the bay."

"Break the jackanapes's head for him, Yeo," said Oxenham.

"Call me jackanapes again, and I break yours, sir." And the boy lifted his fist fiercely.

Oxenham looked at him a minute smilingly. "Tut! tut! my man, hit one of your own size, if you will, and spare little folk like me!"

At which there was a general laugh, in which Oxenham joined as loudly as any, and then bade the lad tell him why he was so keen after the horn.

"Because," said he, looking up boldly, "I want to go to sea. I want to see the Indies. I want to fight the Spaniards. Though I am a gentleman's son, I'd a deal liever be a cabin-boy on board your ship." And the lad, having hurried out his say fiercely enough, dropped his head again.

"And you shall," cried Oxenham, with a great oath; "and take a galleon, and dine off carbonadoed Dons. Whose son are you, my gallant fellow?"

"Mr. Leigh's, of Burrough Court."

"Bless his soul! I know him as well as I do the Eddystone, and his kitchen too. Who sups with him to-night?"

"Sir Richard Grenville."

"Dick Grenville? I did not know he was in town. Go home and tell your father John Oxenham will come and keep him company. There, off with you! I'll make all straight with the good gentleman, and you shall have your venture with me; and as for the horn, let him have the horn, Yeo, and I'll give you a noble for it."

"Not a penny, noble Captain. If young master will take a poor mariner's gift, there it is, for the sake of his love to the calling, and Heaven send him luck therein." And the good fellow, with the impulsive generosity of a true sailor, thrust the horn into the boy's hands, and walked away to escape thanks.

"And now," quoth Oxenham, "my merry men all, make up your minds what mannered men you be minded to be before you take your bounties. If any man will be true brother to me,

true brother to him I'll be, come wreck or prize, storm or calm, salt water or fresh, victuals or none, share and fare alike; and here's my hand upon it, for every man and all; and so—

“‘Westward ho! with a rumbelow,
And hurra for the Spanish main, O!’”

After which oration Mr. Oxenham swaggered into the tavern, followed by his new men; and the boy took his way homewards, nursing his precious horn.

Mr. Oxenham came that evening to supper as he had promised: but as people supped in those days in much the same manner as they do now, we may drop the thread of the story for a few hours, and take it up again after supper is over.

“Come now, Dick Grenville, do thou talk the good man round, and I'll warrant myself to talk round the good wife.”

The personage whom Oxenham thus addressed familiarly, answered by a somewhat sarcastic smile, and “Mr. Oxenham gives Dick Grenville” (with just enough emphasis on the “Mr.” and the “Dick”, to hint that a liberty had been taken with him) “overmuch credit with the men. Mr. Oxenham's credit with fair ladies, none can doubt. Friend Leigh, is Heard's great ship home yet from the Straits?”

The speaker, known well in those days as Sir Richard Grenville, Granville, Greenvil, Greenfield, with two or three other variations, was one of those truly heroic personages whom Providence, fitting always the men to their age and their work, had sent upon the earth whereof it takes right good care, not in England only, but in Spain and Italy, in Germany and the Netherlands, and wherever, in short, great men and great deeds were needed to lift the mediæval world into the modern.

And among all the heroic faces which painters of that age have preserved, none, perhaps, hardly excepting Shakespeare's or Spenser's, Alva's or Parma's, is more heroic than that of Richard Grenville, as it stands in Prince's *Worthies of Devon*.

“Heyday, Sir Richard? You are not surely gone over to the side of those canting fellows (Spanish Jesuits in disguise every one of them, they are), who pretend to turn up their noses at Franky Drake as a pirate, and be hanged to them?”

“My friend Oxenham,” answered he in the sententious and measured style of the day, “I have always held, as you should know by this, that Mr. Drake's booty, as well as my good friend Captain Hawkins's, is lawful prize, as being taken from the Spaniard, who is, not only *hostis humani generis*, an enemy of

mankind, but has no right to the same, having robbed it violently by torture and extreme iniquity from the poor Indian, whom God avenge, as He surely will."

"Hark now!" said Oxenham, "who can speak more boldly than he? and yet he will not help this lad to so noble an adventure."

"You have asked his father and mother; what is their answer?"

"Mine is this," said Mr. Leigh; "if it be God's will that my boy should become hereafter such a mariner as Sir Richard Grenville, let him go, and God be with him; but let him first bide here at home and be trained, if God give me grace, to become such a gentleman as Sir Richard Grenville."

Sir Richard bowed low, and Mrs. Leigh catching up the last word—

"There, Mr. Oxenham, you cannot gainsay that, unless you will be discourteous to his worship. And for me—though it be a weak woman's reason, yet it is a mother's: he is my only child. His elder brother is far away. God only knows whether I shall see him again; and what are all reports of his virtues and his learning to me, compared to that sweet presence which I daily miss?"

He lifted the cup, and was in act to pledge them, when he suddenly dropped it on the table, and pointed, staring and trembling, up and down, and round the room, as if following some fluttering object.

"There! do you see it? The bird!—the bird with the white breast!"

Each looked at the other; but Leigh, who was a quick-witted man, and an old courtier, forced a laugh instantly, and cried—

"Nonsense, brave Jack Oxenham! Leave white birds for men who will show the white feather. Mrs. Leigh waits to pledge you."

Oxenham recovered himself in a moment, pledged them all round, drinking deeply and fiercely; and after hearty farewells, departed, never hinting again at his strange exclamation.

After he was gone, and while Leigh was attending him to the door, Mrs. Leigh and Grenville kept a few minutes' dead silence. At last—

"God help him!" said she.

"Amen," said Grenville, "for he never needed it more. But, indeed, Madam, I put no faith in such omens."

"But, Sir Richard, that bird has been seen for generations

before the death of any of his family. I know those who were at South Tawton when his mother died, and his brother also; and they both saw it. God help him! for, after all, he is a proper man."

"And now come hither to me, my adventurous godson," said Sir Richard, "and don't look in such doleful dumps. I hear you have broken all the sailor-boys' heads already."

"Nearly all," said young Amyas, with due modesty. "But am I not to go to sea?"

"All things in their time, my boy, and God forbid that either I or your worthy parents should keep you from that noble calling which is the safeguard of this England and her queen. But you do not wish to live and die the master of a trawler?"

"I should like to be a brave adventurer, like Mr. Oxenham."

"God grant you become a braver man than he! for as I think, to be bold against the enemy is common to the brutest! but the prerogative of a man is to be bold against himself."

"How, sir?"

"To conquer our own fancies, Amyas, and our own lusts, and our ambition, in the sacred name of duty; this it is to be truly brave, and truly strong; for he who cannot rule himself, how can he rule his crew or his fortunes? Come, now, I will make you a promise. If you will bide quietly at home, and learn from your father and mother all which befits a gentleman and a Christian, as well as a seaman, the day shall come when you shall sail with Richard Grenville himself, or with better men than he, on a nobler errand than gold-hunting on the Spanish Main."

"O my boy, my boy!" said Mrs. Leigh, "hear what the good Sir Richard promises you. Many an earl's son would be glad to be in your place."

And so Amyas Leigh went back to school, and Mr. Oxenham went his way to Plymouth again, and sailed for the Spanish Main.

CHAPTER II

HOW AMYAS CAME HOME THE FIRST TIME

Five years are past, and gone. It is nine of the clock on a still, bright November morning; but the bells of Bideford church are still ringing for the daily service two hours after the

usual time; and instead of going soberly according to wont, cannot help breaking forth every five minutes into a jocund peal, and tumbling head over heels in ecstasies of joy. Bideford streets are a very flower-garden of all the colours, swarming with seamen and burghers, and burghers' wives and daughters, all in their holiday attire. Garlands are hung across the streets, and tapestries from every window. The ships in the pool are dressed in all their flags, and give tumultuous vent to their feelings by peals of ordnance of every size. Every stable is crammed with horses; and Sir Richard Grenville's house is like a very tavern, with eating and drinking, and unsaddling, and running to and fro of grooms and serving-men.

For somewhat more than a twelvemonth after Mr. Oxenham's departure, young Amyas had gone on quietly enough, according to promise, with the exception of certain occasional outbursts of fierceness common to all young male animals, and especially to boys of any strength of character. His scholarship, indeed, progressed no better than before; but his home education went on healthily enough; and he was fast becoming, young as he was, a right good archer, and rider, and swordsman (after the old school of buckler practice), when his father, having gone down on business to the Exeter Assizes, caught (as was too common in those days) the gaol-fever from the prisoners; sickened in the very court; and died within a week.

And now Mrs. Leigh was left to God and her own soul, with this young lion-cub in leash, to tame and train for this life and the life to come.

Mrs. Leigh was, and had been from her youth, one of those noble old English churchwomen, without superstition, and without severity, who are among the fairest features of that heroic time.

And now, at little past forty, she was left a widow; lovely still in face and figure; and still more lovely from the divine calm which brooded, like the dove of peace and the Holy Spirit of God (which indeed it was), over every look, and word, and gesture; a sweetness which had been ripened by storm, as well as by sunshine; which this world had not given, and could not take away. No wonder that Sir Richard and Lady Grenville loved her; no wonder that her children worshipped her; no wonder that the young Amyas, when the first burst of grief was over, and he knew again where he stood, felt that a new life had begun for him; that his mother was no more to think and act for him only, but that he must think and act for his mother.

And so it was, that on the very day after his father's funeral, when school hours were over, instead of coming straight home, he walked boldly into Sir Richard Grenville's house, and asked to see his godfather.

"You must be my father now, sir," said he firmly.

And Sir Richard looked at the boy's broad strong face, and swore a great and holy oath that he would be a father to him, and a brother to his mother, for Christ's sake. And Lady Grenville took the boy by the hand, and walked home with him to Burrough; and there the two fair women fell on each other's necks, and wept together: the one for the loss which had been, the other, as by a prophetic instinct, for the like loss which was to come to her also. For the sweet St. Leger knew well that her husband's fiery spirit would never leave his body on a peaceful bed; but that death would find him, sword in hand, upon the field of duty and of fame. And there those two vowed everlasting sisterhood, and kept their vow; and after that all things went on at Burrough as before; and Amyas rode, and shot, and boxed, and wandered on the quay at Sir Richard's side; for Mrs. Leigh was too wise a woman to alter one tittle of the training which her husband had thought best for his younger boy. It was enough that her elder son had of his own accord taken to that form of life in which she in her secret heart would fain have moulded both her children. For Frank, God's wedding gift to that pure love of hers, had won himself honour at home and abroad; first at the school at Bideford; then at the Exeter College, where he had become a friend of Sir Philip Sidney's, and many another young man of rank and promise. He had at the special entreaty of Budaeus set out with him down the Danube to Buda. Though he wrote again and again, no letter reached him from home for nearly two years. Fearing some mishap, he hurried back to England, to find his mother a widow, and his brother Amyas gone to the South Seas with Captain Drake of Plymouth. And yet, even then, after years of absence, he was not allowed to remain at home. For Sir Richard, to whom idleness was a thing horrible and unrighteous, would have him up and doing again before six months were over, and sent him off to Court to Lord Hunsdon.

There, being as delicately beautiful as his brother was huge and strong, he had speedily, by Carew's interest and that of Sidney and his Uncle-Leicester, found entrance into some office in the queen's household; and he was now basking in the full sunshine of Court favour.

Poor Mrs. Leigh, as one who had long since learned to have no self, and to live not only for her children, but in them, submitted, without a murmur, and only said, smiling, to her stern friend: "You took away my mastiff-pup, and now you must needs have my fair greyhound also."

"Would you have your fair greyhound, dear lady, grow up a tall and true Cotswold dog, that can pull down a stack of ten, or one of those smooth-skinned poppets which the Florence ladies lead about with a ring of bells round its neck, and a flannel farthingale over its loins?"

Mrs. Leigh submitted; and was rewarded after a few months by a letter, sent through Sir Richard, from none other than Gloriana herself, in which she thanked her for "the loan of that most delicate and flawless crystal, the soul of her excellent son," with more praises of him than I have room to insert, and finished up by exalting the poor mother above the famed Cornelia; "for those sons, whom she called her jewels, she only showed, yet kept them to herself; but you, madam, having two as precious, I doubt not, as were ever that Roman dame's, have, beyond her courage lent them both to your country and to your queen, who therein holds herself indebted to you for that which, if God give her grace, she will repay as becomes both her and you." Which epistle the sweet mother bedewed with holy tears, and laid by in the cedar-box which held her household gods.

But why did Amyas go to the South Seas? Amyas went to the South Seas for two causes, each of which has, before now, sent many a lad to far worse places: first, because of an old schoolmaster; secondly, because of a young beauty. I will take them in order and explain.

Vindex Brimblecombe, whilom servitor of Exeter College, as was his custom after dinner, was lying back in his chair, and slept the sleep of the just, when Amyas, who used to console himself in school hours by drawing ships and imaginary charts upon his slate, instead of minding his "humanities", introduced, heedless of perspective, a rock, on which stood the lively portraiture of Sir Vindex—nose, spectacles, gown, and all; and in his hand a brandished rod, while out of his mouth a label shrieked after the runaways: "You come back!" while a similar label replied from the gallant bark, "Good-bye, master!" the shoving and tittering rose to such a pitch that Cerberus awoke, and demanded sternly what the noise was about. To which, of course, there was no answer.

"You, of course, Leigh! Come up, sir, and show me your exercitation."

Now of Amyas's exercitation not a word was written; and, moreover, he was in the very act of putting the last touches to Mr. Brimblecombe's portrait. Whereon, to the astonishment of all hearers he made answer:

"All in good time, sir!" and went on drawing.

"Come hither, sirrah, or I'll flay you alive!"

"Wait a bit!" answered Amyas.

The old gentleman jumped up, ferula in hand, and darted across the school, and saw himself upon the fatal slate.

"What have we here, villain?" and clutching at his victim, he raised the cane. Whereupon, with a serene and cheerful countenance, up rose the mighty form of Amyas Leigh, a head and shoulders above his tormentor, and that slate descended on the bald coxcomb of Sir Vindex Brimblecombe, with so shrewd a blow, that slate and pate cracked at the same instant, and the poor pedagogue dropped to the floor, and lay for dead.

After which Amyas arose, and walked out of the school, and so quietly home; and having taken counsel with himself, went to his mother, and said, "Please, mother, I've broken schoolmaster's head."

Now, Sir Richard had, twenty years ago, in like place, and very much in like manner, broken the head of Vindex Brimblecombe's father, schoolmaster in his day; and therefore had a precedent to direct him; and he answered:

"Amyas, sirrah! those who cannot obey, will never be fit to rule. If thou canst not keep discipline now, thou wilt never make a company or a crew keep it when thou art grown. Dost mind that, sirrah?"

"Yes," said Amyas.

"Then go back to school this moment, sir, and be flogged."

"Very well," said Amyas, considering that he had got off very cheaply; while Sir Richard, as soon as he was out of the room, lay back in his chair, and laughed till he cried again.

So Amyas went back, and said that he was come to be flogged; whereon the old schoolmaster, whose pate had been plastered meanwhile, wept tears of joy over the returning prodigal, and then gave him such a switching as he did not forget for eight-and-forty hours.

But that evening Sir Richard sent for old Vindex, who entered, trembling, cap in hand; and having primed him with a cup of sack, said:

"Well, Mr. Schoolmaster! My godson has been somewhat too much for you to-day. There are a couple of nobles to pay the doctor."

"Indeed, the boy is a brave boy, and a quick boy, Sir Richard, but more forgetful than Lethe; and it were well if he were away, for I shall never see him again without my head aching. Moreover, he put my son Jack upon the fire last Wednesday, as you would put a football, though he is a year older, your Worship, because, he said, he looked so like a roasting pig, Sir Richard."

"Alas, poor Jack!"

"And what's more, your Worship, he is a fire-eater and swash-buckler, beyond all Christian measure; a very sucking Entellus, Sir Richard. Last Tuesday week he fell upon a young man of Barnstaple, Sir Richard, a hosier's man, sir, and smote him clean over the quay into the mud, because he said that there was a prettier maid in Barnstaple than ever Bideford could show; and then offered to do the same to any man who dare say that Mistress Rose Salterne, his Worship the Mayor's daughter, was not the fairest lass in all Devon."

"Eh? Say that over again, my good sir," quoth Sir Richard, who had thus arrived, as we have seen, at the second count of the indictment. "I say, good sir, whence dost thou hear all these pretty stories?"

"My son Jack, Sir Richard, my son Jack."

"Why is not the rogue at Oxford, with a murrain on him, instead of lurching about here carrying tales, and ogling the maidens?"

"I had hoped, Sir Richard—and therefore I said it was not his fault—but there was never a servitorship at Exeter open."

"Go to, man—go to! I will speak to my brethren of the Trust, and to Oxford he shall go this autumn, or else to Exeter gaol, for a strong rogue, and a masterless man. Do you hear?"

"Hear?—oh, sir, yes! and return thanks. Jack shall go, Sir Richard, doubt it not—I were mad else; and, Sir Richard, may I go too?"

And therewith Vindex vanished, and Sir Richard enjoyed a second mighty laugh, which brought in Lady Grenville, who possibly had overheard the whole; for the first words she said were:

"I think, my sweet life, we had better go up to Burrough."

So to Burrough they went; and after much talk, and many tears, matters were so concluded that Amyas Leigh found himself

riding joyfully towards Plymouth, by the side of Sir Richard, and, being handed over to Captain Drake, vanished for three years from the good town of Bideford.

And now he is returned in triumph, and the observed of all observers; and looks round and round, and sees all faces whom he expects, except one; and that the one which he had rather see than his mother's? He is not quite sure. Shame on himself!

An old red-cloaked dame in the crowd, struck by some sudden impulse, sprang forward, and catching hold of young Amyas's sleeve—

"Kind sir! dear sir! For Christ his sake answer a poor old widow woman!"

"What is it, dame?" quoth Amyas gently enough.

"Did you see my son to the Indies—my son Salvation?"

"Salvation?" replied he, with an air of one who recollected the name.

"Yes, sure, Salvation Yeo, of Clovelly. A tall man and black, and sweareth awfully in his talk, the Lord forgive him!"

Amyas recollected now. It was the name of the sailor who had given him the wondrous horn five years ago.

"My good dame," said he, "the Indies are a very large place, and your son may be safe and sound enough there, without my having seen him. I knew one Salvation Yeo. But he must have come with—— By-the-bye, godfather, has Mr. Oxenham come home?"

There was a dead silence for a moment among the gentlemen round; and then Sir Richard said solemnly, and in a low voice, turning away from the old dame:

"Amyas, Mr. Oxenham has not come home; and from the day he sailed, no word has been heard of him and all his crew."

"Oh, Sir Richard! and you kept me from sailing with him! Had I known this before I went into church, I had had one mercy more to thank God for."

"Thank Him all the more in thy life, my child!" whispered his mother.

"And no news of him whatsoever?"

"None; but that the year after he sailed, a ship belonging to Andrew Barker, of Bristol, took out of a Spanish caravel somewhere off the Honduras, his two brass guns; but whence they came the Spaniard knew not, having bought them at Nombre de Dios."

"Yes!" cried the old woman; "they brought home the guns and never brought home my boy!"

"They never saw your boy, mother," said Sir Richard.

"But I've seen him! I saw him in a dream four years last Whitsuntide, as plain as I see you now, gentles, a-lying upon a rock, calling for a drop of water to cool his tongue, like Dives to the torment! Oh! dear me!" and the old dame wept bitterly.

Amyas was bound in all courtesy to turn his attention now to the show which had been prepared in his honour; and which was really well enough worth seeing and hearing. The English were, in those days, an altogether dramatic people; ready and able, as in Bideford that day, to extemporize a pageant, a masque, or any effort of the Thespian art short of the regular drama.

So first, preceded by the waits, came along the bridge toward the Town-hall, a device prepared by the good rector, who, standing by, acted as showman, and explained anxiously to the bystanders the import of a certain "allegory", wherein on a great banner was depicted Queen Elizabeth herself, who, in ample ruff and farthingale, a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other, stood triumphant upon the necks of two sufficiently abject personages, whose triple tiara and imperial crown proclaimed them the Pope and the King of Spain; while a label, issuing from her royal mouth, informed the world that—

"By land and sea a virgin queen I reign,
And spurn to dust both Antichrist and Spain".

Which, having been received with due applause, a well-bedizened lad, having in his cap as a posy "Loyalty", stepped forward, and delivered himself of verses. On went Loyalty, very well pleased with himself; and next, amid much cheering, two great tinsel fish, a salmon and a trout, symbolical of the wealth of Torridge, waddled along. They drew (or seemed to draw, for half the 'prentices in the town were shoving it behind, and cheering on the panting monarchs of the flood) a car wherein sate, amid reeds and river-flags, three or four pretty girls in robes of grey-blue spangled with gold, one with a crown of the sweet bog-myrtle. They stopped opposite Amyas; and she of the myrtle wreath began with a pretty blush to say her say.

Ending, she took the wreath of fragrant gale from her own head, and, stooping from the car, placed it on the head of Amyas Leigh.

"The song was not so bad—erudite, as well as prettily conceived—and, saving for a certain rustical simplicity and monosyllabic baldness, smacks rather of the forests of Castaly than those of Torridge."

So spake my Lady Bath, whom Sir Richard wisely answered not.

"Since the whole choir of Muses, madam, have migrated to the Court of Whitehall, no wonder if some dewes of Parnassus should fertilize at times even our Devon moors."

The speaker was a tall and slim young man, some five-and-twenty years old, of so rare and delicate a beauty that it seemed that some Greek statue had condescended to tread awhile this work-day earth in living flesh and blood.

Master Frank, for he it was, was dressed in the very extravagance of the fashion—not so much from vanity, as from that delicate instinct of self-respect which would keep some men spruce and spotless from one year's end to another upon a desert island.

"Ah, my silver-tongued scholar!" said my Lady Bath, "and are you, then, the poet? or have you been drawing on the inexhaustible bank of your friend Raleigh, or my cousin Sidney? or from some fresh Shepherd's Calendar?"

"Had either, Madam, been within call of my most humble importunities, your ears had been delectate with far nobler melody."

"Go, saucy sir," said my lady, in high glee: "the pageant stays your supreme pleasure."

Soon Frank's silver voice was heard calling out—

"Room there, good people, for the gallant 'prentice lads!"

And on they came, headed by a giant of buckram and paste-board armour, forth of whose stomach looked, like a clock-face in a steeple, a human visage, to be greeted, as was the fashion then, by a volley of quips and puns from high and low.

Young Mr. William Cary, of Clovelly, who was the wit of those parts, opened the fire by asking him whether he were Goliath, Gogmagog, or Grantorto in the romance; for giants' names always began with a G. To which the giant's stomach answered pretty surlily:

"Mine don't; I begin with an O."

"Then thou criest out before thou art hurt, O cowardly giant!"

"Let me out, lads," quoth the irascible visage, struggling in

his buckram prison, "and I soon show him whether I be a coward."

"Nay, if thou gettest out of thyself, thou wouldst be beside thyself, and so wert but a mad giant."

Whereon, up came no less a person than Vindex Brimblecombe, the ancient schoolmaster, with five-and-forty boys at his heels, who, halting, pulled out his spectacles, and thus signified his forgiveness of his whilom broken head:

"That the world should have been circumnavigated, ladies and gentles, were matter enough of jubilation to the student of Herodotus and Plato, Plinius and—ahem! much more when the circumnavigators are Britons; more, again, when Damnonians."

"Don't swear, master," said young Will Cary.

"Gulielme Cary, Gulielme Cary, hast thou forgotten thy——"

"Whippings? Never, old lad! Go on; but let not the licence of the scholar overtop the modesty of the Christian."

"Hillo ho! schoolmaster!" shouted a voice from behind; "move on, and make way for Father Neptune!" Whereon a whole storm of raillery fell upon the hapless pedagogue.

"Now, lads!" cried Neptune, "hand me my parable that's writ for me, and here goeth!" And at the top of his bull-voice he began roaring:—

"Here be five Bideford men,
Which have sail'd the world around."

"Holla, boys! holla! Blow up, Triton, and bring forward the freedom of the seas."

Triton, roaring through a conch, brought forward a cockle-shell full of salt water, and delivered it solemnly to Amyas, who, of course, put a noble into it, and returned it after Grenville had done the same.

The moment Amyas had an opportunity, he asked his brother Frank, somewhat peevishly, where Rose Salterne was.

"What! the mayor's daughter? With her uncle by Kilhampton, I believe."

Now cunning Master Frank, whose daily wish was to "seek peace and ensue it", told Amyas this, because he must needs speak the truth; but he was purposed at the same time to speak as little truth as he could, for fear of accidents; and, therefore, omitted to tell his brother how that he, two days before, had entreated Rose Salterne herself to appear as the nymph of Torridge; which honour she, who had no objection either to exhibit

her pretty face, to recite pretty poetry, or to be trained thereto by the cynosure of North Devon, would have assented willingly, but that her father stopped the pretty project by a peremptory counter-move, and packed her off, in spite of her tears, to the said uncle on the Atlantic cliffs.

During the three years of Amyas's absence, Rose Salterne had grown into so beautiful a girl of eighteen, that half North Devon was mad about the "Rose of Torridge", as she was called; and there was not a gallant for ten miles round who would not have gone to Jerusalem to win her. So that all along the vales of Torridge and of Taw, and even away to Clovelly, not a gay bachelor but was frowning on his fellows, and vying with them in the fashion of his clothes, the set of his ruffs, the harness of his horse, the carriage of his hawks, the pattern of his sword-hilt.

CHAPTER III

OF TWO GENTLEMEN OF WALES, AND HOW THEY HUNTED WITH THE HOUNDS, AND YET RAN WITH THE DEER

Amyas slept that night a tired and yet a troubled sleep; and his mother and Frank, as they bent over his pillow, could see that his brain was busy with many dreams.

And no wonder; for over and above all the excitement of the day, the recollection of John Oxenham had taken strange possession of his mind; and all that evening Amyas was recalling to himself every look and gesture of the lost adventurer till he retired to sleep, only to renew the fancy in his dreams. At last he found himself, he knew not how, sailing westward ever, up the wake of the setting sun, in chase of a tiny sail which was John Oxenham's. And then the moon arose, and in a moment John Oxenham's ship was close aboard; her sails were torn and fluttering; the pitch was streaming from her sides; her bulwarks were rotting to decay. And what was that line of dark objects dangling along the main-yard?—A line of hanged men! And, horror of horrors, from the yard-arm close above him, John Oxenham's corpse looked down with grave light eyes, and beckoned and pointed, as if to show him his way, and strove to speak, and could not;

till he sprang up, and woke with a shout of terror, and found himself lying in the little coved chamber in dear old Burrough, with the grey autumn morning already stealing in.

Feverish and excited, he tried in vain to sleep again; and after an hour's tossing, rose and dressed, and started for a bathe on his beloved old pebble ridge.

He walked down to the pebble ridge. Sniffing the keen salt air like a young sea-dog, he stripped and plunged into the breakers, and dived, and rolled, and tossed about the foam with stalwart arms, till he heard himself hailed from off the shore, and looking up, saw standing on the top of the rampart the tall figure of his cousin Eustace.

Amyas was half-disappointed at his coming. Nevertheless, not having seen Eustace for three years, it was but civil to scramble out and dress, while his cousin walked up and down upon the turf inside.

Eustace Leigh was the son of a younger brother of Leigh of Burrough, a brother who had more or less cut himself off from his family, and indeed from his countrymen, by remaining a Papist. The penal laws never troubled him. Moreover, in such a no-man's land and end-of-all-the-earth was that old house at Moorwinstow, that a dozen conspiracies might have been hatched there without anyone hearing of it; and Jesuits and seminary priests skulked in and out all the year round, unquestioned though unblest; and found a sort of piquant pleasure, like naughty boys who have crept into the store-closet, in living in mysterious little dens in a lonely turret, and going up through a trap-door to celebrate mass in a secret chamber in the roof, where they were allowed by the powers that were to play as much as they chose at persecuted saints, and preach about hiding in dens and caves of the earth.

Eustace Leigh was not a bad fellow at heart; but he had been chosen by the harpies at home on account of his "peculiar vocation"; in plain English, because the wily priests had seen in him certain capacities of vague, hysterical fear of the unseen, and with them that tendency to be a rogue, which superstitious men nearly always have.

He had returned to England about a month before, in obedience to the proclamation which had been set forth that "whosoever had children, wards, &c., in the parts beyond the seas, should send in their names to the ordinary, and within four months call them home again". So Eustace was now staying with his father at Chapel, having, nevertheless, his private

matters to transact on behalf of the virtuous society by which he had been brought up; and one of these private matters had brought him to Bideford the night before.

So he sat down beside Amyas on the pebbles, and looked at him all over out of the corners of his eyes very gently, as if he did not wish to hurt him, or even the flies on his back; and Amyas faced right round, and looked him full in the face, with the heartiest of smiles, and held out a lion's paw, which Eustace took rapturously, and a great shaking of hands ensued.

"Hold hard, old lad," said Amyas, "before you break my elbow. And where do you come from?"

"From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it," said he, with a little smile and nod of mysterious self-importance.

"Like the devil, eh? Well, every man has his pattern. How is my uncle?"

"Ah, my dearest cousin!" said Eustace, "how disappointed I was this morning at finding I had arrived just a day too late to witness your triumph! But I hastened to your home as soon as I could, and learning from your mother that I should find you here, hurried down to bid you welcome again to Devon."

"Well, old lad, it does look very natural to see you. I often used to think of you walking the deck o' nights. Uncle and the girls are all right, then? But is the old pony dead yet? And how's Dick the smith, and Nancy? Grown a fine maid by now, I warrant. 'Slid,¹ it seems half a life that I've been away."

"And you really thought of your poor cousin? Be sure that he, too, thought of you, and offered up nightly his weak prayers for your safety (doubtless, not without avail) to those saints, to whom would that you——"

"Humph!" said Amyas. "Here's Frank; let him answer."

And as he spoke, up came Frank, and after due greetings, sat down beside them on the ridge.

"Walk round with us by Appledore," said Frank, "and then home to breakfast."

But Eustace declined, having immediate business, he said, in Northam town, and then in Bideford; and so left them to lounge for another half-hour on the beach, his cousins going merrily, like honest men, along the straight road across the turf, arrived in Appledore, opposite the little "Mariner's Rest"

¹ = God's (eye) lid.

Inn, just in time to see what Eustace had taken so much trouble to hide from them, namely, four of Mr. Thomas Leigh's horses standing at the door.

"What strange cattle has he been importing now? Look at that three-legged fellow, trying to get aloft on the wrong side. How he claws at his horse's ribs, like a cat scratching at an elder-stem!"

At last the poor man, by dint of a chair, was mounted safely, while his fellow-stranger, a burly, coarse-looking man, equally gay, and rather more handy, made so fierce a rush at his saddle, that, like "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps its self", he "fell on t'other side": or would have fallen, had he not been brought up short by the shoulders of the ostler at his off-stirrup. In which shock off came hat and feather.

"Pardie, the bulldog-faced one is a fighting-man. Dost see, Frank? he has had his head broken."

"That scar came not, my son, but by a pair of most Catholic and apostolic scissors. My gentle buzzard, that is a priest's tonsure."

"Hang the dog! Oh, that the sailors may but see it, and put him over the quay-head. I've half a mind to go and do it myself."

"My dear Amyas," said Frank, laying two fingers on his arm, "these men, whosoever they are, are the guests of our uncle, and therefore the guests of our family."

"What a plague is one to do, then? That fellow was a Papist spy!"

"Of course he was!" said Frank.

"Then, what is one to do, if the whole country is full of them?"

"Not to make fools of ourselves about them; and so leave them to make fools of themselves."

"That's all very fine; but—well, I shall remember the villain's face if I see him again."

"There is no harm in that," said Frank.

"Glad you think so."

"Don't quarrel with me, Amyas, the first day."

"Quarrel with thee, my darling old fellow! I had sooner kiss the dust off thy feet, if I were worthy of it. So now away home; my inside cries cupboard."

In the meanwhile, Messrs. Evans and Morgans were riding away, as fast as the rough by-lanes would let them, along the fresh coast of the bay, steering carefully clear of Northam town

on the one hand, and on the other, of Portledge, where dwelt that most Protestant justice of the peace, Mr. Coffin. And it was well for them that neither Amyas Leigh, nor indeed any other loyal Englishman, was by when they entered, as they shortly did, the lonely woods which stretch along the southern wall of the bay. For there Eustace Leigh pulled up short; and both he and his groom, leaping from their horses, knelt down humbly in the wet grass, and implored the blessing of the two valiant gentlemen of Wales, who, having graciously bestowed it with three fingers apiece, became thenceforth no longer Morgan Evans and Evan Morgans, Welshmen and gentlemen; but Father Parsons and Father Campion, Jesuits, and gentlemen in no sense in which that word is applied in this book.

After a few minutes the party were again in motion, ambling steadily and cautiously along the high table-land, towards Moorwinstow, in the west. Just as they got opposite Clovelly Dike, up from the ditch, as if rising out of the earth, burst through the furze-bushes an armed cavalier.

"Pardon, gentlemen!" shouted he, as the Jesuit and his horse recoiled against the groom. "Stand, for your lives!"

The horseman dashed across the nose of Eustace Leigh's horse, with a "Hillo, old lad! where ridest so early?" and peering down for a moment into the ruts of the narrow trackway, struck spurs into his horse, shouting, "A fresh slot! right away for Hartland! Forward, gentlemen all! follow, follow, follow!"

"Who is the roysterer?" asked Parsons loftily.

"Will Cary, of Clovelly; an awful heretic: and here come more behind."

And as he spoke, four or five more mounted gallants plunged in and out of the great dikes, and thundered on behind the party. Mr. Morgan Evans gave himself up at once to abject despair, and as he bumped and rolled along, sought vainly for comfort in professional ejaculations in the Latin tongue.

Now riding on his quarter, not in the rough trackway like a cockney, but through the soft heather like a sportsman, was a very gallant knight, Richard Grenville by name, who pushed his horse alongside of Mr. Eustace Leigh, and at the first check said, with two low bows towards the two strangers: "I hope Mr. Leigh will do me the honour of introducing me to his guests."

After which, the only thing which poor Eustace could do was

to introduce in due form Mr. Evan Morgans and Mr. Morgan Eyans.

"Gentleman," said Sir Richard blandly, cap in hand; "I fear that your mails must have been somewhat in your way in this unexpected gallop. If you will permit my groom, who is behind, to disencumber you of them and carry them to Chapel, you will both confer an honour on me, and be enabled yourselves to see the mort more pleasantly."

A twinkle of fun, in spite of all his efforts, played about good Sir Richard's eye as he gave this searching hint. The two Welsh gentlemen stammered out clumsy thanks, and pleading great haste and fatigue from a long journey, contrived to fall to the rear and vanish with their guides, as soon as the slot had been recovered.

"Will!" said Sir Richard, pushing alongside of young Cary.

"Your worship?"

"Jesuits, Will!"

"Shall I and young Coffin on and stop them?"

"No; give the devil rope, and he will hang himself. Keep thy tongue at home, and thine eyes too, Will."

"How then?"

"Let Clovelly beach be watched night and day like any mouse-hole. No one can land round Hartly Point with these south-westers. Stop every fellow who has the ghost of an Irish brogue, come he in or go he out, and send him over to me."

"Some one should guard Bude-haven, sir."

"Leave that to me. Now then, forward, gentlemen all, or the stag will take the sea at the Abbey."

And on they crashed down the Hartland glens, through the oak-scrub and the great crown-ferns. Eustace Leigh had other thoughts and other cares than the safety of his father's two mysterious guests, important as that was in his eyes; for he was one of the many who had drunk in sweet poison (though in his case it could hardly be called sweet) from the m^es glances of the Rose of Torridge. He had seen her in town, and for the first time in his life fallen utterly in^o him. But as yet his suit was in very embryo. He could n^o know tell whether Rose knew of his love; and he wasted r^enough, hours in maddening thoughts, and tossed all night r^e. He slept on a sleepless bed, and rose next morning fierce and pale, r^e who the fresh excuses for going over to his uncle's house, a^o about the fruit which he dared not snatch. ang about her
ape and sprang at it.

CHAPTER IV

THE TWO WAYS OF BEING CROSSED IN LOVE

One day, as Eustace entered his father's private room, after his usual visit to the mill, he could hear voices high in dispute; Parsons, as usual, blustering; Mr. Leigh, peevishly deprecating, and Campion, who was really the sweetest-natured of men, trying to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"My excellent sir," said Mr. Leigh, "does not your very presence here show how I am affected toward the holy cause of the Catholic faith? But I cannot in the meanwhile forget that I am an Englishman."

"And what is England?" said Parsons: "A heretic and schismatic Babylon, whereof it is written, 'Come out of her, my people, lest you be partaker of her plagues'."

"My dear sir, recollect that I have sworn allegiance to Queen Elizabeth!"

"Yes, sir, you have, sir; and, as I have shown at large in my writings, you were absolved from that allegiance from the moment that the bull of Pius the Fifth declared her a heretic and excommunicate, and thereby to have forfeited all dominion whatsoever."

"Take care, sir; for God's sake, take care!" said Mr. Leigh. "Right or wrong, I cannot have such language used in my house. For the sake of my wife and children, I cannot!"

"My dear brother Parsons, deal more gently with the flock," interposed Campion. "Your opinion, though probable, as I well know, in the eyes of most of our order, is hardly safe enough here; the opposite is at least so safe that Mr. Leigh may well excuse his conscience for accepting it."

"Our Queen is a very good queen, if Heaven would but grant her repentance, and turn her to the true faith. I have never

heard about religion, nor any one else that I know of in the country."

"I will not forget Mr. Trudgeon, of Launceston, father, and poor his horse-layne," interposed Eustace, who had by this time said, with

Mr. Leigh, "what the devil brought Cuthberts to the gallows, and turned Mr. Trudgeon out of

After which, there was just such treasonable talk as Mr. Parsons

must needs hold in my house, to make a beggar of me and my children, as he will before he has done."

"The blessed Virgin forbid!" said Campion.

"I'll tell you what, gentlemen," said Mr. Leigh, "I don't think the declaration was needed. After the new law of 1571 was made, it was never put in force till Mayne and Trudgeon made fools of themselves, and that was full six years."

"Your son, sir, reverences his spiritual fathers too well to listen to the temptations of his earthly father."

"God help me!"—and the poor man's eyes fairly filled with tears.

Now was Eustace's turn to be roused; for, after all, he was an Englishman and a gentleman; and he said, kindly enough, but firmly—

"Courage, my dearest father. Remember that I am still your son, and not a Jesuit yet; and whether I ever become one, I promise you, will depend mainly on the treatment which you meet with at the hands of these reverend gentlemen, for whom I, as having brought them hither, must consider myself as surety to you."

If a powder-barrel had exploded in the Jesuits' faces, they could not have been more amazed. Campion looked blank at Parsons, and Parsons at Campion.

At last Parsons spoke.

"There's a woman in the wind. I'll lay my life on it. I saw him blush up crimson yesterday, when his mother asked him whether some Rose Salterne or other was still in the neighbourhood."

"A woman? Well, the spirit may be willing, though the flesh be weak. We will inquire into this. The youth may do us good service as a layman; and if anything should happen to his elder brother, he is heir to some wealth."

Father Campion asked Father Francis, the household chaplain, to allow him, as an especial favour, to hear Eustace's usual confession on the ensuing Friday.

Campion heard Eustace's confession; and by putting to him such questions as may be easily conceived by those who know anything about the confessional, discovered satisfactorily enough, that he was what Campion would have called "in love". He smiled, and set to work next vigorously to discover who the lady might be.

At last, when Campion had asked something about her worldly wealth, Eustace saw a door of escape and sprang at it.

"Even if she be a heretic, she is heiress to one of the wealthiest merchants in Devon."

"Ah!" said Campion thoughtfully. "And she is but eighteen, you say?"

"Only eighteen."

"Ah! well, my son, there is time. She may be reconciled to the Church; or you may change."

"I shall die first."

"Ah, poor lad! Well; she may be reconciled, and her wealth may be of use to the cause of heaven."

"And it shall be of use. Only absolve me, and let me be at peace."

And so Eustace was absolved; after which Campion added:

"This is indeed well, my son: for there is a thing to be done now, but it may be at the risk of life."

"I will go," said Eustace; "to-morrow is the 25th, and I know a sure and easy place. Your friend seems to know these shores well."

"Ah! what is it we do not know?" said Campion, with a mysterious smile. "And now?"

"And now, to prove to you how I trust to you, you shall come with me, and see this—the lady of whom I spoke, and judge for yourself whether my fault is not a venial one."

"Ah, my son, have I not absolved you already? What have I to do with fair faces? Nevertheless, I will come, both to show you that I trust you, and it may be to help towards reclaiming a heretic, and saving a lost soul: who knows?"

So the two set out together; and, as it was appointed, they had just got to the top of the hill between Chapel and Stow mill, when up the lane came none other than Mistress Rose Salterne herself, in all the glories of a new scarlet hood, from under which her large dark languid eyes gleamed soft lightnings through poor Eustace's heart and marrow. Up to them she tripped on delicate ankles and tiny feet, tall, lithe, and graceful, a true West-country lass.

"There!" whispered he, trembling from head to foot. "Can you excuse me now?"

"I had excused you long ago," said the kind-hearted father.

"Will you let me return for a moment? I will follow you; let me go!"

Campion saw that it was of no use to say no, and nodded. Eustace darted from his side, and, running across a field, met Rose full at the next turn of the road.

"I came back to speak to you, Rose—Miss Salterne, I mean."

"To me?"

She shrank back somewhat frightened.

"Do not stir; do not go, I implore you! Rose, only hear me!" And fiercely and passionately seizing her by the hand, he poured out the whole story of his love, heaping her with every fantastic epithet of admiration which he could devise; but there was a quiver in his voice, and a fire in his eye, from which she shrank by instinct.

"Let me go!" she said; "you are too rough, sir! Remember that I am alone. Leave me; go! or I will call for help!"

"I thought so! Some one of those gay gallants has been beforehand with me. Tell me who——"

But she broke from him, and passed him, and fled down the lane.

"Mark it!" he cried, after her. "You shall rue the day when you despised Eustace Leigh! Mark it, proud beauty!" And he turned back to join Campion, who stood in some trepidation.

"You have not hurt the maiden, my son? I thought I heard a scream."

And so Eustace Leigh played his move, and lost it.

Rose Salterne was a thorough specimen of a West-coast maiden, full of passionate impulsive affections, and wild dreamy imaginations. She did not break her heart for any of her admirers, and why should they break theirs for her? They were all very charming, each in his way, but one of them was not so very much better than the other.

Of course, Mr. Frank Leigh was the most charming; and very charming was Mr. William Cary, with his quips and his jests, and his galliards and lavoltas.

And Mr. Hugh Fortescue, too—people said that he was certain to become a great soldier—perhaps as great as his brother Arthur. He was but the younger son of an innumerable family; but then, so was Amyas Leigh. She could not help thinking a good deal about him, and his voyage, and the reports of his great strength, and beauty, and valour. In her last night's dream the figure of Amyas had been even more forward and troublesome than that of Frank or the rest.

But, moreover, another figure had been forward and troublesome enough in last night's sleep-world; and forward and troublesome enough, too, now in to-day's waking-world, namely, Eustace, the rejected. How strange that she should have

dreamt of him the night before! and dreamt, too, of his fighting with Mr. Frank and Mr. Amyas.

Poor little Rose! Had she but had a mother! She was too shy to tell her aunt her mighty troubles. She would go and see Lucy Passmore, the white witch; Lucy knew everything; Lucy would tell her what to do; perhaps even whom to marry.

Lucy was a fat, jolly woman of fifty. Her qualifications as white witch were boundless cunning, equally boundless good nature, considerable knowledge of human weaknesses, some mesmeric power, some skill in "yarbs", as she called her simples, a firm faith in the virtue of her own incantations, and the faculty of holding her tongue. By dint of these she contrived to gain a fair share of money, and also (which she liked even better) of power, among the simple folk for many miles round.

The Prophetess, when Rose approached her oracular cave, was seated on a tripod in front of the fire, distilling strong waters out of penny royal. But no sooner did her distinguished visitor appear at the hatch, than the still was left to take care of itself, and a clean apron and mutch having been slipped on, Lucy welcomed Rose with endless courtesies, and—"Bless my dear soul alive, whoever would have thought to see the Rose of Torridge to my poor little place!

"Well, my dear young lady, and what is it I can do for ye! For I guess you want a bit of old Lucy's help, eh? Though I'm most mazed to see ye here, surely. I should have supposed that pretty face could manage they sort of matters for itself. Eh?"

Rose, thus bluntly charged, confessed at once, and, with many blushes and hesitations, made her soon understand that what she wanted was "To have her fortune told".

"Well, well," said Lucy, "think over it, my dear life; and if you did set your mind on any one—why, then—then maybe I might help you to a sight of him."

"A sight of him?"

"His sperrit, dear life, his sperrit only, I mane."

Rose sighed, and stirred the ashes about vehemently.

"I must first know who it is to be. If you could show me that—now——"

"Oh, I can show you that, tu, I can. Why, you'm not afraid to goo into the say by night for a minute, are you? And to-morrow night would serve, too; 'twill be just low tide to midnight."

"If you come with me perhaps——"

"I'll come, I'll come, and stand within call, to be sure. Only do ye mind this, dear soul alive, not to goo telling a crumb about mun, noo, not for the world, or ye'll see nought at all, indeed, now. Do ye try my bit of a charm, now! do ye!"

Rose could not resist the temptation; and between them both the charm was agreed on, and the next night was fixed for its trial, on the payment of certain current coins of the realm, and, slipping a tester into the dame's hand as earnest, Rose went away home, and got there in safety.

But in the meanwhile, at the very hour that Eustace had been prosecuting his suit in the lane at Moorwinstow, a very different scene was being enacted in Mrs. Leigh's room at Burrough.

For the night before Amyas went in, and found Frank laid on the outside of his bed not yet undrest.

So Amyas sat down, and told: but somehow, every story which he tried to tell came round, by crooked paths, yet sure, to none other point than Rose Salterne, and how he thought of her here, and thought of her there.

"And oh, Frank, I could hardly think of anything but her in the church the other day, God forgive me! and it did seem so hard for hers to be the only face which I did not see—and I have not seen her yet either."

"So I thought, dear lad," said Frank, with one of his sweetest smiles; "and tried to get her father to let her impersonate the nymph of Torridge."

"Did you, you dear kind fellow? That would have been too delicious."

"Just so, too delicious; wherefore, I suppose, it was ordained not to be, that which was being delicious enough."

"And is she as pretty as ever?"

"Ten times as pretty, dear lad, as half the young fellows round have discovered. If you mean to win her and wear her you will have rivals enough to get rid of."

"Humph!" said Amyas, "I hope I shall not have to make short work with some of them."

The next morning, according to his wont, he went into his mother's room. But coming gently to the door, for fear of disturbing her, and entering unperceived, beheld a sight which stopped him short.

Mrs. Leigh was sitting in her chair, with her face bowed fondly down upon the head of his brother Frank, who knelt

before her, his face buried in her lap. Their mother was just finishing the last words of a well-known text—"for my sake, and the Gospel's, shall receive a hundredfold in this present life, fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters."

"But not a wife!" interrupted Frank, with a voice stifled with sobs; "that was too precious a gift for even Him to promise to those who gave up a first love for His sake! No, Mother!" said he, "I am your son, and God's; and you shall know it, even though Amyas never does!" And he looked up with his clear blue eyes and white forehead; and his face was as the face of an angel.

Both of them saw that Amyas was present, and started and blushed. His mother motioned him away with her eyes, and he went quietly out, as one stunned. Why had his name been mentioned?

Love, cunning love, told him all at once. He strode and tramped up and down the shell-paved garden walks for a full half-hour, till Frank's voice (as cheerful as ever, though he more than suspected all) called him.

"Come in to breakfast, lad; and stop grinding and creaking upon those miserable limpets, before thou hast set every tooth in my head on edge!"

Amyas, whether by dint of holding his head straight, or by higher means, had got the thoughts of the said head straight enough by this time.

"Look here, brother Frank!" said Amyas; "I've thought it all over in the garden; and I was an ass and a braggart for talking to you as I did last night. Of course you love her! Everybody must; and I was a fool for not recollecting that; and if you love her, your taste and mine agree, and what can be better? What must be must, man is but dust; if you can't get crumb, you must fain eat crust. So I'll go and join the army in Ireland, and get it out of my head, for cannon-balls fright away love as well as poverty does; and that's all I've got to say." Wherewith Amyas sat down, and returned to the beer; while Mrs. Leigh wept tears of joy.

"Amyas! Amyas!" said Frank; "you must not throw away the hopes of years; and for me, too! Oh, how just was your parable! Ah! mother mine! to what use is all my scholarship and my philosophy, when this dear simple sailor-lad outdoes me at the first trial of courtesy!"

"My children, my children, which of you shall I love best? Which of you is the more noble? I thanked God this morning

for having given me one such son; but to have found that I possess two!" And Mrs. Leigh laid her head on the table, and buried her face in her hands, while the generous battle went on.

CHAPTER V

CLOVELLY COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME

The next morning Amyas Leigh was not to be found. Not that he had gone out to drown himself in despair, or even to bemoan himself "down by the Torridge side". He had simply ridden off, Frank found, to Sir Richard Grenville at Stow.

So Frank took horse and rode thereon ten miles or more; and then, as there were no inns on the road in those days, or indeed in these, and he had some ten miles more of hilly road before him, he turned down the hill towards Clovelly Court.

And when he walked self-invited in the long, dark wainscoted hall of the Court, the first object he beheld was the mighty form of Amyas, who, seated at the long table, was alternately burying his face in a pasty and the pasty in his face, his sorrows having, as it seemed, only sharpened his appetite, while young Will Cary, kneeling on the opposite bench, with his elbows on the table, was in that graceful attitude laying down the law fiercely to him in a low voice.

"Hallo, lad!" cried Amyas; "come hither and deliver me out of the hands of this fire-eater, who I verily believe will kill me, if I do not let him kill someone else."

"Ah! Mr. Frank," said Will Cary, "I was telling Amyas, that Tom Coffin, of Portledge; I will stand him no longer."

"Let him be, then," said Amyas; "he could stand very well by himself when I saw him last."

"Plague on you, hold your tongue. Has he any right to look at me as he does, whenever I pass him?"

"That depends on how he looks; a cat may look at a king, provided she don't take him for a mouse."

"Oh, I know how he looks, and what he means too, and he shall stop, or I will stop him. And the other day when I spoke of Rose Salterne."—"Ah!" groaned Frank, "Atè's apple again!"—"(never mind what I said) he burst out laughing in my face! and is not that a fair quarrel?"

"My dear knight of the burning pestle, I have a plan, a device, a disentanglement, according to most approved rules of chivalry. Let us fix a day, and summon by tuck of drum all young gentlemen under the age of thirty, dwelling within fifteen miles of the habitation of that peerless Oriana. Afterwards all the young gentlemen shall adjourn into a convenient field, and there stripping to our shirts, with rapiers of equal length and keenest temper, each shall slay his man, and the conquerors fight again till all be dead and out of their woes; after which the survivor, bewailing before heaven and earth the cruelty of our Fair Oriana, shall fall gracefully upon his sword, and so end the woes of this our lovelorn generation."

"Really," said Cary, "this is too bad."

"So is, pardon me, your fighting Mr. Coffin with anything longer than a bodkin."

"Well," said Will penitently, "you are a great scholar, Mr. Frank, and you speak like one; but gentlemen must fight sometimes, or where would be their honour?"

"And I can tell you, Will," said Amyas, "I am not troubled with fear of ghosts; but when I cut off the Frenchman's head, I said to myself, 'If that braggart had been slandering me instead of her Gracious Majesty, I should expect to see that head lying on my pillow every time I went to bed at night.'"

"God forbid!" said Will with a shudder. "But what shall I do? for to the market to-morrow I will go, if it were chokeful of Coffins, and a ghost in each coffin of the lot."

"And now to my business," said Frank. "I have to take this runaway youth here home to his mother; and if he will not go quietly, I have orders to carry him across my saddle."

"Stop," said Cary. "You must stay here to-night, for good fellowship's sake. There, Mr. Frank, can you construe that for me? Speak low, there comes my father; you had better give me the letter again. Well, father, whence this morning?"

"Eh, company here? Young men, you are always welcome and such as you. How is your good mother, Frank, eh? Where have I been, Will? Round the house-farm to look at the beeves. What, Master Amyas, spoiling your appetite with strong ale? Better have tried sack, lad; have some now with me."

And the worthy old gentleman having finished, settled himself on a great bench inside the chimney.

"My friends write me from the Netherlands," said Frank,

"that our men are falling into a swinish trick of swilling like the Hollanders. Heaven grant that they may not bring home the fashion with them."

"A man must drink, they say, or die of the ague, in those vile swamps," said Amyas. "When they get home here, they will not need it."

"Heaven grant it," said Frank; "and there are many of our men out there with Mr. Champernoun."

"Ah," said Cary, "there, as in Ireland, we are proving her Majesty's saying true, that Devonshire is her right hand, and the young children thereof like the arrows in the hand of the giant."

"And where," asked Amyas, "is Davils of Marsland, who used to teach me how to catch trout, when I was staying down at Stow? He is in Ireland, too, is he not?"

"Ah, my lad," said Mr. Cary, "that is a sad story. I thought all England had known it?"

"You forget, sir, I am a stranger. Surely he is not dead?"

"Murdered foully, lad! Murdered like a dog, and by the man whom he had treated as his son!"

"His blood is avenged?" said Amyas fiercely.

"Stay, don't cry out again. I must tell my story my own way. It was last July—was it not, Will?—over comes to Ireland Saunders, one of those Jesuit foxes, as the Pope's legate, with money and bulls, and a banner hallowed by the Pope, and the devil knows what beside; and with him James Fitzmaurice, the same fellow who had sworn on his knees to Perrott, in the church at Kilmallock, to be a true liegeman to Queen Elizabeth, and confirmed it by all his saints, and such a world of his Irish howling, that Perrott told me he was fain to stop his own ears. Well, the Most Catholic King fits him out, and sends him off on such another errand as Stukely's—though I will say, for the honour of Devon, if Stukely lived like a fool, he died like an honest man."

"Sir Thomas Stukely dead, too?" said Amyas.

"Wait a while, lad, and you shall have that tragedy afterwards. Well, where was I? Oh, Fitzmaurice and the Jesuits land at Smerwick with three ships; but in the meanwhile one of the Courtenays—a Courtenay of Haccombe—lying at anchor near by in a ship of war of his, cuts out the three ships, and cuts off the Dons from the sea. John and James Desmond, with some small rabble, go over to the Spaniards. Then in comes poor Davils, sent down by the Lord Deputy to charge Desmond and

his brothers, in the Queen's name, to assault the Spaniards. Well, poor Davils, seeing that there was no fight in them, goes back for help, and sleeps that night at some place called Tralee. But in the dead of night, who should come in but James Desmond, sword in hand, with a dozen of his ruffians at his heels, each with his glib over his ugly face, and his skene in his hand. Davils springs up in bed, and asks but this, 'What is the matter, my son?' whereon the treacherous villain, without giving him time to say a prayer, strikes at him, naked as he was, crying, 'Thou shalt be my father no longer, nor I thy son! Thou shalt die!' and at that all the rest fall on him."

"I would go a hundred miles to see that Desmond hanged!" said Amyas, while great tears ran down his face.

"Poor Mr. Davils! And now what is the story of Sir Thomas?"

"Your brother must tell you that, lad; I am somewhat out of breath."

"And I have a right to tell it," said Frank, with a smile. "When I was at Rome I saw poor Stukely often. I went down to Civita Vecchia to see him off; and though his younger by many years, I could not but take the liberty of entreating him, as a gentleman and a man of Devon, to consider his faith to his Queen and the honour of his country. There were high words between us; God forgive me if I spoke too fiercely, for I never saw him again."

"How did he die, then, after all?"

"On his voyage he touched in Portugal. King Sebastian was just sailing for Africa with his new ally, Mohammed, the Prince of Fez, to help King Abdallah, and conquer what he could. He persuaded Stukely to go with them. Abdallah, and his son Mohammed, all perished in the first battle at Alcazar; and Stukely, surrounded and overpowered, fought till he could fight no more, and then died like a hero with all his wounds in front; and may God have mercy on his soul!"

Will Cary, drawing his chair close to Frank's, put quietly into his hand a dirty letter.

"This was the letter left for me," whispered he, "by a country fellow this morning. Look at it, and tell me what I am to do."

Frank opened, and read:

"Mister Cary, be you wary,
By deer park end to-night.
Yf Irish foxe com out of rocks
Grip and hold hym tight."

Whereon Amyas was called to counsel, as soon as Mr. Cary could be stopped in a long cross-examination of him as to Mr. Doughty's famous trial and execution.

Amyas pondered awhile, thrusting his hands into his long curls; and then:

"Will, my lad, have you been watching at the Deer Park End of late?"

"Never."

"Where, then?"

"At the town-beach."

"Where else?"

"At the town-head."

"Where else?"

"Why, the fellow is turned lawyer! Above Freshwater."

"Where is Freshwater?"

"Why, where the waterfall comes over the cliff, half a mile from the town. There is a path there up into the forest."

"I know. I'll watch there to-night."

"But why are you so ready to watch Freshwater to-night, Master Amyas?"

"Because, sir, Freshwater is as lonely as the Bermudas; and they can beach a boat up under the cliff at all tides, and in all weathers, except north and nor'-west. I have done it many a time, when I was a boy."

"And give us the fruit of your experience now in your o'd age, eh? Well, you have a grey head on green shoulders, my lad; and I verily believe you are right. Who will you take with you to watch?"

"Sir," said Frank, "I will go with my brother; and that will be enough."

"Enough? He is big enough, and you brave enough, for ten; but still, the more the merrier."

"Amyas," said Frank, "that was a Devon man's handiwork, nevertheless; it was Eustace's handwriting."

"Impossible!"

"No, lad. I have been secretary to a prince, and learnt to interpret cipher, and to watch every pen stroke; and, young as I am, I think that I am not easily deceived. Would God I were. Come on, lad; and strike no man hastily, lest thou cut off thine own flesh."

So forth the two went, along the park to the eastward. Here and there upon the sea, a black speck marked a herring-boat, drifting with its line of nets; and right off the mouth of the

glen, Amyas saw, with a beating heart, a large two-masted vessel lying to—that must be the *Portugal*! Eagerly he looked up the glen, and listened.

At last he heard a rustle of the fallen leaves; he shrank closer and closer into the darkness of the bank. Then swift light steps—not down the path from above, but upward, from below; his heart beat quick and loud. And in another half-minute a man came in sight, within three yards of Frank's hiding-place.

Frank sprang out instantly. Amyas saw his bright blade glance in the clear October moonlight.

"Stand, in the Queen's name!"

The man drew a pistol from under his cloak, and fired full in his face.

Amyas saw a dagger gleam, and one, two, three blows fiercely repeated.

Mad with fury, he was with them in an instant. With the hilt of his sword he dealt a single blow full on the ruffian's cheek. It was enough; with a hideous shriek, the fellow rolled over at his feet, and Amyas set his foot on him, in act to run him through.

"Stop! stay!" almost screamed Frank; "it is Eustace! our cousin Eustace!" and he leant against a tree.

Amyas sprang towards him; but Frank waved him off.

"It is nothing—a scratch. He has papers; I am sure of it. Take them; and for God's sake let him go!"

"Villain! give me your papers!" cried Amyas, setting his foot once more on the writhing Eustace, whose jaw was broken across.

"Swear to me that these are all the papers which you have, in cipher or out of cipher. Swear on your soul, or you die!"

Eustace swore.

"Tell me, who are your accomplices?"

"Never!" said Eustace. "Cruel! have you not degraded me enough already?" and the wretched young man burst into tears, and hid his bleeding face in his hands.

One hint of honour made Amyas as gentle as a lamb. He lifted Eustace up, and bade him run for his life.

Half an hour after, Amyas, Mr. Cary, and his son Will were deep in consultation over the following epistle.

“+ DEAR BROTHER N. *S. in Ch^o. et Ecclesia.*

“This is to inform you, and the friends of the cause, that S. Josephus has landed in Smerwick, with eight hundred valiant

Crusaders, burning with holy zeal to imitate last year's martyrs of Carrigfolium, and to expiate their offences by the propagation of our most holy faith. I have purified the fort with prayer and holy water, from the stain of heretical footsteps, and consecrated it afresh to the service of Heaven, as the first fruits of the isle of saints. If you can do anything, do it quickly, for so do the poor lambs of the Church tremble at the fury of the heretics, that a hundred will flee before one Englishman. For they themselves are given much to lying, theft, and drunkenness, vain babbling, and profane dancing, their land (by reason of the continual wars and plunderings among their tribes) lies utterly waste by fire, and defaced with corpses of the starved and slain.

"N. S."

"Sir Richard must know of this before daybreak," cried old Cary.

"I'll go," said Amyas.

"And we must have those Jesuits."

"What? Mr. Evans and Mr. Morgans? God help us—they are at my uncle's! Consider the honour of our family!"

"Judge for yourself, my dear boy," said old Mr. Cary, gently: "would it not be rank treason to let these foxes escape, while we have this damning proof against them? Call a groom, Will, and get your horse saddled, and my Yorkshire grey." And so away they went.

Neither of them spoke for many a mile. Amyas, because his mind was fixed firmly on the one object of saving the honour of his house; and Will, because he was hesitating between Ireland and the wars, and Rose Salterne and love-making. At last he spoke suddenly.

"I'll go, Amyas."

"Whither?"

"To Ireland with you, old man. I have dragged my anchor at last."

As they went over Bursdon, Amyas pulled up suddenly.

"Did you not hear a horse's step on your left?"

"Plague on the fellow, whoever he is, he has dodged us! Look there!"

"Ride like the wind!" and both youths galloped across furze and heather at him; but ere they were within a hundred yards of him, he had leapt again on his horse, and was away far ahead.

"Let us see Sir Richard; and whatsoever he decides about my uncle, I will endure as a loyal subject must."

Sir Richard, in his long gown, was soon downstairs in the hall; the letter read, and the story told; but ere it was half-finished—

"Anthony, call up a groom, and let him bring me a horse round. Gentlemen, if you will excuse me five minutes, I shall be at your service."

"You will not go alone, Richard?" asked Lady Grenville, putting her beautiful face in its nightcoif out of an adjoining door.

"Surely, sweet chuck, we three are enough to take two poor polecats of Jesuits. Go in, and help me to boot and gird."

In half an hour they were down and up across the valley again, under the few low ashes clipt flat by the sea-breeze which stood round the lonely gate of Chapel—

A sleepy voice asked inside the gate, "Who was there?"

"Sir Richard Grenville. Open, in the Queen's name!"

"Sir Richard? He is in bed, and be hanged to you. No honest folk come at this hour of night."

"Amyas!" shouted Sir Richard. Amyas rode back.

"Burst that gate for me, while I hold your horse."

Amyas leaped down, took up a rock from the road-side, such as Homer's heroes used to send at each other's heads, and in an instant the door was flat on the ground, and the serving-man on his back inside, while Sir Richard quietly entering over it, like Una into the hut, told the fellow to get up, and hold his horse for him.

Sir Richard knocked, and his knock was answered by Mr. Leigh himself, fully dressed, and candle in hand.

"Sir Richard Grenville! What, sir! is this neighbourly, not to say gentle, to break into my house in the dead of night?"

"You have two Jesuits here, sir! and here is the Queen's warrant for apprehending them."

"My dear Sir Richard!—"

"And now, my dear Mr. Leigh," said Sir Richard, as blandly as ever, "where are my men? The night is cold; and you, as well as I, need to be in our beds."

"The men, Sir Richard—the Jesuits—they are not here, indeed."

"Not here, sir?"

"Whither are they gone?"

"Nay, sir—how can I tell? They are—they are, as I may

say, fled, sir; escaped. And my poor boy Eustace is not home either, and the groom tells me that his devil of a cousin has broken his jaw for him; and his mother is all but mad this hour past. Good lack! good lack!"

"He nearly murdered his angel of a cousin, sir!" said Sir Richard severely.

"What, sir? They never told me."

"He had stabbed his cousin Frank three times, sir, before Amyas, who is as noble a lad as walks God's earth, struck him down." And walking out of the house he went round and called to Cary to come to him.

"The birds are flown, Will," whispered he. "There is but one chance for us, and that is Marshland Mouth."

CHAPTER VI

THE COOMBES OF THE FAR WEST

In only one of these "Mouths" is a landing for boats made possible by a long sea-wall of rock, which protects it from the rollers of the Atlantic; and that mouth is Marshland, the abode of the White Witch, Lucy Passmore; whither, as Sir Richard Grenville rightly judged, the Jesuits were gone. But before the Jesuits came, two other persons were standing on that lonely beach, under the bright October moon, namely, Rose Salterne and the White Witch herself.

"You be safe enough here to-night, Miss. Goodness Father, where's our boat? It ought to be up here on the pebbles."

Rose pointed to a strip of sand some forty yards nearer the sea, where the boat lay.

"Iss, 'tis fast, sure enough; and the oars aboard too! Well, I never! Oh, the lazy thief, to leave they here to be stole! I'll just sit in the boat, dear, and watch mun, while you go down to the say; for you must be all alone to yourself, you know, or you'll see nothing. There's the looking-glass; now go, and dip your head three times, and mind you don't look to land or sea before you've said the words, and looked upon the glass. Now, be quick, it's just upon midnight."

And she coiled herself up in the boat, while Rose went faltering down the strip of sand, some twenty yards farther,

and there slipping off her clothes, stood shivering and trembling for a moment before she entered the sea.

Hastily dipping her head three times, she hurried out to the sea-marge, and looking through her dripping locks at the magic mirror, pronounced the incantation—

“A maiden pure, here I stand,
Neither on sea, nor yet on land;
Angels watch me on either hand.
If you be landsman, come down the strand;
If you be sailor, come up the sand;
If you be angel, come from the sky,
Look in my glass, and pass me by.
Look in my glass, and go from the shore;
Leave me, but love me for evermore.”

The incantation was hardly finished; her eyes were straining into the mirror, where, as may be supposed, nothing appeared but the sparkle of the drops from her own tresses, when she heard rattling down the pebbles the hasty feet of men and horses.

She darted into a cavern of the high rock, and hastily dressed herself: the steps held on right to the boat. She saw there four men, two of whom had just leaped from their horses, and turning them adrift, began to help the other two in running the boat down.

Whereon, out of the stern sheets, arose, like an angry ghost, the portly figure of Lucy Passmore, and shrieked in shrillest treble—

“Eh! ye villains, ye roogs, what do ye want staling poor folks’ boats by night like this!”

“Lucy, Lucy!” shrieked her husband, in shrillest Devon falsetto, “be you mazed? Be you mazed, lass? They promised me two gold nobles before I’d lend them the boot!”

“Tu?” shrieked the matron, with a tone of ineffable scorn. “And do yu call yourself a man?”

“Tu nobles! tu nobles!” shrieked he again, hopping about at oar’s length.

“Tu? And would you sell your soul under ten?”

“Oh, if that is it,” cried poor Campion, “give her ten, give her ten, brother Pars—Morgans, I mean——”

“Ten nobles,” cried the virago, “or I’ll kep ye here till morning!” And the ten nobles were paid into her hand.

But the night’s adventures were not ended yet; for just as the boat was launched, a faint halloo was heard upon the

beach, and a minute after, a horseman plunged down the pebbles, and along the sand, and leaped from the saddle.

"Help me into the boat," almost moaned Eustace. "Gentlemen, I must with you."

"Not with us, surely, my dear son, vagabonds upon the face of the earth?" said kind-hearted Campion.

"With you, for ever. All is over here. Whither God and the cause lead"—and he staggered toward the boat.

"Who has wounded you?" asked Campion.

"My cousin—Amyas—and taken the letter!"

"The Devil take him, then!" cried Parsons, stamping up and down upon the sand in fury.

"On board, or we shall all be lost—William Cary is close behind me!"

And at that news the boat was thrust into the sea, faster than ever it went before, and only in time; for it was but just out of sight, when the rattle of Cary's horsehoofs was heard above.

"That rascal of Mr. Leigh's will catch it now, the Popish villain!" said Lucy Passmore aloud. "You lie still there, dear life, and settle your sperrits; you'm so safe as ever was rabbit to burrow."

"I wish—I wish I had not seen Mr. Leigh's face!"

"Goodness Father! and all this while us have forgot the very thing us come about! Who did you see?"

"Only that face!" said Rose shuddering.

"Not in the glass, maid? Say then, not in the glass?"

"Would to heaven it had been! Lucy, what if he were the man I was fated to——"

"He? Why, he's a praste, a Popish praste, that can't marry if he would, poor wratch."

"He is none; and I have cause enough to know it!" And, for want of a better confidant, Rose poured into the willing ears of her companion the whole story of yesterday's meeting.

After a fortnight's weakness, however, she recovered and went back to Bideford: but ere she arrived there, Amyas was far across the seas on his way to Milford Haven, as shall be told in the ensuing chapters.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRUE AND TRAGICAL HISTORY OF MR. JOHN
OXENHAM OF PLYMOUTH

Old Stow House stands, or rather stood, some four miles beyond the Cornish border, on the northern slope of the largest and loveliest of those coombes, opening each through its gorge of rock towards the western ocean.

From the house, on three sides, the hill sloped steeply down, and the garden where Sir Richard and Amyas were walking gave a truly English prospect. And close at home, upon the terrace before the house, amid romping spaniels, and golden-haired children, sat Lady Grenville herself, and looked down at her noble children, and then up at her more noble husband, and round at that broad paradise of the West, till life seemed too full of happiness, and heaven of light.

And all the while up and down paced Amyas and Sir Richard.

"Yes," said Sir Richard, after Amyas, in his blunt, simple way, had told him the whole story about Rose Salterne and his brother—"yes, sweet lad, thou hast chosen the better part, thou and thy brother also, and it shall not be taken from you. Only be strong, lad, and trust in God that He will make a man of you."

"I do trust," said Amyas.

The religion of those days was such as no soldier need have been ashamed of confessing. At least, Sir Richard died as he lived, without a shudder, and without a whine; and these were his last words, fifteen years after that, as he lay shot through and through, a captive among Popish Spaniards, priests, crucifixes, confession, extreme unction, and all other means and appliances for delivering men out of the hands of a God of love:—

"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour: my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."

But to return. That day's events were not over yet. For,

when they went down into the house, the first person whom they met was the old steward, in search of his master.

"There is a manner of roog, Sir Richard, a masterless man, at the door; a very forward fellow, and must needs speak with you."

Amyas went out, and at the back door, leaning on his staff, stood a tall, raw-boned, ragged man, "pinked all over", as the steward had said.

"Hillo, lad!" quoth Amyas. "Before we come to talk, thou wilt please to lay down that Plymouth cloak of thine." And he pointed to the cudgel, which among West-country mariners usually bore that name.

"I'll warrant," said the old steward, "that where he found his cloak he found a purse not far off."

"But not hose or doublet; so the magical virtue of his staff has not helped him much. But put down thy staff, man, and speak like a Christian, if thou be one."

"I am a Christian, though I look like a heathen; and no rogue, though a masterless man, alas! But I want nothing, deserve nothing, and only ask to speak with Sir Richard, before I go on my way."

There was something stately and yet humble about the man's tone and manner which attracted Amyas.

"And you shall," said Amyas. "Steward, we will have this man in; for all his rags, he is a man of wit." And he led him in.

"I only hope he ben't one of those Popish murderers," said the old steward, keeping at a safe distance from him as they entered the hall.

"Popish, old master? There's little fear of my being that. Look here?" And drawing back his rags, he showed a ghastly scar, which encircled his wrist and wound round and up his fore-arm.

"I got that on the rack," said he quietly, "in the Inquisition at Lima."

"By heaven, you are a brave fellow!" said Amyas. "Come along straight to Sir Richard's room."

So in they went, where Sir Richard sat in his library among books, despatches, state papers, and warrants.

"Hillo, Amyas, have you bound the wild man already, and brought him in to swear allegiance?"

But before Amyas could answer, the man looked earnestly on him—"Amyas?" said he; "is that your name, sir?"

"Amyas Leigh is my name, at your service, good fellow."

"Of Burrough by Bideford?"

"Why then? What do you know of me?"

"Oh sir, sir! young brains and happy ones have short memories; but old and sad brains too too long ones, often! Do you mind one that was with Mr. Oxenham, sir? A swearing reprobate he was, God forgive him, and hath forgiven him too, for His dear Son's sake—one, sir, that gave you a horn, a toy with a chart on it?"

"Soul alive!" cried Amyas, catching him by the hand; "and are you he? The horn? why, I have it still, and will keep it to my dying day, too. But where is Mr. Oxenham?"

"Yes, my good fellow, where is Mr. Oxenham?" asked Sir Richard, rising.

"My dear sir," said Amyas in a whisper, "I will warrant this man guiltless."

"I verily believe him to be; but this is too serious a matter to be left on guess."

So at last Yeo settled himself to his tale:

"Well, sirs, I went, as Mr. Leigh knows, to Nombre de Dios, with Mr. Drake and Mr. Oxenham, in 1572, where what we saw and did, your worship, I suppose, knows as well as I; and there was, as you've heard may be, a covenant between Mr. Oxenham and Mr. Drake to sail the South Seas together, which they made, your worship, in my hearing, under the tree over Panama. For when Mr. Drake came down from the tree, after seeing the sea afar off, Mr. Oxenham and I went up and saw it too; and when we came down, Drake says, 'John, I have made a vow to God that I will sail that water, if I live and God gives me grace'; which he had done, sir, upon his bended knees, like a godly man as he always was, and would I have taken after him! and Mr. O. says, 'I am with you, Drake, to live or die, and I think I know some one there already, so we shall not be quite among strangers'; and laughed withal. Mr. Oxenham sailed for himself, and I who loved him, God knows, like a brother, helped him to get the crew together, and went as his gunner. That was in 1575.

"Thirteen men I persuaded to join in Bideford town, beside William Penberthy of Marazion, my good comrade. And what if it be said to me at the day of judgment, 'Salvation Yeo, where are those fourteen whom thou didst tempt to their deaths by covetousness and lust of gold?' Well, sirs, we came to the shore of New Spain, near to the old place—that's Nombre de

Dios; and there Mr. Oxenham went ashore into the woods with a boat's crew, to find the negroes who helped us three years before.

"After three days the Captain comes back, looking heavy enough, and says, 'We played our trick once too often when we played it once. I tell you now, what I forebore to tell you at first, that the South Seas have been my mark all along! such news have I of plate-ships, and gold-ships, and what not, which will come up from Quito and Lima this very month, all which, with the pearls of the Gulf of Panama, and other wealth unspeakable, will be ours, if we have but true English hearts within us.'

"At which, gentles, we were like madmen, for lust of that gold, and cheerfully undertook a toil incredible; for first we started for the South Seas across the neck of Panama, with two small pieces of ordnance and our culverins, and good store of victuals, and so twelve leagues to a river which runs into the South Sea.

"And there, having cut wood, we made a pinnace, of five-and-forty foot in the keel; and in her down the stream, and to the Isle of Pearls in the Gulf of Panama."

"Into the South Sea? Impossible!" said Sir Richard.

"Impossible or not, we went there, sir."

"Question him, Amyas, lest he turn out to have been beforehand with you."

The man looked inquiringly at Amyas, who said:

"Well, my man, of the Gulf of Panama I cannot ask you, for I never was inside it; but what other parts of the coast do you know?"

"Every inch, sir, from Cabo San Francisco to Lima.

"You know Lima?"

"I was there three times, worshipful gentlemen, and the last was February come two years; and there I helped lade a great plate-ship, the *Cacafuego* (Spitfire), they called her."

"Dost thou not know," cried Sir Richard, "that Captain Drake took that *Cacafuego* and all her freight, in February come two years?"

"Captain Drake! God forgive me, sir; but—Captain Drake in the South Seas? He saw them, sir, from the tree-top over Panama, when I was with him, and I too; but sailed them, sir?—sailed them?"

"Yes, and round the world too," said Amyas, "and I with him; and took that very *Cacafuego* off Cape San Francisco, as she came up to Panama."

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One glance at the man's face was enough to prove his sincerity.

"Glory to God! Glory to God! O Lord, I thank Thee! Captain Drake in the South Seas! The blood of thy innocents avenged, O Lord! glory! glory! Cowards they are, as I told them. I told them they never could stand the Devon mastiffs, and well they flogged me for saying it; but they could not stop my mouth. O sir, tell me, did you get the ship that came up after her?"

"What was that?"

"A long race-ship, sir, from Guayaquil, with an old gentleman on board—Don Francisco de Xararte was his name, and by token, he had a gold falcon hanging to a chain round his neck, and a green stone in the breast of it. I saw it as we rowed him aboard. O tell me, sir, tell me for the love of God, did you take that ship?"

"We did take that ship, and the jewel too, and her Majesty has it at this very hour."

"Then tell me, sir," said he slowly, as if he dreaded an answer; "tell me, sir, and oh, try and mind—was there a little maid aboard with the old gentleman?"

"A little maid? Let me think. No; I saw none."

The man settled his features again sadly.

"I thought not. I never saw her come aboard. Still I hoped, like; I hoped. Alackaday! God help me, Salvation Yeo!"

"What have you to do with this little maid, then, good fellow?" asked Grenville.

"Ah, sir, before I tell you that, I must go back and finish the story of Mr. Oxenham, if you will believe me enough to hear it.

"Well, sirs both—To the Island of Pearls we came, we and some of the negroes. We found many huts, and Indians fishing for pearls, and also a fair house, with porches; but no Spaniard therein, save one man; at which Mr. Oxenham was like a man transported, and fell on that Spaniard, crying, 'Perro, where is your mistress? Where is the bark from Lima?' To which he boldly enough, 'What was his mistress to the Englishman?' But Mr. O. threatened to twine a cord round his head till his eyes burst out; and the Spaniard, being terrified, said that the ship from Lima was expected in a fortnight's time. So for ten days we lay quiet. On the tenth day, there came by a small bark; her we took, and found her from

Quito, and on board 60,000 pezos of gold and other store. With which if we had been content, gentlemen, all had gone well. The Lima ship came in sight on the sixteenth day, and was taken without shot or slaughter. The taking of which bark, I verily believe, was the ruin of every mother's son of us."

"In that bark of Lima, my noble Captain, he took a young lady, as fair as the sunshine, sir, and seemingly about two or three-and-twenty years of age, having with her a tall young lad of sixteen, and a little girl, a marvellously pretty child, of about six or seven. And the lady herself was of an excellent beauty, like a whale's tooth for whiteness, so that all the crew wondered at her.

"As we were about to go ashore, I, going down into the cabin of the prize, saw Mr. Oxenham and that lady making great cheer of each other with 'My life', and 'My king', and 'Light of my eyes', and such toys; and being bidden by Mr. Oxenham to fetch out the lady's mails, and take them ashore, heard how the two laughed together about the old ape of Panama (which ape, or devil rather, I saw afterwards to my cost), and also how she said, that she had been dead for five years, and now that Mr. Oxenham was come, she was alive again, and so forth.

"He went ashore with the lady to that house, whence for three days he never came forth, and would have remained longer, but that the men came clamouring to him, and swore that they would return or leave him there with the lady. So all went on board the pinnace again, every one in ill humour with the Captain, and he with them.

"Well, sirs, we came back to the mouth of the river, and there began our troubles; Mr. Oxenham had agreed with the Cimaroons that they should have all the prisoners which were taken. And he, though loth, was about to give up the Spaniards to them, near forty in all; but one of the Spaniards, understanding what was forward, threw himself on his knees before Mr. Oxenham, and shrieking like a madman, entreated not to be given up into the hands of 'those devils,' said he, 'who never take a Spanish prisoner, but they roast him alive, and then eat his heart among them.' We asked the negroes if this was possible? To which some answered, What was that to us? But others said boldly, that it was true enough; and one, pointing to the lady, said such foul and devilish things as I should be ashamed either for me to speak, or you to hear. At this we

were like men amazed for very horror; and Mr. Oxenham said, 'You incarnate fiends, if you had taken these fellows for slaves, it had been fair enough; but as for this abomination,' says he, 'God do so to me, and more also, if I let one of them come into your murderous hands.'

"Well, sirs, the Cimaroons after that went away from us, swearing revenge, and we rowed up the river to a place where three streams met, and then up the least of the three, some four days' journey, till it grew all shoal and swift; and there we hauled the pinnace upon the sands. There were in the pinnace a great sight of hens, by which Mr. O. set great store, keeping them for the lady and the little maid; and falling upon these, the men began to blaspheme, saying, 'What a plague had the Captain to fill the boat with dirty live lumber for that giglet's sake? They had a better right to a good supper than ever she had, and she might fast awhile to cool her hot blood'; and so they cooked and ate those hens, plucking them on board the pinnace, and letting the feathers fall into the stream. But when William Penberthy, my good comrade, saw the feathers floating away down, he asked them if they were mad, to lay a trail by which the Spaniards would surely track them out, if they came after them, as without doubt they would. But they laughed him to scorn, and said that no Spanish cur dared follow on the heels of true English mastiffs, and at last, being heated with wine, began afresh to murmur at the Captain. Mr. O. hearing the hubbub, came out to them from the house, and called out, 'All honest men who know me, and can trust me, stand by your lawful Captain against these ruffians.' Whereon, sirs, I, and Penberthy, my good comrade, and four Plymouth men, who had sailed with Mr. O. in Mr. Drake's ship, and knew his trusty and valiant conditions, came over to him, and swore before God to stand by him and the lady. Mr. O. asked them whether they would go to the hills with him, and find those negroes, and persuade them after all to carry the treasure. To which they agreed after awhile. So he parted with much weeping and wailing of the lady, and was gone seven days.

"Well, sir, on the seventh day we six were down by the pinnace clearing her out, and the little maid with us gathering of flowers, and William Penberthy fishing on the bank, about a hundred yards below, when on a sudden he leaps up and runs towards us, crying, 'Here come our hens' feathers back again with a vengeance!' and so bade catch up the little maid, and run for the house, for the Spaniards were upon us.

"Some of them stopping, fixed their calivers and let fly, killing one of the Plymouth men. The rest of us escaped to the house, and catching up the lady, fled forth, not knowing whither we went, while the Spaniards, finding the house and treasure, pursued us no farther.

"For all that day and the next we wandered in great misery, till with much ado we found the track of our comrades, and went up that as best we might: but at nightfall, by good hap, we met the whole crew coming back, and with them 200 negroes or more, with bows and arrows. At which sight was great joy and embracing, and it was a strange thing, sirs, to see the lady; for before that she was altogether desperate.

"Mr. Oxenham offered us half of that treasure, if we would go back with him, and rescue it from the Spaniards. At which the lady wept and wailed much; but I took upon myself to comfort her, though I was but a simple mariner, telling her that it stood upon Mr. Oxenham's honour; and that in England nothing was esteemed so foul as cowardice, or breaking word and troth betwixt man and man; and that better was it for him to die seven times by the Spaniards, than to face at home the scorn of all who sailed the seas. So, after much ado, back they went again; I and Penberthy, and the three Plymouth men which escaped from the pinnace, keeping the lady as before.

"Well, sirs, we waited five days, having made houses of boughs as before, without hearing aught; and on the sixth we saw coming afar off Mr. Oxenham, and with him fifteen or twenty men, who seemed very weary and wounded; and when we looked for the rest to be behind them, behold there were no more; at which, sirs, as you may well think, our hearts sank within us.

"And Mr. O., coming nearer, cried out afar off: 'All is lost!'

"But the men were full of curses against the negroes for their cowardice and treachery; yea, and against high Heaven itself, which had put the most part of their ammunition into the Spaniards' hands. Mr. O. fought like a very Guy of Warwick, and I verily believe every man of them likewise; for there was none of them who had not his shrewd scratch to show. And so they miserably drew off, having lost in men eleven killed and seven taken alive, besides five of the rascal negroes who were killed before they had time to run; and there was an end of the matter.

"But the next day in came some five-and-twenty more,

being the wreck of the other party. So we, in great terror and hunger, went forward and over the mountains till we came to a little river which came northward; and there Mr. O. bade us cut down trees and make canoes, to go down to the sea; which we began to do with great labour and little profit. A great party of negroes came upon us, and with much friendly show bade us flee for our lives, for the Spaniards were upon us in great force. And some were taken (God help them!) and some fled with the negroes, of whom what became God alone knoweth: but eight or ten held on with the Captain, among whom was I, and fled downward toward the sea.

"And so, to make few words of a sad matter, at last there were none left but Mr. Oxenham and the lady and the little maid, together with me and William Penberthy of Marazion, my good comrade. And Mr. Oxenham always led the lady, and Penberthy and I carried the little maid. And it befell upon a day, that we came into a great wood of ferns, where was very pleasant shade, cool and green; and there, gentlemen, we sat down on a bank of moss, like folk desperate and fore-done, and everyone looked the other in the face for a long while. After which I took off the bark of those ferns, for I must needs be doing something to drive away thought, and began to plait slippers for the little maid.

"But on a sudden there was a great cry in the wood, and coming through the trees on all sides Spanish arquebusiers, a hundred strong at least, and negroes with them. And so we were all taken, and I and Mr. Oxenham bound with cords; but the soldiers made a litter for the lady and child, by commandment of Señor Diego de Trees, their commander, a very courteous gentleman.

"Well, sirs, we were brought down to the place where the house of boughs had been by the river-side; there we went over in boats, and found waiting for us certain Spanish gentlemen, and among others one old and ill-favoured man, grey-bearded and bent, in a suit of black velvet, who seemed to be a great man among them. And if you will believe me, Mr. Leigh, that was none other than the old man with the gold falcon at his breast, Don Francisco Xararte by name, whom you found aboard of the Lima ship. And had you known as much of him as I do, or as Mr. Oxenham did either, you had cut him up for shark's bait, or ever you let the cur ashore again.

"The old man then began to upbraid the lady, vowing that

he would have her burnt alive, and other devilish words, to which she answered at last:

"'Would that you had burnt me alive on my wedding-morning, and spared me eight years of misery!

"'Selfish and stupid, know when you bought my body from my parents, you did not buy my soul! Farewell, my love, my life! and farewell, Señors! May you be more merciful to your daughters than my parents were to me!' And so, catching a dagger from the girdle of one of the soldiers, smote herself to the heart, and fell dead before them all.

"At which Mr. Oxenham smiled, and said: 'That was worthy of us both. If you will unbind my hands, Señors, I shall be most happy to copy so fair a schoolmistress.'

"And now, sirs, what befell me after that matters little; for I never saw Captain Oxenham again, nor ever shall in this life.

"After we were taken, we set forth to go down the river again; and the old Don took the little maid with him in one boat, Mr. Oxenham with Don Diego de Trees in another, and I in a third. And from the Spaniards I learnt that we were to be taken down to Lima, to the Viceroy. The old man was going straight back to Panama with the little maid; but they said: 'It will be well for her if she ever gets there, for the old man swears she is none of his, and would have left her behind him in the woods, now, if Don Diego had not shamed him out of it.' And when I heard that, seeing that there was nothing but death before me, I made up my mind to escape; and the very first night, sirs, by God's help, I did it, and went southward away into the forest till I came to an Indian town. They fed me and gave me a house and a wife. I rose to great honour among them, though they taught me more of simples than ever I taught them of surgery. One night came a noise outside the town, and I, starting up, saw armed men and calivers shining in the moonlight.

"What do the villains but let fly right into the town with their calivers, and then rush in, sword in hand, killing pell-mell all they met, one of which shots, gentlemen, passing through the doorway, and close by me, struck my poor wife to the heart, that she never spoke word more. When morning came, and they knew by my skin that I was no Indian, and by my speech that I was no Spaniard, they began threatening me with torments, till I confessed that I was an Englishman, and one of Oxenham's crew. At that says the leader: 'Then you

shall to Lima, to hang by the side of your Captain, the pirate.' But the priest steps in and claims me for his booty, calling me Lutheran, heretic, and enemy of God; and so, to make sport a sad story, to the Inquisition at Carthagená I went. And there, gentlemen, oftentimes I thought that it had been better for me to have been burned at once and for all.

"Well, gentlemen, when I heard that I must end my days in that galley, I was for awhile like a madman; but in a day or two there came over me, I know not how, a full assurance of salvation, both for this life and the life to come, such as I never had before; and it was revealed to me that now I had been tried to the uttermost, and that my deliverance was at hand.

"And all the way up to Panama (that was after we had laden the *Cacafuego*) I cast in my mind how to escape, and found no way; but just as I was beginning to lose heart again, we were marched across from Panama to Nombre, and put all together into a great barranco close by the quay-side. And the very first night that we were there, I, looking out of the window, spied, lying close aboard of the quay, a good-sized caravel, well armed and just loading for sea; and the land breeze blew off very strong, so that the sailors were laying out a fresh warp to hold her to the shore. And it came into my mind, that if we were aboard of her, we should be at sea in five minutes. That was just at sundown; and half an hour after, in comes the gaoler to take a last look at us for the night, and his keys at his girdle. Whereon, sirs, I rose against him as he passed me, without forethought or treachery of any kind, chained though I was, caught him by the head, and threw him there and then against the wall, that he never spoke word after; and then with his keys freed myself and every soul in that room, and bid them follow me, vowing to kill any man who disobeyed my commands. They followed, as men astounded, and so aboard that caravel and out of the harbour.

"Well, sirs, they chose me for captain, and a certain Genoese for lieutenant, and away to go. I would fain have gone ashore after all, and back to Panama to hear news of the little maid; but that would have been but a fool's errand. Some wanted to turn pirates; but I, and the Genoese too, who was a prudent man, though an evil one, persuaded them to run for England and get employment in the Netherland wars, assuring them that there would be no safety on the Spanish Main, when once our escape got wind. And so ends my tale, in which if I have

said one word more or less than truth, I can wish myself no worse, than to have it all to undergo a second time."

No one spoke for several minutes; and then—

"Amyas, you have heard this story. You believe it?"

"Every word, sir, or I should not have the heart of a Christian man."

"So do I. Anthony!"

The butler entered.

"Take this man to the buttery; clothe him comfortably, and feed him with the best; and bid the knaves treat him as if he were their own father."

But Yeo lingered.

"If I might be so bold as to ask your worship a favour?—"

"Anything in reason, my brave fellow."

"If your worship could put me in the way of another adventure to the Indies?"

"Another! Hast not had enough of the Spaniards already?"

"Never enough, sir, while one of the idolatrous tyrants is left unchanged," said he, with a right bitter smile. "But it's not for that only, sir; but my little maid—O sir! my little maid, that I swore to Mr. Oxenham to look to, and never saw her from that day to this! I must find her, sir, or I shall go mad, I believe."

"Have patience, man. God will take as good care of thy little maid as ever thou wilt."

"Amyas, take him with you to Ireland. If he has learnt half the lessons God has set him to learn, he ought to stand you in good stead."

Yeo looked eagerly at the young giant.

"Will you have me, sir? There's few matters I can't turn my hand to; and maybe you'll be going to the Indies again, some day, eh? and take me with you?"

Amyas laughed and nodded; and the bargain was concluded.

So out went Yeo to eat, and Amyas, having received his dispatches, got ready for his journey home.

"Go the short way over the moors, lad; and send back Cary's grey when you can."

So they started; but, as Amyas was getting into the saddle, Anthony, the elder butler, plucked him back.

"Dear father alive, Mr. Amyas!" whispered he; "and you ben't going by the moor road all alone with that chap?"

"Why not, then? I'm too big for him to eat, I reckon."

"Oh, Mr. Amyas! he's not right, I tell you; not company

for a Christian—to go forth with creatures as has flames of fire in their inwards; 'tis temptation of Providence, indeed, then it is. Oh, have a care, then, have a care!”

And the old man wrung his hands, while Amyas, bursting with laughter, rode off down the park, with the unconscious Yeo at his stirrup, chatting away about the Indies.

They had gone ten miles or more. But now Yeo, in his solemn methodical way, pulled out of his bosom a brown leaf, and began rolling a piece of it up neatly to the size of his little finger; and then, putting the one end into his mouth and the other on the tinder, sucked at it till it was a-light; and drinking down the smoke, began puffing it out again at his nostrils with a grunt of deepest satisfaction, and resumed his dog-trot by Amyas's side, as if he had been a walking chimney.

On which Amyas burst into a loud laugh, and cried:

“Why, no wonder they said you breathed fire! Is not that the Indians' tobacco?”

“Yea, verily, Heaven be praised! but did you never see it before?”

“Never, though we heard talk of it along the coast; but we took it for one more Spanish lie. Humph—well, live and learn!”

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE NOBLE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE WAS FOUNDED

Amyas could not sail the next day, or the day after; for the south-wester freshened, and blew three parts of a gale dead into the bay. So having got the *Mary Grenville* down the river into Appledore pool, ready to start with the first shift of wind, he went quietly home; and when his mother started on a pillion behind the old serving-man to ride to Clovelly, where Frank lay wounded, he went in with her as far as Bideford, and there met, coming down the High Street, a procession of horsenfen headed by Will Cary. Behind him, upon country ponies, came four or five stout serving-men, carrying his lances and baggage, and their own long-bows, swords, and bucklers; and behind all, in a horse-sitter, to Mrs. Leigh's great joy, Master Frank himself. He deposed that his wounds were only flesh-

wounds, the dagger having turned against his ribs; that he must see the last of his brother; and that with her good leave he would not come home to Burrough, but take up his abode with Cary in the Ship Tavern, close to the Bridge-foot.

Meanwhile, he and Amyas concocted a scheme which was put into effect the next day. Amyas, going out into the market, invited as many of his old school-fellows, one by one apart, as Frank had pointed out to him, to a merry supper and a "rowse" thereon consequent; by which crafty scheme, in came each of Rose Salterne's gentle admirers, and found himself, to his considerable disgust, seated at the same table with six rivals, to none of whom had he spoken for the last six months. However, all were too well bred to let the Leighs discern as much.

When the cloth was drawn, and sack and sugar became the order of the day, and "Queen and Bible" had been duly drunk with all the honours, Frank tried a fresh move, and—

"I have a toast, gentlemen—here it is. 'The gentlemen of the Irish wars; and may Ireland never be without a St. Leger to stand by a Fortescue, a Fortescue to stand by a St. Leger, and a Chichester to stand by both'."

Which toast, of course, involved the drinking the healths of the three representatives of those families, and their returning thanks, and paying a compliment each to the other's house: and so the ice cracked a little further.

"And now, gentlemen," said Frank, "let me give you a health which none of you, I dare say, will refuse to drink with heart and soul as well as with lips: 'The Rose of Torridge'."

If the Rose of Torridge herself had walked into the room, she could hardly have caused more blank astonishment than Frank's bold speech.

"Well done, cunning Frank Leigh!" cried blunt Will Cary; "none of us dare quarrel with you now, however much we may surk at each other."

Mr. Coffin, who had sat quietly bolt upright, and looking at the opposite wall, now rose as quietly, and with a face which tried to look utterly unconcerned, was walking out of the room.

But Frank's heart and head never failed him.

"Mr. Coffin!" said he, in a tone which compelled that gentleman to turn round, and so brought him under the power of a face which none could have beheld for five minutes and borne malice, so imploring, tender, earnest was it. "My dear Mr. Coffin! If my earnestness has made me forget even for

a moment the bounds of courtesy, let me entreat you to forgive me. Do not add to my heavy griefs, heavy enough already, the grief of losing a friend. Only hear me patiently to the end (generously, I know, you will hear me); and then, if you are still incensed, I can but again entreat your forgiveness a second time.

"Believe me; believe me, Mr. Coffin, and gentlemen all, I no more arrogate to myself a superiority over you, than does the sailor hurled on shore by the surge fancy himself better than his comrade who is still battling with the foam. For I too, gentlemen—let me confess it, that by confiding in you I may, perhaps, win you to confide in me—have loved, ay, and do love, where you love also. Do not start. Is it a matter of wonder that the sun which has dazzled you has dazzled me; that the lodestone which has drawn you has drawn me? Do not frown, either, gentlemen. I have learnt to love you for loving what I love, and to admire you for admiring that which I admire. Will you not try the same lesson: so easy, and, when learnt, so blissful? What breeds more close communion between subjects, than allegiance to the same queen? between brothers, than duty to the same father? between the devout, than adoration for the same Deity? Why should we not make this common love to her, whom I am unworthy to name, the sacrament of a common love to each other? I do here promise to be the faithful friend, and, to my ability, the hearty servant, of him who shall be honoured with the love of the Rose of Torridge."

He ceased, and there was a pause.

"Come along!" said Coffin. "Join hands all round and swear eternal friendship, as brothers of the sacred order of the—of what? Frank Leigh? Open thy mouth, Daniel, and christen us!"

"The Rose!" said Frank quietly, seeing that his new love-pilatre was working well, and determined to strike while the iron was hot, and carry the matter too far to carry it back again.

"The Rose!" cried Cary, catching hold of Coffin's hand with his right, and Fortescue's with his left. "Come, Mr. Coffin! Bend, sturdy oak! 'Woe to the stiffnecked and stout-hearted!' says Scripture."

And somehow or other, whether it was Frank's chivalrous speech, or Cary's fun, or Amyas's good wine, or the nobleness which lies in every young lad's heart, if their elders will take

the trouble to call it out, the whole party came in to terms one by one, shook hands all round, and vowed on the hilt of Amyas's sword, to make fools of themselves no more, at least by jealousy; but to stand by each other and by their lady-love, and neither grudge nor grumble, let her dance with, flirt with, or marry with whom she would.

And Frank watched and listened with one of his quiet smiles, and only said: "Gentlemen, be sure that you will never repent this day."

"Repent?" said Cary. "I feel already as angelical as thou lookest, Saint Silvertongue. What was it that sneezed; the cat?"

"The lion, rather, by the roar of it," said Amyas, making a dash at the arras behind him. "Why, here is a doorway here! and——"

And rushing under the arras, through an open door behind, he returned, dragging out by the head Mr. John Brimblecombe.

Who was Mr. John Brimblecombe?

You recollect a certain fat lad, son of the schoolmaster, whom Sir Richard punished for talebearing three years before, by sending him, not to Coventry, but to Oxford. That was the man.

The innkeeper was a friend of his; for, in the first place, they had lived within three doors of each other all their lives; and next, Jack was quite pleasant company enough, besides being a learned man and an Oxford scholar, to be asked in now and then to the innkeeper's private parlour. And it was, perhaps, with some such hope that Jack trotted off round the corner to the Ship that very afternoon.

"Ah, Mr. Brimblecombe!" said the host, bustling out with knife and apron to cool himself in the passage. "Here are doings! Nine gentlemen to supper!"

"Nine! Are they going to eat all that?"

"Well, I can't say—that Mr. Amyas is as good as three to his trencher; but still there's crumbs, Mr. Brimblecombe, crumbs; and Waste not, want not, is my doctrine; so you and I may have a somewhat to stay our stomachs, about an eight o'clock."

"Eight?" said Jack, looking wistfully at the clock. "It's but four now. Well, it's kind of you, and perhaps I'll look in."

So, as it was ordained, he was taken in the fact. And now behold him brought in red-hand to judgment, not without a

kick or two from the wrathful foot of Amyas Leigh. Jack, as soon as he could get his breath, made answer fiercely, amid much puffing and blowing.

"What business have I here? As much as any of you. If you had asked me in, I would have come; but as you didn't, I came without asking."

"You shameless rascal!" said Cary. "Come if you were asked, where there was good wine? I'll warrant you for that!"

"Why," said Amyas, "no lad ever had a cake at school but he would dog him up one street and down another all day for the crumbs, the trencher-scraping spaniel!"

"Patience, masters!" said Frank; "I suspect more than Deus Venter (God, Belly) has brought him hither."

"Deus eavesdropping, then. We shall have the whole story over the town by to-morrow," said another; beginning at that thought to feel somewhat ashamed of his late enthusiasm.

"Ah, Mr. Frank! You were always the only one that would stand up for me! Deus Venter, quotha? 'Twas Deus Cupid, it was!"

A roar of laughter followed this announcement.

"What!" asked Frank. "Was it Cupid, then, who sneezed approval to our love, Jack, as he did to that of Dido and Aeneas?"

But Jack went on desperately.

"I was in the next room, drinking of my beer. I couldn't help that, could I? And then I heard her name; and I couldn't help listening then. Flesh and blood couldn't.

"I tell you, and I don't care who knows it, I've loved her these three years, as well as e'er a one of you, I have. I've thought o' nothing else, prayed for nothing else, God forgive me! And then you laugh at me, because I'm a poor parson's son, and you fine gentlemen; God made us both, I reckon."

"It is the old tale," said Frank; "whom will not love transform into a hero?"

"John Brimblecombe, forgive me! Gentlemen, if we are gentlemen, we ought to ask his pardon. Has he not shown already more chivalry, more self-denial, and therefore more true love, than any of us?"

"Ah," said Jack, "you make me one of your brotherhood; and see if I do not dare to suffer as much as any of you!"

"Let me but be your chaplain, and pray for your luck when you're at the wars."

And so Jack was sent home, with a pint of good red Alicant

wine in him (more, poor fellow, than he had tasted at once in his life before); while the rest, in high glee with themselves and the rest of the world, had a right merry evening, and parted like good friends and sensible gentlemen of Devon.

After which they all departed: Amyas and Cary to Winter's squadron; Frank (as soon as he could travel) to the Court again; and with him young Bassett, whose father Sir Arthur, being in London, procured for him a page's place in Leicester's household. Fortescue and Chichester went to their brothers in Dublin; St. Leger to his uncle the Marshal of Munster; Coffin joined Champernoun and Norris in the Netherlands; and so the Brotherhood of the Rose was scattered far and wide, and Mistress Salterne was left alone with her looking-glass.

CHAPTER IX

HOW AMYAS KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS DAY

It was the blessed Christmas afternoon. The light was fading down; the even-song was done; and the good folks of Bideford were trooping home in merry groups, the father with his children, the lover with his sweetheart, to cakes and ale, and flapdragons and mummer's plays, and all the happy sports of Christmas night.

"You will come home with us, Mrs. Leigh," said Lady Grenville, "and spend a pleasant Christmas night?"

Mrs. Leigh smiled sweetly, and, laying one hand on Lady Grenville's arm, pointed with the other to the westward, and said:

"I cannot well spend a merry Christmas night, while that sound is in my ears."

"The ridge is noisy to-night," said Sir Richard. "There has been wind somewhere."

"There is wind now, where my boy is, God help him!" said Mrs. Leigh.

"God is as near him by sea as by land," said good Sir Richard.

"True; but I am a lone mother; and one that has no heart just now but to go home and pray."

And so Mrs. Leigh went onward up the lane, and spent all

that night in listening between her prayers to the thunder of the surge, till it was drowned, long ere the sun rose, in the thunder of the storm.

And where is Amyas on this same Christmas afternoon?

Amyas is sitting bareheaded in a boat's stern in Smerwick bay, with the spray whistling through his curls, as he shouts cheerfully:

"Pull, and with a will, my merry men all, and never mind shipping a sea. Cannon balls are a cargo that don't spoil by taking salt water."

They ran the boat on shore through the surf, where a cove in the shore made landing possible, and almost careless whether she stove or not, scrambled over the sand-hills with each man his brace of shot slung across his shoulder; and Amyas, leaping into the trenches, shouted cheerfully to Salvation Yeo:

"More food for the bull-dogs, Gunner, and plums for the Spaniards' Christmas pudding!"

"Don't speak to a man at his business, Master Amyas. Five mortal times have I missed; but I will have that accursed Popish rag down, as I'm a sinner."

"Down with it, then; nobody wants you to shoot crooked. Take good iron to it, and not footy paving-stones."

"Ah, sir, if one could but cast a silver one! Now, stand by, men!"

And once again Yeo's eighteen-pounder roared, and away. And, oh glory! the great yellow flag of Spain, which streamed in the gale, lifted clean into the air, flagstaff and all, and then pitched wildly down head-foremost, far to leeward.

A hurrah from the sailors, answered by the soldiers of the opposite camp, shook the very cloud above them; but ere its echoes had died away, a tall officer leapt upon the parapet of the fort, with the fallen flag in his hand, and rearing it as well as he could upon his lance point, held it firmly against the gale, while the fallen flagstaff was raised again within.

In a moment a dozen long-bows were bent at the daring foeman; but Amyas behind shouted—

"Shame, lads! Stop, and let the gallant gentleman have due courtesy!"

So they stopped while Amyas, springing on the rampart of the battery, took off his hat, and bowed to the flagholder, who, as soon as relieved of his charge, returned the bow courteously, and descended.

It was by this time all but dark, and the firing began to

slacken on all sides; Salvation and his brother gunners, having covered up their slaughtering tackle with tarpaulins, retired for the night, leaving Amyas, who had volunteered to take the watch till midnight.

So he paced to and fro, looking carefully out now and then over the strip of sand-hill which lay between him and the fort; but all was blank and black, and moreover it began to rain furiously.

Suddenly he seemed to hear a rustle among the harsh sand-grass. True, the wind was whistling through it loudly enough; but that sound was not altogether like the wind. Then a soft, sliding noise; something had slipped down a bank, and brought the sand down after it. Amyas stopped, crouched down beside a gun, and laid his ear to the rampart, whereby he heard clearly, as he thought, the noise of approaching feet; whether rabbits or Christians, he knew not; but he shrewdly guessed the latter.

"So far, so good," said he to himself; "when the scaling ladder is up, the soldier follows, I suppose. I can only humbly thank them for giving my embrasure the preference. There he comes! I hear his feet scuffling."

He could hear plainly enough some one working himself into the mouth of the embrasure; but the plague was, that it was so dark that he could not see his hand between him and the sky, much less his foe at two yards off. However, he made a pretty fair guess as to the whereabouts, and, rising softly, discharged such a blow downwards as would have split a yule log. A volley of sparks flew up from the hapless Spaniard's armour, and a grunt issued from within it, which proved that, whether he was killed or not, the blow had not improved his respiration.

Amyas felt for his head, seized it, dragged him in over the gun, sprang into the embrasure on his knees, felt for the top of the ladder, found it, hove it clean off and out, with four or five men on it, and then of course tumbled after it ten feet into the sand, roaring like a town bull to her Majesty's liege subjects in general.

Sailor-fashion, he had no armour on but a light morion and a cuirass, so he was not too much encumbered to prevent his springing to his legs instantly, and setting to work, cutting and foining right and left at every sound, for sight there was none.

Suddenly the moon clears; and the English sailors, seeing the confusion, leap down from the embrasures, and to it pell-mell.

Amyas is now in his element, and so are the brave fellows at his heels; and there are ten breathless, furious minutes among the sand-hills; and then the trumpets blow a recall, and the sailors drop back again by twos and threes, and are helped up into the embrasures over many a dead and dying foe; while the guns of Fort del Oro open on them, and blaze away for half an hour without reply, then all is still once more.

Twenty minutes after, Winter and the captains who were on shore were drying themselves round a peat fire on the beach, and talking over the skirmish, when Will Cary asked—

"Where is Leigh? who has seen him? I am sadly afraid he has gone too far and has been slain."

"Slain? Never less, gentlemen!" replied the voice of the very person in question, as he stalked out of the darkness into the glare of the fire, and shot down from his shoulders into the midst of the ring, as he might a sack of corn, a huge dark body, which was gradually seen to be a man in rich armour.

"I say," quoth Amyas, "some of you had better take him up, if he is to be of any use. Unlace his helm, Will Cary."

Winter, whom Amyas either had not seen, or had not chosen to see, asked him pretty sharply, "What the plague he had to do with bringing dead men into camp?"

"If he's dead, it's not my fault. He was alive enough when I started with him, and I kept him right end uppermost all the way; and what would you have more, sir?"

"Mr. Leigh!" said Winter, "it behoves you to speak with somewhat more courtesy, if not respect, to captains who are your elders and commanders. Why did you not come in when the recall was sounded?"

"Because," said Amyas, very coolly, "in the first place, I did not hear it; and in the next, in my school I was taught when I had once started not to come home empty-handed."

This was too pointed; and Winter sprang up with an oath—"Do you mean to insult me, sir?"

"I am sorry, sir, that you should take a compliment to Sir Francis Drake as an insult to yourself. I brought in this gentleman because I thought he might give you good information; if he dies meanwhile, the loss will be yours, or rather the Queen's."

"Help me, then," said Cary, glad to create a diversion in Amyas's favour, "and we will bring him round;" while Raleigh rose, and catching Winter's arm, drew him aside, and began talking earnestly.

"What a murrain have you, Leigh, to quarrel with Winter," asked two or three.

"I say, my reverend fathers and dear children, do get the Don's talking tackle free again, and leave me and the Admiral to settle it our own way."

Captain Raleigh returning, said that though Admiral Winter had doubtless taken umbrage at certain words of Mr. Leigh's, yet that he had no doubt that Mr. Leigh meant nothing thereby but what was consistent with the profession of a soldier and a gentleman, and worthy both of himself and of the Admiral.

From which proposition Amyas found it impossible to dissent; whereon Raleigh went back, and informed Winter that Leigh had freely retracted his words, and fully wiped off any imputation which Mr. Winter might conceive to have been put upon him, and so forth. So Winter returned, and Amyas said frankly enough—

"Admiral Winter, I hope, as a loyal soldier, that you will understand thus far; that naught which has passed to-night shall in any way prevent you finding me a forward and obedient servant to all your commands, be they what they may, and a supporter of your authority among the men, and honour against the foe, even with my life. For I should be ashamed if private differences should ever prejudice by a grain the public weal."

Whereon the whole party turned their attention to the captive, who, thanks to Will Cary, was by this time sitting up, standing much in need of a handkerchief, and looking about him, having been unhelmed, in a confused and doleful manner.

"Take the gentleman to my tent," said Winter, "and let the surgeon see to him. Mr. Leigh, who is he——?"

"An enemy, but whether Spaniard or Italian I know not; but he seemed somebody among them, I thought the captain of a company; so I brought him in."

"And how?" asked Raleigh. "Thou art giving us all the play but the murders and the marriages."

"Why, I bid him yield, and he would not. Then I bid him run, and he would not. And it was too pitch-dark for fighting; so I took him by the ears, and shook the wind out of him, and so brought him in."

"Shook the wind out of him?" cried Cary, amid the roar of laughter which followed. "Dost know thou hast nearly wrung his neck in two? His vizor was full of blood."

"He should have run or yielded, then," said Amyas; and getting up, slipped off to find some ale, and then to sleep

comfortably in a dry burrow which he scratched out of a sand-bank.

The next morning, as Amyas was discussing a scanty breakfast of biscuit (for provisions were running very short in camp), Raleigh came up to him.

"As I live, young Colbrand, you may thank your stars that you are alive to-day to eat. Poor young Cheek—Sir John Cheek the grammarian's son—got his quittance last night by a Spanish pike, rushing headlong on, just as you did. But have you seen your prisoner?"

"No; nor shall, while he is in Winter's tent."

"Amyas! Amyas! thou art a hard hitter, but a soft politician."

"I am no politician, Captain Raleigh, nor ever wish to be. An honest man's my friend, and a rogue's my foe; and I'll tell both as much, as long as I breathe."

"And die a poor saint," said Raleigh, laughing. "But if Winter invites you to his tent himself, you won't refuse to come."

"Why, no, considering his years and rank; but he knows too well to do that."

"He knows too well not to do it," said Raleigh, laughing as he walked away. And verily in half an hour came an invitation, extracted, of course, from the Admiral by Raleigh's silver tongue, which Amyas could not but obey.

"We all owe you thanks for last night's service, sir," said Winter, who had for some good reasons changed his tone. "Your prisoner is found to be a gentleman of birth and experience, and the leader of the assault last night. He has already told us more than we had hoped, for which also we are beholden to you; and, indeed, my Lord Grey has been asking for you already."

"I have, young sir," said a quiet and lofty voice; and Amyas saw limping from the inner tent the proud and stately figure of the stern Deputy, Lord Grey of Wilton, a brave and wise man.

"I have been asking for you; having heard from many, both of your last night's prowess, and of your conduct and courage beyond the promise of your years, displayed in that ever-memorable voyage, which may well be ranked with the deeds of the ancient Argonauts."

Amyas bowed low; and the Lord Deputy went on: "You will needs wish to see your prisoner. You will find him such

a one as you need not be ashamed to have taken, and as need not be ashamed to have been taken by you; but here he is, and will, I doubt not, answer as much for himself. Know each other better, gentlemen both; last night was an ill one for making acquaintances. Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto, know the hidalgo, Amyas Leigh!"

As he spoke, the Spaniard came forward, still in his armour, all save his head, which was bound up in a handkerchief.

He was an exceedingly tall and graceful personage. Amyas shrank from him instinctively; and yet he could not help holding out his hand in return, as the Spaniard, holding out his, said languidly, in most sweet and sonorous Spanish:

"I kiss his hands and feet. The Señor speaks, I am told, my native tongue?"

"I have that honour."

"Then accept in it the expression of my pleasure at having fallen into the hands of one so renowned in war and travel."

Honest Amyas bowed, and said:

"If you are satisfied, illustrious Señor, I am bound to be so. Pardon me, Señor; but by this daylight I should have seen that armour before."

"I doubt it not, Señor, as having been yourself also in the forefront of the battle," said the Spaniard, with a proud smile.

"If I am right, Señor, you are he who yesterday held up the standard after it was shot down."

"Ah, I heard of that brave feat," said the Lord Deputy. "You should consider yourself, Mr. Leigh, honoured by being enabled to show courtesy to such a warrior."

How long this interchange of solemn compliments, of which Amyas was getting somewhat weary, would have gone on, I know not; but at that moment Raleigh entered hastily.

"My Lord, they have hung out a white flag, and are calling for a parley!"

"I am very sorry to hear it. Would to Heaven they had simply fought it out!" said Lord Grey, half to himself; and then: "Go, Captain Raleigh, and answer them that the laws of war forbid a parley with any who are leagued with rebels against their lawful sovereign."

As Amyas came out on the battery, Yeo hailed him:

"Master Amyas! Hillo, sir! For the love of Heaven tell me!"

"What then?"

"Is his Lordship staunch? Will he do the Lord's work

faithfully, root and branch; or will he spare the Amalekites?"

"The latter, I think, old hip-and-thigh," said Amyas, hurrying forward to hear the news from Raleigh, who appeared in sight once more.

"They ask to depart with bag and baggage," said he, when he came up.

"Tell them that I give no conditions. Gunners, if you see the white flag go down, open your fire instantly. Captain Raleigh, we need your counsel here. Mr. Cary, will you be my herald this time?"

So Cary went, and then ensued an argument as to what should be done with the prisoners in case of a surrender.

Sir Warham St. Leger, the Marshal of Munster, spoke out stoutly: "Foreigners had been scoffing them too long and too truly with waging these Irish wars as if they meant to keep them alive, rather than end them. Mercy and faith to every Irishman who would show mercy and faith, was his motto; but to invaders, no mercy. Ireland was England's vulnerable point; it might be some day her ruin; a terrible example must be made of those who dare to touch the sore. Rather pardon the Spaniards for landing in the Thames than in Ireland!" Lord Grey became much excited, and turning as a last hope to Raleigh, asked his opinion; but Raleigh's silver tongue was that day not on the side of indulgence. He skilfully recapitulated the arguments of his fellow-captains, improving them as he went on, till each worthy soldier was surprised to find himself so much a wiser man than he had thought; and finished by one of his rapid and passionate perorations upon his favourite theme—the West Indian cruelties of the Spaniards: "... by which great tracts and fair countries are now utterly stripped of inhabitants by heavy bondage and torments unspeakable."

"And now, Captain Raleigh," said Lord Grey, "as you have been so earnest in preaching this butchery, I have a right to ask none but you to practise it."

Raleigh bit his lip, and replied by the "quip courteous":

"I am at least a man, my Lord, who thinks it shame to allow others to do that which I dare not do myself."

It was done. Right or wrong, it was done. It was done; and it never needed to be done again. The hint was severe, but it was sufficient.

The Spanish and Italian officers were spared, and Amyas

had Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto dully adjudged to him, as his prize by right of war. He was fain to write to Sir Richard Grenville and ask his advice, and in the meanwhile keep the Spaniard with him upon parole, which he frankly gave, saying that as for running away, he had nowhere to run to; and as for joining the Irish, he had no mind to turn pig. One morning Raleigh entered.

"I have done you a good turn, Leigh, I have talked St. Leger into making you my lieutenant, and giving you the custody of a right pleasant hermitage—some castle Shackatory or other in the midst of a big bog."

"I'll go," quoth Amyas; "anything for work." So he went and took possession of his lieutenancy and his black robber tower, and there passed the rest of the winter, fighting or hunting all day, and chatting and reading all the evening with Señor Don Guzman, who told Amyas, bit by bit, who he was, of what an ancient house, and of what a poor one; and laughed over the very small chance of his ransom being raised. Don Guzman had among his baggage two books—the one Antonio Galvano's *Discoveries of the World*, a mine of winter evening amusement to Amyas; and the other a manuscript book, which, perhaps, it had been well for Amyas had he never seen. For it was none other than a rough journal which Don Guzman had kept as a lad, when he went down with Adelantado Gonzales Ximenes de Casada, from Peru to the River of Amazons, to look for the golden country of El Dorado, and the city of Manoa. Ere Amyas had looked into it, he began questioning the Don about El Dorado. Wheron Don Guzman replied:

"Ah! You have been eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, Señor?"

"I have never opened your book," said Amyas; "your private manuscripts are no concern of mine; but my man who recovered your baggage read part of it, knowing no better; and now you are at liberty to tell me as little as you like."

The "man" it should be said, was none other than Salvation Yeo, who had attached himself by this time inseparably to Amyas, in quality of body-guard.

Amyas once asked him, how he reconciled this Irish sojourn with his vow to find his little maid? Yeo shook his head.

"I can't tell, sir, but there's something that makes me always to think of you when I think of her; and that's often enough, the Lord knows."

So Yeo remained with Amyas, while Cary went elsewhere

with Sir Warham St. Leger, and the two friends met seldom for many months; so that Amyas's only companion was Don Guzman, who as he grew more familiar, and more careless about what he said and did in his captor's presence, often puzzled and scandalized him by his waywardness. Fits of deep melancholy alternated with bursts of Spanish boastfulness, utterly astonishing to the modest and sober-minded Englishman.

At last came a letter from Sir Richard Grenville, complimenting Amyas on his success and promotion, bearing a long and courtly message to Don Guzman (whom Grenville had known when he was in the Mediterranean, at the battle of Lepanto), and offering to receive him as his own guest at Bideford, till his ransom should arrive; a proposition which the Spaniard (who of course was getting sufficiently tired of the Irish bogs) could not but gladly accept; and one of Winter's ships, returning to England in the spring of 1581, delivered duly at the quay of Bideford the body of Don Guzman Maria Magdalena. Raleigh, after forming for that summer one of the triumvirate by which Munster was governed after Ormond's departure, at last got his wish, and departed for England and the Court; and Amyas was left alone with the snipes and yellow mantles for two more weary years.

CHAPTER X

HOW THE MAYOR OF BIDEFORD BAITED HIS HOOK WITH HIS OWN FLESH

Don Guzman settled down quietly enough at Bideford on his parole, in better quarters than he had occupied for many a day, and took things as they came, like a true soldier of fortune; till, after he had been with Granville hardly a month, old Salterne the Mayor came to supper.

At the end of supper, Salterne asked Grenville to do his humble roof the honour, &c., &c., of supping with him the next evening, and then turning to the Don, said quite frankly, that he knew how great a condescension it would be on the part of a nobleman of Spain to sit at the board of a simple merchant; but that if the Spaniard deigned to do him such a favour, he would find that the cheer was fit enough for any rank, whatsoever the company might be; which invitation Don

Guzman, being on the whole glad enough of anything to amuse him, graciously condescended to accept.

In came the Rose of Torridge, looking as beautiful as usual.

There was an innocent freshness about the Rose of Torridge, ~~for~~ as she was of being admired, which was new to him and most attractive. "The train of the peacock," as he said to himself, "and yet the heart of the dove," made so charming a combination, that if he could have persuaded her to love no one but him, perhaps he might become fool enough to love no one but her. Lady Grenville when at home was stupid enough to talk and think about nothing but her husband; and when she went to Stow, and left the Don alone in one corner of the great house at Bideford, what could he do but get himself invited home to supper by Mr. Salterne?

And there, of course, he had it all his own way, and ruled the roast (which he was fond enough of doing) right royally, not only on account of his rank, but because he had something to say worth hearing as a travelled man.

Don Guzman knew that these same islanders, who sat in Salterne's parlour, talking broad Devon through their noses, were no mere counters of money and hucksters of goods; but men who, though they thoroughly hated fighting, and loved making money instead, could fight, upon occasion, after a very dogged and terrible fashion; who sent out their merchant ships armed up to the teeth, and filled with men who had been trained from childhood to use those arms, and had orders to use them without mercy if either Spaniard, or other created being dared to stop their money-making. And one evening he waxed quite mad, when, after having civilly enough hinted that if Englishmen came where they had no right to come, they might find themselves sent back again, he was answered by a volley of—

"We'll see to that, sir."

"Depends on who says 'No right'."

"You are insolent burghers," said Don Guzman, and rose to go.

"Sir," said old Salterne, "as you say, we are burghers and plain men; we must beg you to forgive our want of manners, and to put it down to the strength of my wine; for insolent we never meant to be."

But the Don would not be pacified; and walked out.

He actually went there the very next evening, sneering at himself the whole time for going.

"Fool that I am! that girl has bewitched me, I believe."

As for her, poor child, she had never seen such a man. He had, or seemed to have, all the high-bred grace of Frank, and yet he was cast in a manlier mould; he had just enough of his nation's proud self-assertion to make a woman bow before him as before a superior, and yet tact enough to let it very seldom degenerate into that boastfulness of which the Spaniards were then so often and so justly accused. He had marvels to tell by flood and field, as many and more than Amyas; and he told them with a grace and an eloquence of which modest, simple old Amyas possessed nothing. Besides, he was on the spot, and the Leighs were not, nor indeed were any of her old lovers; and what could she do but amuse herself with the only person who came to hand?

And his stories, certainly, were worth hearing. He seemed to have been everywhere, and to have seen everything: born in Peru, and sent home to Spain at ten years old; brought up in Italy; a soldier in the Levant; an adventurer to the East Indies; again in America, first in the Islands, and then in Mexico. Then back again to Spain, and thence to Rome, and thence to Ireland.

And now, as he said to Rose one evening, what had he left on earth, but a heart trampled as hard as the pavement? Whom had he to love? Who loved him? He had nothing for which to live but fame; and even that was denied to him, a prisoner in a foreign land.

"Had he no kindred, then?" asked pitying Rose.

"My two sisters are in a convent; they had neither money nor beauty; so they are dead to me. My brother is a Jesuit, so he is dead to me. My father fell by the hands of Indians in Mexico."

Don Guzman, of course, intended to be pitied, and pitied he was accordingly.

What need of more words? Before a year was out, Rose Salterne was far more in love with Don Guzman than he with her; and both suspected each other's mind, though neither hinted at the truth; she from fear, and he, to tell the truth, from sheer Spanish pride of blood.

So one day, he cried, throwing himself at her feet, "I adore you! My light, my lodestar, my princess! my goddess! You see where my pride is gone; to you a wretch who grovels at your feet, and cries, 'Have mercy on me, on my loneliness, my homelessness, my friendlessness.' Is it possible, saints and

Virgin! do my own tears deceive my eyes, or are there tears, too, in those radiant orbs?"

"Go, sir!" cried poor Rose, recovering herself, suddenly; "and let me never see you more." And, as a last chance for life, she darted out of the room.

CHAPTER XI

HOW EUSTACE LEIGH MET THE POPE'S LEGATE

It is the spring of 1582-83.

Along the brink of the bog, picking their road among crumbling rocks and green spongy springs, a company of English soldiers are pushing fast, clad cap-à-pie in helmet and quilted jerkin, with arquebus on shoulder, and pikes trailing behind them; stern steadfast men, who, two years since, were working the guns at Smerwick fort, and have since then seen many a bloody fray, and shall see more before they die. Two captains ride before them on shaggy ponies, the taller in armour, stained and rusted with many a storm and fray, the other in brilliant inlaid cuirass and helmet, gaudy sash and plume, and sword-hilt glittering with gold, a quaint contrast enough to the meagre garron which carries him and his finery.

"A pleasant country, truly, Captain Raleigh," says the dingy officer to the gay one. "I wonder how, having once escaped from it to Whitehall, you have the courage to come back and spoil that gay suit with bog-water and mud."

"A very pleasant country, my friend Amyas; what you say in jest, I say in earnest."

"Hillo! Our tastes have changed places. I am sick of it already, as you foretold. Would Heaven that I could hear of some adventure Westward ho! and find these big bones swinging in a hammock once more."

"Tut, man! If her gracious Majesty would but bestow on me some few square miles of this same wilderness, in seven years' time I would make it blossom like the rose, by God's good help."

"Humph!"

"I'd sooner carry lime all my days from Cauldy to Bideford,

than pass another twelvemonth in the land of Ire, among the children of wrath. There is a curse upon the face of the earth, I believe."

"There is no curse upon it, save the old one of man's sin."

"It is sword and bullet, I think, that are needed here, before plough and harrow, to clear away some of the curse. Until a few more of these Irish lords are gone where the Desmonds are, there is no peace for Ireland."

"Humph! not so far wrong, I fear. And yet what more faithful liegemen has her majesty than the Inchiquin, who, they say, is Prince of Thomond, and should be king of all Ireland, if every man had his right?"

"Don't talk of rights in the land of wrongs, man. Look at this Desmond, brought up a savage among savages, a Papist among Papists, a despot among slaves."

"What hadst thou been, Raleigh, hadst thou been that Desmond whose lands thou now desirest? What wilt thou be when thou hast them? Will thy children sink downwards, as these noble barons sank? Will the genius of tyranny and falsehood find soil within thy heart to grow and ripen fruit?"

"Leigh, what noise was that?"

"An Irish howl, I fancied; but it came from off the bog; it may be only a plover's cry."

"Something not quite right, Sir Captain, to my mind," said the Ancient. "They have ugly stories here of pucks and banshees, and what not of ghosts. There it was again, wailing just like a woman. They say the banshee cried all night before Desmond was slain."

"Shamus, my man," said Amyas to the guide, "do you hear that cry in the bog?"

"Shamus hear nought. Perhaps—what you call him?—fishing in ta pool."

"An otter, he means, and I believe he is right. Stay, no! Did you not hear it then, Shamus? It was a woman's voice."

They splashed and scrambled for some quarter of a mile to the knoll, while the cry became louder and louder as they neared.

She was a young girl, sluttish and unkempt, of course, but fair enough; her only covering, as usual, was the ample yellow mantle. There she sat upon a stone, tearing her black dishevelled hair, and every now and then throwing up

her head, and bursting into a long mournful cry, "for all the world," as Yeo said, "like a dumb four-footed hound, and not a Christian soul."

"Ask her who it is? Yeo, you know a little Irish," said Amyas.

He asked, but the girl made no answer. "The stubborn jade won't tell, of course, sir. If she were but a man, I'd make her soon enough."

"Ask her who killed him?"

"No one, she says; and I believe she says true, for I can find no wound. The man has been starved, sirs, as I am a sinful man. God help him, though he is a priest; and yet he seems full enough down below. What's here? A big pouch, sirs, stuffed full of somewhat."

"Hand it hither."

The two opened the pouch; papers, papers, but no scrap of food. Then a parchment. They unrolled it.

"Latin," said Amyas; "you must construe it, Don Scholar."

"Is it possible?" said Raleigh, after reading a moment.

"This is indeed a prize! This is Saunders himself!"

Yeo sprang up from the body as if he had touched an adder.

"Nick Saunders, the Legacy, sir?"

"Nicholas Saunders, the Legate."

He ran his eye through various other documents, written in the usual strain: full of huge promises from the Pope and the King of Spain; frantic and filthy slanders against Elizabeth, Burghley, Leicester, Essex (the elder), Sidney, and every great and good man (never mind of which party) who then upheld the commonweal; bombastic attempts to terrify weak consciences, by denouncing endless fire against those who opposed the true faith; fulsome ascriptions of martyrdom and sanctity to every rebel and traitor who had been hanged for the last twenty years.

With a gesture of disgust Raleigh crammed the foul stuff back again into the pouch. Taking it with them, they walked back to the company, and then remounting, marched away once more towards the lands of the Desmonds; and the girl was left alone with the dead.

An hour had passed, when another Englishman was standing by the wailing girl, and round him a dozen shock-headed kernes.

The Englishman was Eustace Leigh; a layman still, but still at his old work.

He had been with Desmond, wandering in moor and moss

for many a month in danger of his life; and now he was on his way to James Fitz-Eustace, Lord Baltinglas, to bring him the news of Desmond's death.

"Blest Saunders!" murmured Eustace Leigh; "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like this! *Ora pro me* (Pray for me), most excellent martyr, while I dig thy grave upon this lonely moor."

The corpse was buried; a few prayers said hastily; and Eustace Leigh was away again. The girl had told him of the English soldiers who had passed, and he knew that they would reach the earl probably before he did. The game was up; all was lost. So he retraced his steps, as a desperate resource, to the last place where he would be looked for; and after a month of disguising, hiding, and other expedients, found himself again in his native county of Devon, while Fitz-Eustace Viscount Baltinglas had taken ship for Spain.

And now let us return to Raleigh and Amyas, as they jog along their weary road. They have many things to talk of; for it is but three days since they met.

"Have you heard of my brother Humphrey's new project?"

"How should I hear anything in this waste howling wilderness?"

And then Raleigh expounded to Amyas the details of the great Newfoundland scheme, which whoso will may read in the pages of Hakluyt.

Amyas shook his head, and said: "If you must needs have an adventure, your insatiable soul you, why not try for the golden city of Manoa?"

"Manoa?" asked Raleigh, who had heard, as most had, dim rumours of the place. "What do you know of it?"

Whereupon Amyas told him all that he had gathered from the Spaniard; and Raleigh, in his turn, believed every word.

"Humph!" said he, after a long silence. "We'll do it, lad!"

"We'll try," said Amyas; "but we must be quick, for if the Spaniards once get thither, by the time we come there will be neither gold nor city left."

"Nor Indians either, I'll warrant the butchers; but, lad, I am promised to Humphrey; I have a bark fitting out already."

"But must I come with you? To tell the truth, I am quite shore-sick, and to sea I must go. What will my mother say?"

"I'll manage thy mother," said Raleigh; and so he did.

Amyas went to Plymouth (with Yeo, of course, at his heels), and there beheld, for the first time, the majestic countenance

of the philosopher of Compton Castle. He lodged with Drake, and found him not over-sanguine as to the success of the voyage.

"For learning and manners, Amyas, there's not his equal; and the Queen may well love him, and Devon be proud of him; but book-learning is not business: book-learning didn't get me round the world."

However, the die was cast, and the little fleet of five sail assembled in Cawsand Bay. Amyas was to go as a gentleman adventurer on board of Raleigh's bark; Raleigh himself, however, at the eleventh hour, had been forbidden by the Queen to leave England.

Some say that Raleigh himself came down to Plymouth, accompanied the fleet a day's sail to sea, and would have given her Majesty the slip, and gone with them Westward-ho, but for Sir Humphrey's advice. It is likely enough. As early as the second day, the seeds of failure began to sprout above ground. The men of Raleigh's bark, the *Vice-Admiral*, suddenly found themselves seized, or supposed themselves seized, with a contagious sickness, and at midnight forsook the fleet, and went back to Plymouth.

Amyas told Butler the captain plainly that, if the bark went back, he would not. Whereon the captain offered to put Amyas on board of Sir Humphrey's *Delight*, if he could find a crew to row him.

Amyas looked around.

"Are there any of Sir Francis Drake's men on board?"

"Three, sir," said Yeo. "Robert Drew, and two others."

"*Pelicans!*" roared Amyas, "you have been round the world, and will you turn back from Westward-ho?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Drew came forward.

"Lower us a boat, captain, and lend us a caliver to make signals with, while I get my kit on deck; I'll after Captain Leigh, if I row him aboard all alone to my own hands."

"If I ever command a ship, I will not forget you," said Amyas.

Luckily the night was all but calm. They got on board before the morning, and so away into the boundless West.¹

¹ The *Raleigh*, the largest ship of the squadron, was of only 200 tons burden; the *Golden Hind*, Hayes' ship, which returned safe, of 40; and the *Squirrel* (whereof more hereafter) of 10 tons! In such cockboats did these old heroes brave the unknown seas.

CHAPTER XII

HOW BIDEFORD BRIDGE DINED AT ANNERY HOUSE

Every one who knows Bideford cannot but know Bideford Bridge; for it is the very soul, around which the town, as a body, has organized itself; and as Edinburgh is Edinburgh by virtue of its Castle, Rome Rome by virtue of its Capitol, and Egypt Egypt by virtue of its Pyramids, so is Bideford Bideford by virtue of its Bridge. But all do not know that the bridge is a veritable esquire, bearing arms of its own (a ship and bridge proper on a plain field), and owning lands and tenements in many parishes, with which the said miraculous bridge has, from time to time, founded charities, built schools, waged suits at law, and finally (for this concerns us most) given yearly dinners.

To one of these dinners, as it happened, were invited in the year 1583, all the notabilities of Bideford, and beside them Mr. St. Leger of Annery close by, brother of Lady Grenville; invited the whole company present to dine with him at Annery three days after, and bring with them each a wife or daughter; and, Don Guzman being at the table, he was invited too.

So there was a mighty feast in the great hall at Annery, and while every one was eating their best, and drinking their worst, Rose Salterne and Don Guzman were pretending not to see each other, and watching each other all the more.

Rose Salterne and the Spaniard had not exchanged a word in the last six months, though they had met many times. For none knew better than the Spaniard how much more fond women are of worshipping than of being worshipped, and of obeying than of being obeyed; how their coyness, often their scorn, is but a mask to hide their consciousness of weakness.

So Don Guzman pretended to be as much downcast and abstracted as she was, and went on with his glances, till he once found her, poor thing, looking at him to see if he was looking at her; and then he knew his prey was safe.

It was a beautiful sight, the great terrace at Annery that afternoon; with the smart dames in their gaudy dresses parading up and down in twos and threes before the stately house; Rose Salterne kept apart, and longed to get into a corner and laugh or cry, she knew not which.

"Our pretty Rose seems sad," said Lady Grenville, coming

up to her. "Cheer up, child! we want you to come and sing to us."

Rose took the lute, and sat down on a bench beneath the house, while the rest grouped themselves round her.

"What shall I sing?"

"Let us have your old song, 'Earl Haldan's Daughter'."

Rose shrank from it. The song seemed ominous to her; and yet for that very reason she dared not refuse to sing it; and so she began:

I

"It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She look'd across the sea;
She look'd across the water,
And long and loud laugh'd she;
'The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage-fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me?'

2

"It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walk'd along the sand;
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Come sailing to the land,
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And 'hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,
Who saileth here so bold?'

3

"The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea;
I shore their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale;
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Furl up thy velvet sail!'

4

"He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold;
He gripped Earl Haldan's daughter,
He shore her locks of gold?
'Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat;
Sail Westward-ho, and away!'"

As she ceased, a measured voice, with a foreign accent, thrilled through her.

"In the East, they say the nightingale sings to the rose; Devon, more happy, has nightingale and rose in one."

"We have no nightingales in Devon, Don Guzman," said Lady Grenville; "but our little forest thrushes sing, as you hear, sweetly enough to content any ear. But what brings you away from the gentlemen so early?"

"These letters," said he, "which have just been put into my hand; and as they call me home to Spain, I was loth to lose a moment of that delightful company from which I must part so soon."

"To Spain?" asked half a dozen voices; for the Don was a general favourite.

"Yes, and thence to the Indies. My ransom has arrived, and with it the promise of an office. I am to be Governor of La Guayra in Caraccas. Congratulate me on my promotion. I shall only want a wife there to be in paradise."

"I don't doubt that you may persuade some fair lady of Seville to accompany you thither," said Lady Grenville.

"Thanks, gracious Madam; but the truth is, that since I have had the bliss of knowing English ladies, I have begun to think that they are the only ones on earth worth wooing."

"A thousand thanks for the compliment; but I fear none of our free English maidens would like to submit to the guardianship of a duenna. Eh, Rose? how should you like to be kept under lock and key all day by an ugly old woman with a horn on her forehead?"

"Ladies," said Don Guzman, reddening, "believe me that these are but the calumnies of ignorance. I could tell you stories, ladies, of the constancy and devotion of Spanish husbands, even in the Indies, as strange as ever romancer invented."

"Can you? Then we challenge you to give us one at least."

Don Guzman, taking his seat in the midst, with a proud humility, at Lady Grenville's feet, began:

"When Sebastian Cabota returned to Spain, he left in his tower a garrison of a hundred and twenty men, under the command of Nuño de Lara, Ruiz Moschera, and Sebastian de Hurtado, old friends and fellow-soldiers of my invincible grandfather, Don Ferdinando da Soto; and with them a jewel, than which Spain never possessed one more precious, Lucia Miranda, the wife of Hurtado. Mangora the Cacique of the neighbour-

ing Timbuez Indians, cast his eyes on this fair creature, and no sooner saw than he coveted; no sooner coveted than he plotted, with the devilish subtilty of a savage, to seize by force what he knew he could never gain by right.

"Food grew scarce, and Don Hurtado, and Don Ruiz Moschera, with fifty soldiers, were sent up the river on a foraging party. Mangora saw his opportunity, and leapt at it forthwith.

"Why pain your gentle ears with details of slaughter? A few fearful minutes sufficed to exterminate my bewildered and unarmed countrymen, to bind the only survivors, Mirando (innocent cause of the whole tragedy), and four other women with their infants, and to lead them away in triumph across the forest towards the Indian town.

"Miranda was brought in triumph at daydawn before the Indian king to receive her doom. Judge of her astonishment, when, on looking up, she saw that he was not Mangora.

"A ray of hope flashed across her, and she asked where he was.

"'He was slain last night,' said the king; 'and I, his brother Siripa, am now Cacique of the Timbuez.'

The sovereign assigned her a hut to herself, loaded her with savage ornaments, and for several weeks treated her with no less courtesy (so miraculous is the power of love) than if he had been a cavalier of Castile.

"Three months and more, ladies, as I have heard, passed in this misery, and every day Miranda grew more desperate of all deliverance. One day, going down with the wives of the Cacique to draw water in the river, she saw on the opposite bank a white man in a tattered Spanish dress, with a drawn sword in his hand; who had no sooner espied her, than shrieking her name, he plunged into the stream, swam across, landed at her feet, and clasped her in his arms. It was no other, ladies, incredible as it may seem, than Don Sebastian himself.

"Who can describe the joy, and who again the terror, of their meeting? For, ere a quarter of an hour was passed, the Indian women, who had fled at his approach, returned with all the warriors of the tribe. In a few minutes he was surrounded, seized from behind, disarmed, and carried in triumph into the village. And if you cannot feel for him in that misery, fair ladies, who have known no sorrow, yet I, a prisoner, can.

"The Cacique, like a true child of the devil, comprehending in a moment who Don Sebastian was, laughed with delight at

seeing his rival in his power, and bade bind him at once to a tree, and shoot him to death with arrows.

"But the poor Miranda sprang forward, and threw herself at his feet, and with piteous entreaties besought for mercy from him who knew no mercy.

"He made answer, that if she would consent to become his wife, her husband's life should be spared. She, in her haste and madness, sobbed out desperately I know not what consent.

"Don Sebastian, being stripped of his garments, and painted after the Indian fashion, was set to all mean and toilsome work, amid the buffetings and insults of the whole village.

"The youngest wife of the Cacique, who, till Miranda's coming, had been his favourite, often talked with the captive, insulting and tormenting her in her spite and jealousy, and receiving in return only gentle and conciliatory words. This so won upon the girl, that she consented to keep all intruders out of the way, while Don Sebastian that very night visited Miranda in her hut.

"What use of many words? They were taken.

"Don Sebastian was shot to death with arrows; but as for the Lady Miranda, the wretches themselves confessed afterwards, when they received due vengeance for their crimes (as they did receive it), that after all shameful and horrible indignities, she was bound to a tree, and there burned slowly in her husband's sight, stifling her shrieks lest they should wring his heart by one additional pang, and never taking her eyes, to the last, off that beloved face. And so died (but not unavenged) Sebastian de Hurtado and Lucia Miranda—a Spanish husband and a Spanish wife."

The Don paused, and the ladies were silent awhile; but at last Mrs. St. Leger spoke:

"You have told a sad and a noble tale, sir, and told it well; but, though your story was to set forth a perfect husband, it has ended rather by setting forth a perfect wife."

"Don Guzman is courtier enough, as far as compliments go," said one of the young ladies; "but it was hardly courtier-like of him to find us so sad an entertainment upon a merry evening."

Now all this time Don Guzman had been talking at Rose Salterne. He loved her still; perhaps he knew that she loved him: he must know some day. She felt now that there was no escape; she was almost glad to think that there was none.

In the meanwhile, as it was ordained, Cary could see and hear

through the window of the hall a good deal of what was going on.

"How that Spanish crocodile ogles the Rose!" whispered he to young St. Leger.

"What wonder? He is not the first by many a one."

"Ay—but—By Heaven, she is making side-shots at him with those languishing eyes of hers, the little baggage!"

At last Cary got away and out; sober, but just enough flushed with wine to be ready for any quarrel; and luckily for him, had not gone twenty yards along the great terrace before he met Lady Grenville.

"Has your ladyship seen Don Guzman?"

"Yes—why where is he? He was with me not ten minutes ago. You know he is going back to Spain."

"Going! has his ransom come?"

"Yes, and with it a governorship in the Indies."

"Governorship! Much good may it do the governed."

But Don Guzman was not to be found in garden or in pleasure.

"Perhaps," at last said a burgher's wife, with a toss of her head, "your ladyship may meet with him at Hankford's oak."

"At Hankford's oak? What should take him there?"

"Pleasant company, I reckon" (with another toss). "I heard him and Mistress Salterne talking about the oak, just now."

"There they are!" whispered he, and pointed to the oak, where, half-hidden by the tall fern, stood Rose and the Spaniard.

Her head was on his bosom. She seemed sobbing, trembling; he talked earnestly and passionately; but Lady Grenville's little shriek made them both look up.

Cary bowed courteously to the Don.

"I have to congratulate you, I hear, Señor, on your approaching departure."

"I kiss your hands, Señor, in return; but I question whether it be a matter of congratulation, considering all that I leave behind."

"So do I," answered Cary, bluntly enough, and the four walked back to the house.

Lady Grenville walked on with her fair prisoner, commanding Cary to escort them in, and the Spaniard to go to the bowling-green.

Cary obeyed; but he gave her the slip the moment she was inside the door, and darted off to the gentlemen.

"Don Guzman," quoth St. Leger, "has been making the

ladies cry with one of his stories, and robbing us meanwhile of the pleasure we had hoped for from some of his Spanish songs."

"The devil take Spanish songs!" said Cary in a low voice, but loud enough for the Spaniard. Don Guzman clapped his hand on his sword-hilt instantly.

"Señor Cary, we meet?"

"I thank your quick apprehension, Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto. When, where, and with what weapons?"

Three o'clock upon a still, pure, bright midsummer morning. What do those four cloaked figures there by the river brink, a dark spot on the fair face of the summer morn?

Yet one is as cheerful as if he too, like all nature round him, were going to a wedding; and that is Will Cary. He has been bathing down below, to cool his brain and steady his hand; and he intends to stop Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto's wooing for ever and a day. The Spaniard is in a very different mood; fierce and haggard, he is pacing up and down the sand. He intends to kill Will Cary; but then? Will he be the nearer to Rose by doing so? Can he stay in Bideford?

Sir Richard Grenville, too, is in no very pleasant humour, as Arthur St. Leger, Cary's second, soon discovers.

"We cannot have either of them killed, Arthur."

"Mr. Cary swears he will kill the Spaniard, sir."

"He shan't. The Spaniard is my guest."

"Be sure, sir," said Arthur, "that whatsoever you shall command I shall perform. It is only too great an honour to a young man as I am, to find myself in the same duel with your worship, and to have the advantage of your wisdom and experience."

Sir Richard smiles, and says—"Now, gentlemen, are you ready?"

Five minutes have the two had instant death a short six inches off from those wild sinful hearts of theirs, and not a scratch has been given. Yes! the Spaniard's rapier passes under Cary's left arm; he bleeds.

"A hit! a hit! Strike up, Atty!" and the swords are struck up instantly.

Cary, nettled by the smart, tries to close with his foe, but the seconds cross their swords before him.

"If you stir, Mr. Cary, you have to do with Richard Grenville!" thunders the lion voice. "I am angry enough with you

for having brought on this duel at all. Don't provoke me still further, young hot-head!"

Cary stops sulkily.

"You do not know all, Sir Richard, or you would not speak in this way."

"I do, sir, all; and I shall have the honour of talking it over with Don Guzman myself."

"Hey?" said the Spaniard. "You came here as my second, Sir Richard, as I understood; but not as my counsellor."

"Arthur, take your man away! Cary! obey me as you would your father, sir! Can you not trust Richard Grenville?"

"Come away, for God's sake!" says poor Arthur, dragging Cary's sword from him; "Sir Richard must know best!"

So Cary is led off sulking, and Sir Richard turns to the Spaniard—

"And now, Don Guzman, allow me, though much against my will, to speak to you as a friend to a friend. You will pardon me if I say that I cannot but have seen last night's devotion to——"

"You will be pleased, Señor, not to mention the name of any lady to whom I may have shown devotion. I am not accustomed to have my little affairs talked over by any unbidden counsellors."

"Well, Señor, if you take offence, you take that which is not given. Only I warn you, with all apologies for any seeming forwardness, that the quest on which you seem to be, is one on which you will not be allowed to proceed."

"And who will stop me?" asked the Spaniard with a fierce oath.

"If you think fit, Señor, to forget what you have just, in very excusable anger, vented, and to return with me, you will find me still, as ever, your most faithful servant and host. If otherwise, you have only to name whither you wish your mails to be sent, and I shall, with unfeigned sorrow, obey your commands concerning them."

The Spaniard, bowing stiffly, answered, "To the nearest tavern, Señor," and then strode away. His baggage was sent thither. He took a boat down to Appledore that very afternoon, and vanished, none knew whither. A very courteous note to Lady Grenville, enclosing the jewel which he had been used to wear round his neck, was the only memorial he left behind him; except, indeed, the scar on Cary's arm, and poor Rose's broken heart.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW THE "GOLDEN HIND" CAME HOME AGAIN

"Ah, Mr. Adrian!" Mrs. Hawkins sighed; "I am a simple body, and you a great philosopher; but I hold there is no star for a seaman like the Star of Bethlehem; and that goes with 'peace on earth and good-will to men', and not with such arms as that, Mr. Adrian. I can't abide to look upon them."

And she pointed up to one of the bosses of the ribbed oak-roof, on which was emblazoned the fatal crest which Clarendieux Hervey had granted years before to her husband, the "Demi-Moor proper, bound".

"Ah, Mr. Gilbert! since first he went to Guinea, after those poor negroes, little lightness has my heart known; and the very day that that crest was put up in our grand new house, as the parson read the first lesson, there was this text in it, Mr. Gilbert, 'Woe to him that buildeth his house by iniquity, and his chambers by wrong. Shalt thou live because thou closest thyself in cedar?' And it went into my ears like fire, Mr. Gilbert, and into my heart like lead."

"My dearest Madam, who can prosper more than you? If your husband copied the Dons too closely once or twice in the matter of those negroes (which I do not deny), was he not punished at once when he lost ships, men, all but life, at St. Juan d'Ulloa?"

"Ay, yes," she said; "and that did give me a bit of comfort, especially when the Queen—God save her tender heart!—was so sharp with him for pity of the poor wretches; but it has not mended him. He is growing fast like the rest now, Mr. Gilbert, greedy to win, and niggardly to spend (God forgive him!), and always fretting and plotting for some new gain, and envying and grudging at Drake, and all who are deeper in the snare of prosperity than he is."

The two interlocutors in this dialogue were sitting in a low oak-panelled room in Plymouth town, handsomely enough furnished, adorned with carving and gilding and coats of arms, and noteworthy for many strange knickknacks.

The gentleman was a tall fair man, with a broad and lofty forehead, wrinkled with study, and having eyes weakened by long poring over the crucible and the furnace.

The lady had once been comely enough; but she was aged

and worn, as sailors' wives are apt to be, by many sorrows. Many a sad day had she had already, for although John Hawkins, port-admiral of Plymouth, and patriarch of British shipbuilders, was a faithful husband enough, and as ready to forgive as he was to quarrel, yet he was obstinate and ruthless.

I know not why she opened her heart that night to Adrian Gilbert, with a frankness which she would hardly have dared to use to her own family. Perhaps it was that Adrian, like his great brothers, Humphrey and Raleigh, was a man full of all lofty delicate enthusiasms, tender and poetical, such as women cling to when their hearts are lonely; but so it was; and Adrian, half-ashamed of his own ambitious dreams, sat looking at her awhile in silence; and then—

"The Lord be with you, dearest lady. Strange, how you women sit at home to love and suffer, while we men rush forth to break our hearts and yours against rocks of our own seeking! Ah, well! were it not for Scripture, I should have thought that Adam, rather than Eve, had been the one that plucked the fruit of the forbidden tree."

As he spoke the door opened, and in walked, wrapped in his rough sea-gown, none other than one of those said noble sons.

Adrian turned pale.

"Amyas Leigh! What brings you hither? How fares my brother? Where is the ship? Has the adventure failed?"

"Your great and glorious brother, sir, is better bestowed than in settling Newfoundland."

"Dead?" shrieked Adrian.

"He is with the God whom he served!"

"He was always with Him, like Enoch: parable me no parables, if you love me, sir!"

"And, like Enoch, he was not; for God took him."

Adrian clasped his hands over his forehead, and leaned against the table.

"Go on, sir, go on. God will give me strength to hear all."

Then Amyas went on to tell the story: the setting sail from St. John's to discover the southward coast; Sir Humphrey's chivalrous determination to go in the little *Squirrel* of only ten tons, and "overcharged with nettings, fights, and small ordinance", not only because she was more fit to examine the creeks, but because he had heard of some taunt against him among the men, that he was afraid of the sea.

After that, woe on woe; how, seven days after they left Cape

Race, their largest ship, the *Delight*, struck upon unknown shoals; where were lost all but fourteen.

Then Amyas told the last scene; how, when they were off the Azores, the storms came on heavier than ever, with "terrible seas, breaking short and pyramid-wise," till, on the 9th September, the tiny *Squirrel* nearly foundered and yet recovered; "and the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hind*, so oft as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

"The same Monday, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate (the *Squirrel*) being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out; and withal our watch cried, the General was cast away, which was true; for in that moment, the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea."

And so the talk ended. There was no doubt that the expedition had been an utter failure; Adrian was a ruined man; and Amyas had lost his venture.

Adrian rose and begged leave to retire; he must collect himself.

"Poor gentleman!" said Mrs. Hawkins; "it is little else he has left to collect."

"Or I either," said Amyas. "I was going to ask you to lend me one of your son's shirts, and five pounds to get myself and my men home."

"Five? Fifty, Mr. Leigh! God forbid that John Hawkins's wife should refuse her last penny to a distressed mariner, and he a gentleman born. And by-the-bye, Captain Leigh, I've sad news for you from your place; and I had it from one who was there at the time. You must know a Spanish captain, a prisoner——"

"What, the one I sent home from Smerwick?"

"You sent? Mercy on us! Then, perhaps, you've heard——"

"How can I have heard? What?"

"That he's gone off, the villain!"

"Without paying his ransom?"

"I can't say that; but there's a poor innocent young maid gone off with him, one Salterne's daughter—the Popish serpent!"

"Rose Salterne, the mayor's daughter, the Rose of Torridge!"

"That's her. Bless your dear soul, what ails you?"

Amyas had dropped back in his seat as if he had been shot.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW SALVATION YEO SLEW THE KING OF THE GUBBINGS

NOW I am sorry to say, for the honour of my country, that it was by no means a safe thing in those days to travel from Plymouth to the north of Devon; because, to get to your journey's end, unless you were minded to make a circuit of many miles, you must needs pass through the territory of a foreign and hostile potentate, who had many times ravaged the dominions, and defeated the forces of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, and was named the King of the Gubbings.

Amyas, in fear of these same Scythians and heathens, rode out of Plymouth on a right good horse, in his full suit of armour, carrying lance and sword, and over and above two great dags, or horse-pistols; and behind him Salvation Yeo, and five or six north Devon men (who had served with him in Ireland, and were returning on furlough), clad in head-pieces and quilted jerkins, each man with his pike and sword, and Yeo with arquebus and match, while two sumpter ponies carried the baggage of this formidable troop.

They pushed on as fast as they could, through Tavistock, to reach before nightfall Lydford, where they meant to sleep; but night fell just as they reached the frontiers of the enemy's country.

On the middle of the down stood a wayside inn; a desolate and villainous-looking lump of lichen-spotted granite, with windows paper-patched, and rotting thatch kept down by stones and straw-bands; the possessor of Rogues' Harbour Inn, on Brent-Tor Down, whatever else he lacked, lacked not geese enough to keep him in soft lying.

•Presently he spies Amyas and his party coming slowly over the hill, pricks up his ears, and counts them; sees Amyas's armour; shakes his head and grunts; and awaits the coming guests, who make a few long faces at the "mucksy sort of a place," but prefer to spend the night there than to bivouac close to the enemy's camp.

So the old hen who has swallowed the dun fly is killed, plucked, and roasted, and certain "black Dartmoor mutton" is put on the gridiron, and being compelled to confess the truth by that fiery torment, proclaims itself to all noses as red deer venison. In the meanwhile Amyas has put his horse

and the ponies into a shed, to which he can find neither lock nor key. Yeo, who has his notions about the place, posts himself at the door, and the men are seized with a desire to superintend the cooking.

Presently Yeo comes in again.

"There's a gentleman just coming up, sir, all alone."

"Ask him to make one of our party, then, with my compliments."

Yeo goes out and returns in five minutes.

"Please, sir, he's gone in back ways, by the court."

So Amyas ran out, pulled back the cart, grumbling, opened the door, and began a string of apologies to—his cousin Eustace.

Eustace asked Amyas why he was going to Bideford, while Frank and his mother were in London.

"To tell you the truth, I cannot rest till I have heard the whole story about poor Rose Salterne."

"What about her?" cried Eustace.

"Do you not know?"

"How should I know anything here? For Heaven's sake, what has happened?"

Amyas told him, wondering at his eagerness, for he had never had the least suspicion of Eustace's love.

Eustace shrieked aloud.

"Fool, fool that I have been! Caught in my own trap! Villain, villain that he is! After all he promised me at Lundy!"

"Oh, Eustace! And you then loved her too!"

"Don't speak to me! Loved her? Yes, sir, and had as good a right to love her as any one of your precious Brotherhood of the Rose. Don't speak to me, I say, or I shall do you a mischief!"

Amyas, a little nettled, answered bluntly—

"You will please to recollect, Eustace, that you are in my power. I have a right to know the bottom of this matter; and, by Heaven, I will know it!"

"In your power? See that you are not in mine! Remember, sir, that you are within a—within a few miles, at least, of those who will obey me, their Catholic benefactor; but who owe no allegiance to those Protestant authorities who have left them to the lot of the beasts which perish."

Amyas was very angry. However, all he did was, to go to the door, open it, and bowing to his cousin, bid him walk out and go to the devil, since he seemed to have set his mind on ending his days in the company of that personage.

Whereon Eustace vanished.

"Pooh!" said Amyas to himself; "I can find out enough, and too much, I fear, without the help of such crooked vermin."

"Come in hither, men," shouted he down the passage, "and sleep here. Haven't you had enough of this villainous sour cider?"

The men came in yawning, and settled themselves to sleep on the floor.

"Where's Yeo?"

No one knew; he had gone out to say his prayers, and had not returned.

It was about midnight, when Amyas leaped to his feet, or rather fell upon his back, upsetting saddle, settle, and finally table, under the notion that ten thousand flying dragons were bursting in the window close to his ear, with howls most fierce and fell. Another minute made it evident that a sharp fight was going on in the courtyard, and that Yeo was hallooing lustily for help.

Out turned the men, sword in hand, burst the back door open, stumbling over pails and pitchers, and into the courtyard, where Yeo, his back against the stable-door, was holding his own manfully with sword and buckler against a dozen men.

Amyas rushed into the yard, the whole party of ruffians took to their heels, and vanished over a low hedge at the other end of the yard.

"Are you hurt, Yeo?"

"Not a scratch, thank Heaven! But I've got two of them, the ring-leaders, I have. One of them's against the wall. Your horse did for t'other."

Expecting some night-attack, he had taken up his lodging for the night in the stable.

As he expected, an attempt was made. Yeo's account was, that he seized the big fellow, who drew a knife on him, and broke loose; the horses, terrified at the scuffle, kicked right and left; one man fell, and the other ran out, calling for help; "Whereon," said Yeo, "seeing a dozen more on me with clubs and bows, I thought best to shorten the number while I could."

Hardly had they stumbled through the low doorway into the back-kitchen when a fresh hubbub arose inside. Amyas ran forward, breaking his head against the doorway, and beheld, as soon as he could see for the flashes in his eyes, an old acquaintance, held on each side by a sturdy sailor.

With one arm in the sleeve of his doublet, Evan Morgans,

alias Father Parsons, stood looking, between his confused habiliments and his fiery visage (as Yeo told him to his face), "the very moral of a half-plucked turkey-cock." And behind him, dressed, stood Eustace Leigh.

"Well, Mr. Parsons," said Amyas, "and what are you about here?"

"About my calling, sir," said Parsons stoutly.

The wounded man, who lay upon the floor, heard Parsons voice, and moaned for the "Patrico".

"You see, sir," said he, pompously, "the sheep know their shepherd's voice."

"The wolves, you mean, you hypocritical scoundrel!" said Amyas, who could not contain his disgust.

"I can't stand this mummary any longer," said Yeo.

"Mind your own business," said Amyas.

"Humph! but I'll tell you, sir, what our business is, if you'll step aside with me. I find that poor fellow that lies dead is none other than the leader of the Gubbings; the king of them, as they dare to call him."

"Well, what of that?"

"Mark my words, sir, if we have not a hundred stout rogues upon us before two hours are out."

"We had better march at once, then."

"Think, sir; if they catch us up."

"True, old wisdom; we must keep the road. Humph! stay, I have a plan." And stepping forward he spoke—

"Eustace, you will be so kind as to go back to your lambs; and tell them, that if they meddle with us cruel wolves again to-night, we are ready and willing to fight to the death, and have plenty of shot and powder at their service. Father Parsons, you will be so kind as to accompany us; it is but fitting that the shepherd should be hostage for his sheep."

"If you carry me off this spot, sir, you carry my corpse only," said Parsons.

"If you take him, you must take me too," said Eustace.

"What if we won't?"

"How will you gain by that? you can only leave me here."

"Well, then; if you, Eustace, will go and give my message to your converts, I will promise to set Mr. Parsons free again before we come to Lydford town; and I advise you, if you have any regard for his life, to see that your eloquence be persuasive enough."

Whereon Parsons gave in, and, being fast tied by his arm to

Amyas's saddle, trudged alongside his horse for several weary miles, while Yeo walked by his side, when they saw shining under the moon the old tower of Lydford Castle.

"Cast the fellow off now," said Amyas.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and Yeo and Simon Evans stopped behind, and did not come up for ten minutes after.

Leaving on their left Lydford, Amyas and his party trudged on through the mire toward Okehampton till sunrise. It was evident that there had been some passages between Rose Salterne and Don Guzman. Eustace's mysterious words about the promise at Lundy proved that. The villain! He had felt all along that he was a villain; but just the one to win a woman's heart, too. Frank had been away—all the Brotherhood away. What a fool he had been to turn the wolf loose into the sheepfold! . . .

"Curses on the man who had done that deed! I will yet have his heart's blood somehow, if I go round the world again to find him."

With which determination he rode into the ugly, dirty, and stupid town of Okehampton. And heartily did Amyas abuse the old town that day; for he was detained there, as he expected, full three hours, while the Justice Shallow of the place was sent for to take Yeo's deposition concerning last night's affray.

So Amyas sat down and ate his breakfast, and went on afterwards a long and weary day's journey, till he saw at last beneath him the broad shining river, and the long bridge, and the white houses piled up the hill-side; and beyond, over Raleigh downs, the dear old tower of Northam Church.

When he rode up to Sir Richard's door, he found that the good Knight was still in Ireland, and Lady Grenville at Stow. Whereupon he rode back again down the High Street, Bideford, to that same bow-windowed Ship Tavern where the Brotherhood of the Rose made their vow, and settled himself in the very room where they had supped.

"Ah! Mr. Leigh—Captain Leigh now, I beg pardon," quoth mine host, "there's been strange doings since you were here last. You mind Mistress Salterne!"

"For God's sake, don't let us have that story, man! I heard enough of it at Plymouth!" said Amyas, in so disturbed a tone that mine host looked up, and said to himself—

"Ah, poor young gentlemen, he's one of the hard-hit ones!"

"How is the old man?" asked Amyas, after a pause.

"Bears it well enough, sir; but a changed man. Never speaks to a soul, if he can help it."

"Put on my boots again, I'll go and see him;" and Amyas strode out, and along the quay to Bridgeland Street, and knocked at Mr. Salterne's door.

Salterne himself opened it, with his usual stern courtesy.

He led Amyas into his parlour, and called to the apprentices to run one way, and to the cook to run another.

"You must not trouble yourself to get me supper, indeed."

"I must though, sir, and the best of wine too;" and out he bustled.

In a minute more one of the apprentices came in to lay the cloth, and Amyas questioned him about his master.

"Thank the Lord that you are come, sir," said the lad.

"Why, then?"

"Because there'll be a chance of us poor fellows getting a little broken meat. We'm half starved this three months. They call'th mun 'bread and dripping' now, sir, all town over."

"Then they will call me bread and no dripping to-morrow!" and old Salterne, entering from behind, made a dash at the poor fellow's ears; but luckily thought better of it, having a couple of bottles in each hand.

"My dear sir," said Amyas, "you don't mean us to drink all that wine?"

After the cloth was drawn, and the two left alone, he grew so outrageous with coarse flattery that Amyas was forced to take him to task good-humouredly.

"Now, my dear sir, you have feasted me royally, and better far than I deserve; but why will you go about to make me drunk twice over, first with vainglory, and then with wine?"

Salterne looked at him a while fixedly, and then, sticking out his chin—

"I'll be plain with you, sir. You've heard how—how I've fared since you saw me last?"

Amyas nodded his head.

"I thought so. Shames rides post. Now then, Captain Leigh, I have watched you from your boyhood, and I can trust you, and I'll show you what I've never showed to mortal man but one."

And, taking up a candle, he led the way upstairs, while Amyas followed wondering.

He stopped at a door and unlocked it.

"This was her room, sir," whispered the old man.

Amyas nodded silently, and half drew back.

"You need not be modest about entering it now, sir," whispered he, with a sort of sneer. "There has been no frail flesh and blood in it for many a day."

Amyas sighed.

"Ah well! There was my idol, sir. I made her mad, I pampered her up with gewgaws and vanity; and then, because my idol was just what I made her, I had turned again and rent her.

"And now, come downstairs and finish your wine. I see you don't care about it at all. Why should you? you are not her father. All this may be yours still, and twenty thousand pounds to boot."

"I want no money, sir, but what I can earn with my own sword."

"Earn my money, then!"

"What on earth do you want of me?"

"To keep your oath," said Salterne, clutching his arm. "You can cut that fellow's throat."

"It will take a long arm to reach him."

"I suppose it is as easy to sail to the Spanish Main as it was to sail round the world."

"My good sir," said Amyas, "I have at this moment no more worldly goods than my clothes and my sword; so how to sail to the Spanish Main, I don't quite see."

"And do you suppose, sir, that I should hint to you of such a voyage, if I meant you to be at the charge of it? No, sir; if you want two thousand pounds, or five, to fit a ship, take it! Take it, sir! I hoarded money for my child; and I will spend it to avenge her."

CHAPTER XV

HOW MR. JOHN BRIMBLECOMBE UNDERSTOOD THE NATURE OF AN OATH

About six weeks after the duel, the miller at Stow had come up to the great house in much tribulation, to borrow the bloodhounds. Rose Salterne had vanished in the night, no man knew whither.

The only trace was a little footmark under her bedroom window. On that the bloodhound was laid, and started bell-mouthed through the garden gate, and up the lane, towing behind him the panting keeper, till they reached the downs above, and went straight away for Marshland Mouth, where the whole posse comitatus pulled up breathless at the door of Lucy Passmore.

Her door was fast, and round it her flock of goats stood, crying in vain for her to come and milk them, while from the down above, her donkeys, wandering at their own sweet will, answered the bay of the bloodhound with a burst of harmony.

But Lucy did not return; and her cottage, from which the neighbours shrank as from a haunted place, remained as she had left it.

A few days afterwards, Sir Richard, on his way from Bideford to Stow, looked in at Clovelly Court, and mentioned, with a "by the by", news which made Will Cary leap from his seat almost to the ceiling.

"And there is no clue?" asked old Cary; for his son was speechless.

"Only this; I hear that some fellow prowling about the cliffs that night saw a pinnacle running for Lundy."

Will rose, and went hastily out of the room.

In half an hour he and three or four armed servants were on board a trawling skiff, and away to Lundy. He did not return for three days, and then brought news: that an elderly man, seemingly a foreigner, had been lodging for some months past in a part of the ruined Moresco Castle, which was tenanted by one John Braund; that a few weeks since a younger man, a foreigner also, had joined him from on board a ship: the ship a Flushing, or Easterling of some sort. The ship came and went more than once; and the younger man in her. A few days since a lady and her maid, a stout woman, came with him up to the castle, and talked with the elder man a long while in secret; abode there all night; and then all three sailed in the morning.

Will Cary was for a while like a man distracted. He heaped himself with all manner of superfluous reproaches, for having first brought the Rose into disgrace, and then driven her into the arms of the Spaniard. He wrote off to Frank at Whitehall, telling him the whole truth, calling himself all fools and villains, and entreating Frank's forgiveness; to which he received an answer, in which Frank said that Will had no reason to accuse

himself; that these strange attachments were due to the stars, which ruled the destinies of each person, to fight against which was to fight against the heavens themselves.

Honest Will took it all for gospel, little dreaming what agony of despair, what fearful suspicions, what bitter prayers, this letter had cost to the gentle heart of Francis Leigh.

He showed the letter triumphantly to St. Leger, and there the matter dropped for a few days, till one came forward who had no mind to let it drop, and that was Jack Brimblecombe, now curate of Hartland town, and "passing rich on forty pounds a year".

"I hope no offence, Mr. William; but when are you and the rest going after—after her?" The name stuck in his throat.

Cary was taken aback.

"What's that to thee, Catiline the blood-drinker?" asked he, trying to laugh it off.

But Jack looked steadfastly in his face, and after some silence:

"How far is it to the Caraccas, sir?"

"What is that to thee, man?"

"Why, he was made governor thereof, I hear; so that would be the place to find her."

"You don't mean to go thither to seek her?" shouted Cary, forcing a laugh.

"That depends on whether I can go, sir; but if I can scrape the money together, or get a berth on board some ship, why, God's will must be done."

"But, my good fellow, even if you get to the Indies, you will be clapt into the Inquisition, and burnt alive, as sure as your name is Jack."

"I know that," said he, in a doleful tone; "I'd sooner burn, and have it over, than go on this way any longer, I would!" and Jack burst out blubbering.

"What way, my dear old lad!" said Will, softened as he well might be.

"Why, not—not to know whether—whether—whether she's married to him or not. And if she is married to him, they keep no faith with heretics; they can dissolve the marriage, or make away with her into the Inquisition!"

Cary shuddered; the fact, true and palpable as it was, had never struck him before.

"I wonder what Amyas Leigh would say to all this, if he were at home?"

"Say? He'd do. He isn't one fortalking. He'd go through fire and water for her, you trust him, Will Cary; and call me an ass if he won't."

"Will you wait, then, till he comes back, and ask him?"

"I have settled all, Mr. Will. The parson of Welcombe will serve my church for two Sundays, and I am away for London town, to speak to Mr. Frank."

Away went Jack, and Cary heard no more of him for three weeks.

At last he walked into Clovelly Court again just before supper-time, thin and leg-weary, and sat himself down till Will appeared.

"I have learnt a lesson, Mr. William. I've learnt that there is one on earth loves her better than I, if she had but had the wit to have taken him."

"But what says he of going to seek her?"

"He says what I say, Go! and he says what you say, Wait."

And so Jack went home to his parish that very evening, weary as he was. But he had left behind him thoughts in Cary's mind, which gave their owner no rest by day or night.

He was lounging (so he told Amyas) one murky day on Bideford quay, when up came Mr. Salterne.

"Well, Mr. Salterne, and how goes on the shipping trade?"

"Well enough, sir, if you young gentlemen would but follow Mr. Leigh's example, and go forth to find us stay-at-homes new markets for our ware."

"What? you want to be rid of us, eh?"

"I don't know why I should, sir. We shan't cross each other now, sir, whatever might have been once. But if I were you, I should be in the Indies about now, if I were not fighting the Queen's battles nearer home."

"So, lad, to make an end of a long story," said he to Amyas; "if you are minded to take the old man's offer, so am I: and Westward-ho with you, come foul come fair."

"Only mind, if we go, we must needs take Jack Brimblecombe with us, or he will surely heave himself over Harty Point, and his ghost will haunt us to our dying day."

"Jack shall go. None deserves it better."

The other brethren of the Rose were scattered far and wide, each at his post, and St. Leger had returned to his uncle, so that it would be unfair to them, as well as a considerable delay, to demand of them any fulfilment of their vow. And, as Amyas sagely remarked, "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

With which maxim he departed next morning for London, leaving Yeo with Cary.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MOST CHIVALROUS ADVENTURE OF THE GOOD SHIP "ROSE"

Let us take boat, as Amyas did, at Whitehall stairs, and slip down ahead of him under old London Bridge, and so to Deptford Creek, where remains, as it were embalmed, the famous ship *Pelican*, in which Drake had sailed round the world.

The Lord Mayor is giving a dinner to certain gentlemen of the Leicester House party, who are interested in foreign discoveries; and what place so fit for such a feast as the *Pelican* itself?

At the head of the table sits the Lord Mayor. There he sits, a right kingly man, with my lord Earl of Cumberland on his right hand, and Walter Raleigh on his left.

On the opposite side of the table is a group, scarcely less interesting. Martin Frobisher and William Davis, the pioneers of the North-West Passage, are talking with Alderman Sander-son, the great geographer and "setter forth of globes"; with Mr. Towerson, Sir Gilbert Peckham, our old acquaintance Captain John Winter, and last, but not least, with Philip Sydney himself.

At this moment a waiter enters, and:

"Please my Lord Mayor's Worship, there is a tall gentleman outside would speak with the Right Honourable Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Show him in, man. Sir Walter's friends are ours."

Amyas enters, and stands hesitating in the doorway.

"Captain Leigh!" cry half a dozen voices.

"Why did you not walk in, sir?" says Osborne. "You should know your way well enough between these decks."

"Well enough, my lords and gentlemen. But, Sir Walter—you will excuse me,"—and he gave Raleigh a look which was enough for his quick wit. Turning pale as death, he rose and followed Amyas into an adjoining cabin. They were five minutes together; and then Amyas came out alone.

In few words he told the company the sad story which we already know. Ere it was ended, noble tears were glistening on some of those stern faces.

Though many of the guests had suffered severely by the failure of the expedition, they had utterly forgotten that fact in the awful news of Sir Humphrey's death; and the feast broke up sadly and hurriedly.

Raleigh went out to call a wherry, beckoning Amyas to follow him. Sidney, Cumberland, and Frank went with them in another boat.

They disembarked at Whitehall-stairs, and the two brothers went to their mother's lodgings.

Years and events had deepened the contrast between the brothers; and Frank smiled with affectionate pride as he looked up in Amyas's face, and saw that he was no longer merely the rollicking handy sailor-lad, but the self-confident and stately warrior, showing in every look and gesture

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

Amyas looked anxiously into his brother's face. It was changed, indeed, since they last met; and when Frank told Amyas that he looked aged, Amyas could not help thinking that the remark was far more true of the speaker himself.

"I must tell you now," said Frank, after a moment's pause, "that has happened at Bideford, which——"

"Spare us both, Frank; I know all. I came through Bideford on my way hither; and came hither not merely to see you and my mother, but to ask your advice and her permission."

"True heart! noble heart!" cried Frank. "I knew you would be staunch!"

"Westward-ho it is, then?"

"Can we escape?"

"We?"

"Amyas, does not that which binds you bind me?"

Amyas started back, and held Frank by the shoulders at arm's length; as he did so, he could feel through that his brother's arms were but skin and bone.

"You? Dearest man, a month of it would kill you!"

"It is not merely, Amyas, that love calls me—love tyrannous and uncontrollable, strengthened by absence, and deepened by despair; but honour, Amyas—my oath——"

And he paused for lack of breath, and bursting into a violent

fit of coughing, leaned on his brother's shoulder, while Amyas cried:

"Fools, fools that we were—that I was, I mean—to take that fantastical vow!"

"Not so," answered a gentle voice from behind; "you vowed for the sake of peace on earth, and goodwill toward men, and 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God'. No, my sons, be sure that such self-sacrifice as you have shown will meet its full reward at the hand of Him who sacrificed Himself for you.

"Would that I, too, could go with you, and share in your glory! At least I could mend and wash for you. I suppose it is as easy to play the good housewife afloat as on shore? Come, now!"

Amyas looked from one to the other.

"God only knows which of the two is less fit to go. Mother! mother! you know not what you ask. Frank! Frank! I do not want you with me. This is a sterner matter than either of you fancy it to be."

"How?" cried both together, aghast.

"I must pay my men, and pay my fellow-adventurers; and I must pay them with Spanish gold."

"What noble knight-errantry?" said Frank cheerfully; but Mrs. Leigh shuddered.

"Frank," said she to herself, "must at least ask the Queen's leave to go; and if she permits, how can I gainsay her wisdom?"

Frank obtained his audience; and after a couple of hours' absence, returned quite pale and exhausted.

"Thank heaven, it is over! She was very angry at first—what else could she be?—and upbraided me with having set my love so low. I could only answer that my fatal fault was committed before the sight of her had taught me what was supremely lovely, and only worthy of admiration. Whereon, with that angelic pity which alone makes her awfulness endurable, she turned to Hatton and asked, 'What say you, Mouton? Is he humbled sufficiently?' and so dismissed me."

"Heigh ho!" yawned Amyas;

"If the bridge had been stronger,
My tale had been longer."

"Amyas! Amyas!" quoth Frank solemnly, "you know not what power over the soul has the native and God-given majesty of royalty (awful enough in itself), when to it is superadded the

wisdom of the sage, and therewithal the tenderness of the woman. Had I my will, there should be in every realm not a salique, but an anti-salique law; whereby no kings, but only queens should rule mankind. Then would weakness and not power be to man the symbol of divinity; love, and not cunning, would be the arbiter of every cause; and chivalry, not fear, the spring of all obedience."

"Who is this," quoth Amyas, "our mother is bringing in? The handsomest fellow I ever saw in my life!"

Amyas was not far wrong; for Mrs. Leigh's companion was none other than Mr. Edmund Spenser.

"Well, my dear sons," she said with a smile, "you are sure of immortality, at least on earth; for Mr. Spenser has been vowing to me to give your adventure a whole canto to itself in his *Fairy Queen*."

"Then you know the result of my interview, mother?"

"I know everything, and am content," said Mrs. Leigh.

"Her Majesty," said Spenser, "told Hatton that by going on this quest Frank deprived himself of the honour of knighthood."

"Let me but become worthy of knighthood hereafter, what matter whether I be called Sir Frank on earth?"

"My son," said Mrs. Leigh, "remember that they follow One whose venture is dipped, not in the blood of His enemies, but in His own."

"I have remembered it for many a day; and remembered, too, that the garments of the knights may need the same tokens as their Captain's."

Mother and sons returned to Bideford, and set to work. Frank mortgaged a farm; Will Cary did the same (having some land of his own from his mother). Old Salterne grumbled at any man save himself spending a penny on the voyage, and forced on the adventurers a good ship of two hundred tons burden, and five hundred pounds toward fitting her out; Mrs. Leigh worked day and night at clothes and comforts of every kind; Amyas had nothing to give but his time and his brains; but, as Salterne said, the rest would have been of little use without them; and day after day he and the old merchant were on board the ship, superintending with their own eyes the fitting of every rope and nail. Cary went about beating up recruits; and made, with his jests and his frankness, the best of crimps; while John Brimblecombe, beside himself with joy, toddled

about after him from tavern to tavern, and Quay to quay, exalted for the time being (as Cary told him) into a second Peter the Hermit; and so fiercely did he preach a crusade against the Spaniards, through Bideford and Appledore, Clovelly, and Ilfracombe, that Amyas might have had a hundred and fifty loose fellows in the first fortnight. But he knew better: still smarting from the effects of a similar haste in the Newfoundland adventure, he had determined to take none but picked men; and by dint of labour he obtained them.

And Salvation Yeo?

Salvation was almost wild for a few days, at the sudden prospect of going in search of his little maid, and of fighting Spaniards once more before he died. I will not quote the texts out of Isaiah and the Psalms with which his mouth was filled from morning till night, for fear of seeming irreverent in the eyes of a generation which does not believe, as Yeo believed, that fighting the Spaniards was as really fighting in God's battle against evil as were the wars of Joshua or David. But the old man had his practical hint too, and entreated to be sent back to Plymouth to look for men.

"There's many a man of the old *Pelican*, sir, and of Captain Hawkins's *Minion*, that knows the Indies as well as I, and longs to be back again. There's Drew, sir, that we left behind; you promised him, sir, that night he stood by you on board the *Raleigh*: and if you'll be as good as your word, he'll be as good as his; and bring a score more brave fellows with him."

So off went Yeo to Plymouth, and returned with Drew and a score of old never-strikes.

Nor was this all which Yeo had brought; for he had with him a letter from Sir Francis Drake, full of regrets that he had not seen "his dear lad" as he went through Plymouth. Amyas took heed of a practical appendage to the same letter, which was a list of hints scrawled for his use by Captain John Hawkins himself, on all sea matters, from the mounting of ordnance to the use of vitriol against the scurvy, in default of oranges and "limmons"; all which stood Amyas in good stead during the ensuing month, while Frank grew more and more proud of his brother and more and more humble about himself.

On the 15th of November, 1583, dropped down from Bideford Quay to Appledore Pool the tall ship *Rose*, with a hundred men on board.

The next day being Sunday, the whole crew received the Communion together at Northam Church, amid a mighty crowd; and then going on board again, hove anchor and sailed out over the Bar before a soft east wind, to the music of sackbut, fife, and drum, with discharge of all ordnance, great and small, with cheering of young and old from cliff and strand and quay, and with many a tearful prayer and blessing upon that gallant bark, and all brave hearts on board.

And Mrs. Leigh gathered her cloak about her, and bowed her head and worshipped; and then went home to loneliness and prayer.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW THEY CAME TO BARBADOS, AND FOUND NO MEN THEREIN

Land! land! land! Yes, there it was, far away to the south and west, beside the setting sun, a long blue bar between the crimson sea and golden sky. "Blow freshly, freshlier yet, thou good trade-wind, of whom it is written that He makes the winds His angels, ministering breaths to the heirs of His salvation. Blow freshlier yet, and save, if not me from death, yet her from worse than death. Blow on, and land me at her feet, to call the lost lamb home, and die!"

So murmured Frank to himself, as with straining eyes he gazed upon that first outlier of the New World which held his all.

"That should be Barbados, your worship," said Drew, the master.

"Barbados? I never heard of it."

"Very like, sir; but Yeo and I were here with Captain Drake, and I was here after, too, with poor Captain Barlow; and there is good harbourage to the south and west of it, I remember."

"But what say you, my masters?" said Amyas. "How can we do better than to spend a few days here, to get our sick round, before we make the Main, and set to our work?"

All approved the counsel, so the verdict was announced, and received with a hearty cheer by the crew; and long before morning they had run along the southern shore of the island, and were feeling their way into the bay where Bridgetown now stands.

The sick were lifted over the side, and landed boat-load after boat-load on the beach, to stretch themselves in the shade of the palms; and in half an hour the whole crew were scattered on the shore, except some dozen worthy men, who had volunteered to keep watch and ward on board till noon.

And Frank wandered up and down, silent, but rather in wonder than in sadness, while great Amyas walked after him.

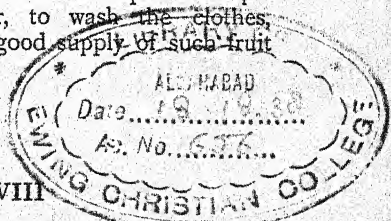
"Do you believe," asked Frank, "in those tales of the Spaniards, that the Sirens and Tritons are heard singing in these seas?"

"I can't tell. There's more fish in the water than ever came out of it, and more wonders in the world, I'll warrant, than we ever dreamt of; but I was never in these parts before; and in the South Sea, I must say, I never came across any, though Yeo says he has heard fair music at night up in the Gulf, far away from land."

And so the two wandered on together through the glorious tropic woods, and then returned to the beach to find the sick already grown cheerful, and many who that morning could not stir from their hammocks, pacing up and down, and gaining strength with every step.

"Well done, lads!" cried Amyas, "keep a cheerful mind. We will have the music ashore after dinner, for want of mermaids to sing to us, and those that can dance may."

And so those four days were spent; and the men, like schoolboys on a holiday, gave themselves up to simple merriment, not forgetting, however, to wash the clothes, take in fresh water, and store up a good supply of such fruit as seemed likely to keep.



CHAPTER XVIII

HOW THEY TOOK THE PEARLS AT MARGARITA

They had slipped past the southern point of Grenada in the night, and were at last within that fairy ring of islands, on which nature had concentrated all her beauty, and man all his sin. It was an awful thought, and yet inspiring, that they were entering regions all but unknown to Englishmen, where the penalty of failure would be worse than death—the

torments of the Inquisition. The old mariners of the *Pelican* and the *Minion* were questioned all day long for the names of every isle and cape, every fish and bird; while Frank stood by, listening serious and silent.

And murmuring to himself at whiles, "This is the gate of heaven," he stood watching all day long, careless of food and rest. But while Frank wondered, Yeo rejoiced; for to the southward of that setting sun a cluster of tall peaks rose from the sea, and they, unless his reckonings were wrong, were the mountains of Macanao, at the western end of Margarita, the Isle of Pearls, second only in richness to that pearl island in the Gulf of Panama, which fifteen years before had cost John Oxenham his life.

At last they opened a deep and still bight, wooded to the water's edge; and lying in the roadstead a caravel, and three boats by her. However, seeing the billows break here and there off the bay's mouth, they thought it better, for fear of rocks, to run by quietly, and then send in the pinnace and the boat.

They started; Cary in the largest boat with twenty men, and Amyas in the smaller one with fifteen more; among whom was John Brimblecombe.

Cary laid her aboard before the Spaniards had time to get to their ordnance; and standing up in the stern-sheets, shouted to them to yield. The captain asked boldly enough, in whose name? "In the name of common sense, ye dogs," cries Will; "do you not see that you are but fifty strong to our twenty?" Whereon up the side he scrambled, and the captain fired a pistol at him. Cary knocked him over, unwilling to shed needless blood; on which all the crew yielded, some falling on their knees, some leaping overboard; and the prize was taken.

In the meanwhile, Amyas had pulled round under her stern, and boarded the boat which was second from her, for the nearest was fast alongside, and so a sure prize. Meanwhile, the third boat, which was not an oar's length off, turned to pull away. Whereby befell a notable adventure: for John Brimblecombe, must needs catch up a boat-hook, and claw on to her stern, shouting "Stay, ye Papists! Stay, Spanish dogs!"—by which, as was to be expected, they being ten to his one, he was forthwith pulled overboard, and fell all along on his nose in the sea, leaving the hook fast in her stern.

Where he fell a-roaring, and in his confusion never thought

to turn and get aboard again, but struck out lustily after the Spanish boat, whether in hope of catching hold of the boat-hook which trailed behind her, or from a very madness of valour, no man could divine; but on he swam, howling: "Stay, ye Spanish dogs! Help, all good fellows!" till the English, expecting him every minute to be snapped up by sharks, or brained by the Spaniards' oars, let fly a volley into the fugitives, on which they all leaped overboard like their fellows; whereon Jack scrambled into the boat.

After which they set to work to overhaul their maiden prize, which they found full of hides and salt-pork; and yet not of that alone; for in the captain's cabin, and also in the stern-sheets of the boat which Brimblecombe had so valorously boarded, were certain baskets of leaves packed neatly enough, which being opened were full of goodly pearls, with which prize, though they could not guess its value very exactly, they went off content enough.

As soon, however, as Amyas was on board again, he rounded his friend Mr. Brimblecombe in the ear, and told him he had better play the man a little more, roaring less, and keeping his breath to help his strokes, if he wished the crew to listen much to his discourses.

"I tell thee," says Amyas, "if I had not taken thee for another guess sort of man, I had never let thee have the care of a hundred brave lads' immortal souls."

The next day was Sunday; on which, after divine service Amyas read aloud, according to custom, the articles of their agreement; and then seeing abreast of them a sloping beach with a shoot of clear water running into the sea, agreed that they should land there, wash the clothes, and again water the ship; for they had found water somewhat scarce at Barbados. On this party Jack Brimblecombe must needs go, taking with him his sword and a great arquebus. They washed their clothes, and stretched their legs with great joy, admiring the beauty of the place.

After that they set to work filling the casks and barricos, having laid the boat up to the outflow of the rivulet.

Now John Brimblecombe had gone apart as soon as they landed, and sitting down under a great tree, plucked a Bible from his bosom, and read steadfastly, girded with his great sword, and his arquebus lying by him. They had not yet finished their watering, when there was a cry that the enemy was on them; and out of the wood, not twenty yards from

the good parson, came full fifty shot, with a multitude of negroes behind them.

"Stand, for your lives!" shouted Amyas: and only just in time; for there was ten good minutes lost in running up and down before he could get his men into some order of battle. But when Jack beheld the Spaniards, as if he had expected their coming, he plucked a leaf and put it into the page of his book for a mark, laid the book down soberly, caught up his arquebus, ran like a mad dog at the Spanish Captain, shot him through the body stark dead, and then, flinging the arquebus at the head of him who stood next, fell on with his sword like a very Colbrand, breaking in among the arquebuses, and striking right and left such ugly strokes, that the Spaniards (who thought him a very fiend, or Luther's self come to life to plague them) gave back pell-mell. But as fast as they gave back he came on; and the rest by this time ran up in good order and all together. On which the Spaniards turned, and went as fast as they had come.

"Come back, Jack! are you mad?" shouted Amyas.

But Jack followed them as fiercely as ever, till, reaching a great blow at one of the arquebusiers, he caught his foot in a root; on which down he went. Amyas, seeing the Spaniards gone, did not care to pursue them: but picked up Jack, who, staring about, cried, "Glory be! glory be!—How many have I killed? How many have I killed?"

"Nineteen, at the least," quoth Cary, "and seven with one back stroke."

"There!" said Jack, pausing and blowing, "will you laugh at me any more, Mr. Cary; or say that I cannot fight, because I am a poor parson's son?"

Cary took him by the hand, and asked pardon of him for his scoffing, saying that he had that day played the best man of all of them; and Jack, who never bore malice, began laughing in his turn.

They brought away the Spanish officer's sword (a very good blade), and also a great chain of gold which he wore about his neck; both of which were allotted to Brimblecombe as his fair prize; but he, accepting the sword, steadfastly refused the chain, entreating Amyas to put it into the common stock; and when Amyas refused, he cut it into links and distributed it among those of the boat's crew who had succoured him, winning thereby much goodwill.

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT BEFELL AT LA GUAYRA

The men would gladly have hawked awhile round Margarita and Cubagua for another pearl prize. But Amyas having, as he phrased it, "fleshed his dogs", was loth to hang about the islands after the alarm had been given. They ran, therefore, south-west across the mouth of that great bay, which stretches from the Peninsula of Paria to Cape Codera. All night long they struggled through the billows, with the huge wall of Cape Codera a thousand feet above their heads to the left, and beyond it again, bank upon bank of mountain, bathed in the yellow moonlight.

Morning showed them a large ship, which had passed them during the night upon the opposite course, and was now a good ten miles to the eastward. Yeo was for going back and taking her.

"Why, Yeo, you said that one day more would bring us to La Guayra."

"All the more reason, sir, for doing the Lord's work thoroughly, when He has brought us safely so far on our journey."

Amyas stood somewhat irresolute. His duty to the Queen bade him follow the Spanish vessel: his duty to his vow, to go on to La Guayra.

However, the counsel of Frank prevailed, and on to La Guayra he went.

About mid-day a canoe, the first which they had seen, came staggering toward them under a huge three-cornered sail. As it came near, they could see two Indians on board.

"Hail them, Yeo!" said Amyas. "You talk the best Spanish, and I want speech of one of them."

Yeo did so; the canoe, without more ado, ran alongside, and lowered her felucca sail, while a splendid Indian scrambled on board like a cat.

He was full six feet high, and as bold and graceful of bearing as Frank or Amyas's self. He looked round for the first moment smilingly, but the next, his countenance changed; and springing to the side, he shouted to his comrade in Spanish—

"Treachery! No Spaniard" and would have leapt over

board, but a dozen strong fellows caught him ere he could do so.

It required some trouble to master him, so strong was he, and so slippery his naked limbs.

"Tell me," said Amyas, "my brave fellow, how do you know us to be his Catholic Majesty's enemies?"

The Indian, with a shrewd smile, pointed to half a dozen different objects, saying to each, "Not Spanish".

"Well, and what of that?"

"None but Spaniards and free Guayquerias have a right to sail these seas."

Amyas laughed.

"Thou art a right valiant bit of copper. Go thy way in peace. Make room for him, men. We can learn what we want without his help."

The Indian paused, incredulous and astonished.

"Overboard with you!" quoth Amyas. "Don't you know when you are well off?"

"Most illustrious Señor," began the Indian, "in repayment for your kindness, I would warn you, illustrious Señor, not to go on to La Guayra. There are ships of war there waiting for you; and moreover, the governor, Don Guzman, sailed to the eastward only yesterday to look for you; and I wonder much that you did not meet him."

Amyas stamped upon the deck: that, then, was the ship which they had passed!

"Fool that I was to have been close to my enemy, and let my opportunity slip! If I had but done my duty, all would have gone right!"

But it was too late to repine; and, after all, the Indian's story was likely enough to be false.

"Off with you!" said he; and the Indian bounded over the side into his canoe, leaving the whole crew wondering at the stateliness and courtesy of this bold sea-cavalier.

So Westward-ho they ran, beneath the mighty northern wall, the highest cliff on earth.

And now the last point is rounded, and they are full in sight of the spot in quest of which they have sailed four thousand miles of sea. A low black cliff, crowned by a wall; a battery at either end. Within, a few narrow streets of white houses, running parallel with the sea, upon a strip of flat, which seemed not two hundred yards in breadth; and behind, the mountain wall covering the whole in deepest shade.

Where was the harbour? There was none. Only an open roadstead, wherein lay tossing at anchor five vessels.

"We shall open her astern of the galleys in another minute," said Amyas. "Look out, Cary, your eyes are better than mine."

"Six round portholes on the main deck," quoth Will.

"And I can see the small brass guns glittering on her poop," quoth Amyas. "Will, we're in for it."

"Let's go in, nevertheless, and pound the Don's ribs, my old lad of Smerwick. Eh? Three to one is very fair odds."

"Not underneath those fort guns, I beg leave to say," quoth Yeo.

"Quite true," said Amyas. "Game cocks are game cocks, but reason's reason."

"If the Philistines are not coming out, they are going to send a messenger instead," quoth Cary.

"I don't altogether like this," quoth Amyas. "Drew, you told me the armadas never lay here."

"No more, I believe, they do, sir, on account of the anchorage being so bad, as you may see. I'm mortal afraid that rascal's story was true, and that the Dons have got wind of our coming."

Amyas suddenly recollected Eustace's threat in the wayside inn. Could he have betrayed their purpose? Impossible!

"Let us hold a council of war, at all events, Frank."

"It is impossible, you see," said Amyas at last, "to surprise the town by land, while these ships are here; for if we land our men, we leave our ship without defence."

"As impossible as to challenge Don Guzman while he is not here," said Cary.

At last it was agreed to anchor, and wait till midnight.

They ran down about a mile and a half to the westward, and anchored.

The night wore on, and there was no sign of stir among the shipping; and the men fretted and fumed for weary hours, at thus seeing a rich prize within arm's reach, and yet impossible.

But though a venture on the town was impossible, yet there was another venture which Frank was unwilling to let slip. A light which now shone brightly in one of the windows of the governor's house was the lodestar to which all his thoughts were turned; and as he sat in the cabin with Amyas, Cary, and Jack, he opened his heart to them.

"I have done with vain shadows. It is better to depart and

to be with Him, where shall be neither desire nor anger, self-deception nor pretence, but the eternal fulness of reality and truth. One thing I have to do before I die, for God has laid it on me. Let that be done to-night, and then, farewell!"

"Frank! Frank! remember our mother!"

"I do remember her. I have talked over these things with her many a time; and where I would fain be, she would fain be also. But in the meanwhile do not mistake me; my life is God's, and I promise not to cast it away rashly."

"What would you do, then?"

"Go up to that house, Amyas, and speak with her, if Heaven gives me an opportunity, as Heaven, I feel assured, will give."

"If you go, I go with you!" said all three at once.

"No. Amyas, you owe a duty to our mother, and to your ship. Cary, you are heir to great estates; and are bound thereby to your country and to your tenants. John Brimblecombe——"

"Some one must go with you, Frank," said Amyas; "if it were only to bring back the boat's crew in case——" and he faltered.

"In case I fall," replied Frank, with a smile. "I will finish your sentence for you, lad; I am not afraid of it, though you may be for me. Yet some one, I fear, must go. Unhappy me! that I cannot risk my own worthless life without risking your more precious lives!"

"Not so, Mr. Frank! Your oath is our oath, and your duty ours!" said John. "I will tell you what we will do, gentlemen all. We three will draw cuts for the honour of going with him."

They agreed, seeing no better counsel, and John put three slips of paper into Frank's hand, with the simple old apostolic prayer: "Show which of us three Thou hast chosen."

The lot fell upon Amyas Leigh.

Amyas went on deck, and asked for six volunteers. Whosoever would come, Amyas would double out of his own purse any prize-money which might fall to that man's share.

So the crew was made up; but ere they pushed off, Amyas called Cary aside:

"If I perish, Will——"

"Don't talk of such things, dear old lad."

"I must. Then you are captain. Do nothing without Yeo and Drew. But if they approve, go right north away for San Domingo and Cuba, and try the ports; they can have no news

of us there, and there is booty without end. Tell my mother that I died like a gentleman; and mind—mind, dear lad, to keep your temper with the men, let the poor fellows grumble as they may. Mind but that, and fear God, and all will go well."

They reached the pebble beach. There seemed no difficulty about finding the path to the house—so bright was the moon, and so careful a survey of the place had Frank taken. Leaving the men with the boat they started up the beach, with their swords only. Frank assured Amyas that they would find a path leading from the beach up to the house, and he was not mistaken.

"She may expect us," whispered Frank.

"Impossible!"

"Why not? She must have seen our ship."

"But if not," said Amyas, who had no such expectation, "what is your plan?"

"I have none."

Amyas was at his wits' end. Judging of his brother by himself, he had taken for granted that Frank had some well-contrived scheme for gaining admittance to the Rose. But now he almost doubted of his brother's sanity.

Amyas hardly dare trust himself to speak, for fear of saying too much; but he could not help saying:

"You are going to certain death, Frank."

"Did I not entreat," answered he very quietly, "to go alone?"

"Whither now?" said Amyas, in a tone of desperate resignation.

"Thither! Where else on earth?" and Frank pointed to the light, trembling from head to foot, and pushed on.

"For Heaven's sake! Look at the negroes."

It was indeed time to stop, for on the terrace of white plaster, which ran all round the front, lay sleeping full twenty black figures.

And Amyas dragged him down into the bushes on his left hand; for one of the negroes, wakening suddenly with a cry, had sat up, and began crossing himself four or five times, in fear of "Duppy", and mumbling various charms, ayes, or what not.

The light above was extinguished instantly.

There was a few minutes' silence, and then Amyas, making one last attempt to awaken Frank to the absurdity of the whole

thing, and to laugh him, if possible, out of it, as argument had no effect.

"My dear fellow, I am very hungry and sleepy; and this bush is very prickly; and my boots are full of ants——"

"So are mine—look!" and Frank caught Amyas's arm, and clenched it tight.

For round the farther corner of the house a dark-cloaked figure stole gently, turning a look now and then upon the sleeping negroes, and came on right toward them.

"Did I not tell you she would come?" whispered Frank, in a triumphant tone.

But what was that behind her. Her shadow against the white wall of the house? Not so. Another figure, cloaked likewise, but taller far, was following on her steps.

The Rose was within ten yards of them, when she perceived that she was followed. She gave a little shriek. The cavalier sprang forward, lifted his hat courteously, and joined her, bowing low. The moonlight was full upon his face.

"It is Eustace, our cousin! How came he here, in the name of all the fiends?"

"Eustace! Then that is she after all!" said Frank, forgetting everything else in her.

And now flashed across Amyas all that had passed between him and Eustace in the moorland inn, and Parracombe's story, too, of the suspicious gipsy. Eustace had been beforehand with them, and warned Don Guzman! All was explained now: but how had he got hither?

"But whither are you going, then, my dear madam?" they heard Eustace say in a wheedling tone. "Can you wonder if such strange conduct should cause at least sorrow to your admirable and faithful husband?"

"The inestimable Señor Don Guzman——" began Eustace again.

"What do you mean by praising him to me in this fulsome way, sir? Do you suppose that I do not know his virtues better than you? You, the tempter, you the eavesdropper, you the sunderer of loving hearts! You, the serpent, who found our home a paradise, and see it now a hell!"

"Do you dare to accuse me thus, madam, without a shadow of evidence?"

"Dare? I dare anything, for I know all. I have watched you, sir, and I have borne with you too long."

"Me, madam, whose only sin towards you, as you should know by now, is to have loved you too well!"

"Depart, sir, and tempt me no more! You have asked me what I dare; and I dare this, upon my own ground, and in my own garden, I, Donna Rosa de Soto, to bid you leave this place now and for ever. Go, sir!"

The brothers listened breathless with surprise as much as with rage, while Eustace answered calmly:

"I go, madam; but how know you that I may not have orders, and that, after your last strange speech, my conscience may compel me to obey these orders, to take you with me?"

"Me? with you?"

"Are you mad, madam, to betray yourself by your own cries? These negroes will be here in a moment. I give you one last chance for life then;" and Eustace shouted in Spanish at the top of his voice, "help, help, servants! Your mistress is being carried off by bandits!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Let your woman's wit supply the rest; and forget not him who thus saves you from disgrace."

Whether the brothers heard the last words or not I know not; but taking for granted that Eustace had discovered them, they sprang to their feet at once.

Eustace started back at the unexpected apparition; but there was no time to be lost; and ere the giant could disentangle himself from the bows and shrubs, Eustace had slipped off his long cloak, thrown it over Amyas's head, and ran up the alley shouting for help.

Mad with rage, Amyas gave chase: but in two minutes more Eustace was safe among the ranks of the negroes, who came shouting and jabbering down the path.

He rushed back. Frank was just ending some wild appeal to Rose.

"Your conscience! your religion!——"

"No, never! I can face the chance of death, but not the loss of him. Go! for God's sake leave me!"

"Come off, now or never," cried Amyas, clutching him by the arm, and dragging him away like a child.

Amyas looked back too, and saw her standing calmly. Both saw how fearfully appearances had put her into Eustace's power. Had he not a right to suspect that they were there by appointment; that she was going to escape with them.

"Frank," said he sharply, "if you ever hope to see your

mother again, rouse yourself, man, and fight!" And, without waiting for an answer, he turned, and charged uphill upon his pursuers, who saw the long bright blade, and fled instantly.

Again he hurried Frank down the hill; the path wound in zigzags, and he feared that the negroes would come straight over the cliff.

"Now, Frank! down to the boat as hard as you can run, while I keep the curs back."

"Amyas! what do you take me for? My madness brought you hither: your devotion shall not bring me back without you!"

"Together, then! Come on, Frank! for life's sake! Men, to the rescue! Ah! what was that?"

The dull crash of a pebble against Frank's fair head! The giant threw him over his shoulder, and plunged blindly on,—himself struck again and again.

"Fire, men! Give it the black villains!"

Amyas is up to his knees in water—battered with stones and blinded with blood. The boat is swaying off and on against the steep pebble-bank: he clutches at it—misses—falls head-long—rises half-choked with water: but Frank is still in his arms. Another heavy blow—a confused roar of shouts, shots, curses—a confused mass of negroes and English, foam and pebbles—and he recollects no more.

He is lying in the stern-sheets of the boat; stiff, weak, half blind with blood. The boat seems strangely empty. Two men are pulling instead of six!

"Who's this?"

"All that are left of us," says Simon Evans of Clovelly.

"Where is Frank? Why don't you speak; forward there?"

"Because we have nought to say, sir," answers Evans, almost surlily.

Frank was not there.

"Cowards! villains! traitors! hounds! to have left him behind."

"Listen you to me, Captain Amyas Leigh," says Simon Evans, resting on his oar; "and hang me for mutiny, if you will, when we're aboard, if we ever get there. Isn't it enough to bring us out to death to please that poor young gentleman's fancy about a wench; but you must call coward an honest man that have saved your life this night, and not a one of us but has his wound to show?"

"How did I come here, then?"

"Tom Hart dragged you in out of five feet of water, and then thrust the boat off, and had his brains beat out for reward. All were knocked down but us two. So help me God, we thought that you had hove Mr. Frank on board just as you were knocked down, and saw William Frost drag him in."

CHAPTER XX

SPANISH BLOODHOUNDS AND ENGLISH MASTIFFS

Next morning Amyas was pacing the deck, with dishevelled hair and torn clothes, his eyes red with rage and weeping, his heart full—how can I describe it?

"We will have it, Amyas, and have Frank too, yet," cried Cary; but Amyas shook his head.

"Yes, he shall be well avenged." And he pointed toward the shore, where three sails appeared, not five miles to windward.

"There are the Spanish bloodhounds on our heels, the same ships which we saw yesterday off Guayra. Back, lads, and welcome them, if they were a dozen. Now, my masters, let us serve God, and then to breakfast, and after that clear for action."

Amyas stood still steering. His face was grown seven years older in the last night. A terrible set calm was on him. Woe to the man who came across him that day!

"There are three of them, you see, my masters," said he, as the crew came on deck again. "A big ship forward, and two galleys astern of her. The big ship may keep; she is a race ship, and if we can but recover the wind of her, we will see whether our height is not a match for her length. We must give her the slip, and take the galleys first."

"I thank the Lord," said Yeo, "who has given so wise a heart to so young a general."

Amyas took charge of the poop, Cary of the forecastle, and Yeo, as gunner, of the main-deck, while Drew, as master, settled himself in the waist; and all was ready, and more than ready, before the great ship was within two miles of them.

And then Amyas calls—

"Steady, helm! What is he after now?"

"He means to fight us," cried the helmsman. "See, he is hauling up the foot of his main-sail; but he wants to keep the wind of us."

"Let him try, then," quoth Amyas. "We can sail two points nearer the wind than he."

As Amyas had calculated, the Spaniard would gladly enough have stood across the *Rose's* bows, but, knowing the English readiness, dared not for fear of being raked.

Amyas laughed to himself, "Hold on yet awhile. More ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream. Drew, there, are your men ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" and on they went, closing fast with the Spaniard, till within a pistol-shot.

"Ready about!" and about she went like an eel, and ran upon the opposite tack right under the Spaniard's stern.

"Now then!" roared Amyas. "Fire, and with a will! Have at her, archers: have at her, muskets all!" and in an instant a storm of bar and chain-shot, round and canister, swept the proud Don from stem to stern, while through the white cloud of smoke and musket-balls, and the still deadlier clothyard arrows, whistled and rushed upon their venomous errand. The ship, her tiller shot away, and her helmsman killed, staggered helplessly a moment, and then fell up into the wind.

"Well done, men of Devon!" shouted Amyas, as cheers rent the welkin.

"She has struck," cried some, as the deafening hurrahs died away.

"Not a bit," said Amyas. "Hold on, helmsman, and leave her to patch her tackle while we settle the galleys."

On they shot merrily, and long ere the armada could get herself to rights again, were two good miles to the windward, with the galleys sweeping down fast upon them.

"Must we fire upon the slaves?" asked more than one, as the thought crossed him.

Amyas sighed.

"Spare them all you can, in God's name; but if they try to run us down, rake them we must, and God forgive us."

The Spaniards, seeing him wait for them, gave a shout of joy—was the Englishman mad? And the two galleys converged rapidly, intending to strike him full, one on each bow.

They were within forty yards—another minute, and the

shock would come. The Englishman's helm went up, his yards creaked round, and³ gathering way, he plunged upon the larboard galley.

"A dozen gold nobles to him who brings down the steersman!" shouted Cary, who had his cue.

And a flight of arrows from the forecastle rattled upon the galley's quarter-deck.

The galley's helm went up to port, and her beak slid all but harmless along Amyas's bow; the *Rose* sawed slowly through the bank of oars from stem to stern, hurling the wretched slaves in heaps upon each other; and ere her mate on the other side could swing round, to strike him in his new position, Amyas's whole broadside, great and small, had been poured into her at pistol-shot, answered by a yell which rent their ears and hearts.

A desperate attempt of the Spaniards to board at once through the stern-ports and up the quarter was met with such a demurrer of shot and steel, that they found themselves in three minutes again upon the galley's poop, accompanied, to their intense disgust, by Amyas Leigh and twenty English swords.

Five minutes' hard cutting, hand to hand, and the poop was clear. Amyas rushed along the central gangway, shouting in Spanish, "Freedom to the slaves! death to the masters!" in three minutes more, there was not a Spaniard on board who was not dead or dying.

From amid the wreck of broken oars and writhing limbs, a voice is shrieking in broadest Devon to the master who is looking over the side.

"O Robert Drew! Robert Drew! Come down and take me out of hell!"

"Who be you, in the name of the Lord?"

"Don't you mind William Purst, that Captain Hawkins left behind in the Honduras, years and years ago? There's nine of us aboard, if your shot hasn't put them out of their misery. Come down, if you've a Christian heart, come down!"

Utterly forgetful of all discipline, Drew leaps down, hammer in hand, and the two old comrades rush into each other's arms.

So they set to work to repair damages.

And in the meanwhile half the crew are clothing, feeding, questioning, caressing those nine poor fellows thus snatched from living death: and Yeo, hearing the news, has rushed up on deck to welcome his old comrades, and—

"Is Michael Heard, my cousin, here among you?"

Yes, Michael Heard is there, white-headed rather from misery than age; and the embracings and questionings begin afresh.

And then again to quarters; for half the day's work, or more than half, still remained to be done; and hardly were the decks cleared afresh, and the damage repaired as best it could be, when she came ranging up to leeward, as close-hauled as she could.

She was, as I said, a long flush-decked ship of full five hundred tons, more than double the size, in fact, of the *Rose*, though not so lofty in proportion.

Amyas, having, as he said, the wind, and being able to go nearer it than the Spaniard, kept his place at easy point-blank range for his two eighteen-pounder culverins, which Yeo and his mate worked with terrible effect.

"Blow, jolly breeze," cried one, "and lay the Don over all thou canst. What the murrain is gone, aloft there?"

Alas! a crack, a flap, a rattle; and black dismay! An unlucky shot had cut the foremast (already wounded) in two, and all forward was a mass of dangling wreck.

"Forward, and cut away the wreck!" said Amyas, unmoved. "Small-arm men, be ready. He will be aboard of us in five minutes!"

It was too true. The *Rose*, unmanageable from the loss of her head-sail, lay at the mercy of the Spaniard.

The Spaniards, ere five minutes had passed, poured *en masse* into the *Rose's* waist; but only to their destruction. The fire of the English was as steady as it was quick.

Thrice the Spaniards clambered on board; and thrice surged back before that deadly hail. The decks on both sides were very shambles. At last there was a lull in that wild storm. No shot was heard from the Spaniard's upper deck.

Amyas leaped into the mizzen rigging, and looked through the smoke. Alone at the helm, grinding his teeth with rage, his mustachios curling up to his very eyes, stood the Spanish captain.

Now was the moment for a counter-stroke. Amyas shouted for the boarders.

What was this? The Spaniard was heeling fast over to leeward away from him. Her masts were all sloping forward, swifter and swifter—the end was come, then!

"Back! in God's name back, men! She is sinking by the

head!" And with much ado some were dragged back, some leaped back—all but old Michael Heard.

"Cut away the grapples aloft, men. Don't you see how she drags us over? Cut away or we shall sink with her."

They cut away, and the *Rose*, released from the strain, shook her feathers on the wave-crest like a freed sea-gull, while all men held their breaths.

Suddenly the glorious creature righted herself, and rose again. Righted: but only for a moment, long enough to let her crew come pouring wildly up on deck, with cries and prayers, and rush aft to the poop, where, under the flag of Spain, stood the tall captain, his left hand on the standard-staff, his sword pointed in his right.

"Back, men!" they heard him cry, "and die like valiant mariners."

"He shall not carry that flag to the devil with him; I will have it yet, if I die for it!" said Will Cary, and rushed to the side to leap overboard, but Amyas stopped him.

"Let him die as he has lived, with honour."

A wild figure sprang out of the mass of sailors who struggled and shrieked amid the foam, and rushed upward at the Spaniard. It was Michael Heard. The Don, who stood above him, plunged his sword into the old man's body; but the hatchet gleamed, nevertheless; down went the blade through headpiece and through head; and as Heard sprang onward, bleeding, but alive, the steel-clad corpse rattled down the deck into the surge. Two more strokes, struck with the fury of a dying man, and the standard-staff was hewn through. Old Michael collected all his strength, hurled the flag far from the sinking ship, and then stood erect one moment, and shouted, "God save Queen Bess!" and the English answered with a "Hurrah!" which rent the welkin.

Another moment, and the gulf had swallowed his victim, and the poop, and him.

"Ah!" said Salvation Yeo, as he helped the trophy up over the side; "ah! it was not for nothing that we found poor Michael! He was always a good comrade."

The foremast was gone, the mainyard sprung, the rigging hanging in elf-locks, the hull shot through and through in twenty places, the deck strewn with the bodies of nine good men, beside sixteen wounded down below.

And it would have been well if faintness and weariness had been all that was the matter; but now that the excitement was

over, the collapse came; and the men sat down listlessly and sulkily by twos and threes upon the deck. Yeo and the carpenter came aft, and told Amyas in a low voice:

"We are hit somewhere forward, below the water-line, sir. She leaks a terrible deal, and the Lord will not vouchsafe to us to lay our hands on the place, for all our searching."

"What are we to do now, Amyas, in the devil's name?" asked Cary peevishly.

Amyas went forward instantly.

"Now then, my brave lads, what's the matter here, that you are all sitting on your tails like monkeys?"

"Ugh!" grunts one. "Don't you think our day's work has been long enough yet, Captain?"

"You don't want us to go in to La Guayra again, sir? There are enough of us thrown away already, I reckon, about that wench there."

"Best sit here, and sink quietly. There's no getting home again, that's plain."

"Why were we brought out here to be killed?"

Amyas, "choking down his old man," as Yeo used to say, made answer cheerfully:

"Pooh! pooh! brave lads! For shame, for shame! You were lions half an hour ago; you are not surely turned sheep already! Why, but yesterday evening you were grumbling because I would not run in and fight those three ships under the batteries of La Guayra, and now you think it too much to have fought them fairly out at sea?"

"Ah, it's all very well for you, Captain," said some grumbling younger, with a vague notion that Amyas must be better off than he, because he was a gentleman. Amyas's blood rose.

"Yes, sirrah! it is all very well for me, as long as God is with me; but He is with every man in this ship, I would have you to know, as much as He is with me.

"Pish! I can't stand here chattering. Carpenter! an axe! and help me to cast these spars loose. Get out of my way, there! lumbering the scuppers up like so many moulting fowls! Here, all old friends, lend a hand! *Pelican's* men, stand by your captain! Did we sail round the world for nothing?"

This last appeal struck home, and up leaped half a dozen of the old *Pelicans*, and set to work at his side manfully to rig the jury-mast.

"Come along!" cried Cary to the malcontents; "we're raw longshore fellows, but we won't be outdone by any old sea-dog

of them all." And setting to work himself, he was soon followed by one and another, till order and work went on well enough.

"And where are we going, when the mast's up?" shouted some saucy hand from behind.

"I'll tell you where we are going, lads," said Amyas, rising from his work. "Like it or leave it as you will, I have no secrets from my crew. We are going inshore there to find a harbour, and careen the ship."

There was a start and a murmur.

"Inshore? Into the Spaniards' mouths?"

"All in the Inquisition in a week's time."

"Better stay here, and be drowned."

"You're right in that last," shouts Cary. "That's the right death for blind puppies."

Amyas returned to the charge.

"We have five shot between wind and water, and one somewhere below. Can we face a gale of wind in that state, or can we not?"

Sulkily enough, but unable to deny the necessity, the men set to work, and the vessel's head was put toward the land: but when she began to slip through the water, the leak increased so fast, that they were kept hard at work at the pumps for the rest of the afternoon.

The current had by this time brought them abreast of the bay of Higuerote.

So on they went, keeping a south-east course, and at last an opening in the mangrove belt was hailed with a cheer from the older hands, though the majority shrugged their shoulders, as men going open-eyed to destruction.

They towed the ship up about half a mile to a point where she could not be seen from the seaward; and there moored her to the mangrove stems. Amyas ordered a boat out, and went up the river himself to reconnoitre.

All was foul, sullen, weird as witches' dream. If Amyas had seen a crew of skeletons glide down the stream behind him, with Satan standing at the helm, he would have scarcely been surprised. What fitter craft could haunt that Stygian flood?

That night every man of the boat's crew, save Amyas, was down with raging fever; before ten the next morning, five more men were taken, and others sickening fast.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW THEY TOOK THE COMMUNION UNDER THE TREE OF
HIGUEROTE

Amyas would certainly have taken the yellow fever, but for one reason, which he himself gave to Cary. He had no time to be sick while his men were sick.

He had called a council of war, or rather a sanitary commission, the next morning; for he was fairly at his wits' end. The men were panic-stricken. The doctor talked mere science, or nonscience, about humours, complexions, and animal spirits. Jack Brimblecombe, mere pulpit, about its being the visitation of God. Cary, mere despair, though he jested over it with a smile. Yeo, mere stoic fatalism. Drew, the master, had nothing to say.

Whereon Amyas clutched his locks, according to custom; and at last broke forth:

"Doctor! a fig for your humours and complexions! The mischief's in the air, and nowhere else. I felt it run through me coming down last night. Keep as high as you can, and fear nothing but God, and we're all safe."

Every man looked at Amyas, and then at his neighbour.

"Gentlemen, 'Look the devil straight in the face, if you would hit him in the right place'. We cannot get the ship to sea as she is; and if we could, we cannot go home empty-handed; and we surely cannot stay here to die of fever. We must leave the ship and go inland."

"Inland?" answered every voice but Yeo's.

"Up those hundred feet which Yeo talks of. Up to the mountains; stockade a camp, and get our sick and provisions thither."

"And what next?"

"And when we are recruited, march over the mountains, and surprise St. Yago de Leon."

The *Pelicans*, and the liberated galley-slaves, joined the project at once; but the rest gave Amyas a stormy hour.

"Fools! if I had not wit enow to look ahead a little farther than you do, where would you be? Are you mad as well as reckless, to rise against your own captain because he has two strings to his bow? Go my way, I say, or, as I live, I'll blow up the ship and every soul on board, and save you the pain of rotting here by inches."

By sunset that evening they had gained a level spot, a full thousand feet above the sea, backed by an inaccessible cliff which formed the upper shoulder of a mighty mountain, defended below by steep wooded slopes, and needing but the felling of a few trees to make it impregnable.

Amyas settled the sick under the arched roots of an enormous cottonwood tree, and made a second journey to the ship, to bring up hammocks and blankets for them; while Yeo's wisdom and courage were of inestimable value. Cary, who brought up the rear, bullied and jeered on the stragglers; in all things approving himself the gallant and hopeful soul which he had always been; till Amyas went so far as to whisper to them both, in confidence, that very night:

"Cortes burned his ships when he landed. Why should not we?"

Yeo whispered:

"Do you say that, Captain? 'Tis from above then, that's certain; for it's been hanging on my mind, too, all day."

"There's no hurry," quoth Amyas; "we must clear her out first, you know. They could not," he said, "refit the ship without dying of fever during the process;" an assertion which neither of his hearers was bold enough to deny.

"Let us try St. Jago, then; sack it, come down on La Guayra in the rear, take a ship there, and so get home."

"Nay, Will. If they have strengthened themselves against us at La Guayra, where they had little to lose, surely they have done so at St. Jago, where they have much."

"It is strange," said Cary, "to find you throwing cold water on a daring plot."

"What if I had a still more daring one? Did you ever hear of the golden city of Manoa?"

Yeo laughed a grim but joyful laugh. "I have, sir; and so have the old hands from the *Pelican* and the *Jesus of Lubec*, I doubt not."

So the conversation dropped for the time, but none of them forgot it.

In that mountain nook the party spent some ten days and more.

All day long a careful watch was kept among the branches of the mighty ceiba-tree.

And one noon Amyas, as he lounged among the branches, saw slipping along the shore from the westward, a large ship under easy sail, and recognized in her, or thought he did so, the ship which they had passed upon their way.

Sliding down a liane, he told what he had seen. The men, tired of inactivity, received the news with a shout of joy, and set to work to make all ready for their guests. Four brass swivels, which they had brought up, were mounted, fixed in logs, so as to command the path; the musketeers and archers clustered round them with their tackle ready, and half a dozen good marksmen volunteered into the cotton-tree with their arquebuses, as a post whence "a man might have very pretty shooting". Prayers followed as a matter of course, and dinner as a matter of course also; but two weary hours passed before there was any sign of the Spaniards.

At last the Spaniards get up the steep slope to within forty yards of the stockade, and pause, suspecting a trap, and puzzled by the complete silence. Amyas leaps on the top of it, a white flag in his hand.

"Don Guzman, the quarrel is between you and me, not between your men and mine. I would have sent in a challenge to you at La Guayra, but you were away; I challenge you now to single combat."

"Lutheran dog, I have a halter for you, but no sword! As you served us at Smerwick, we will serve you now. Pirate and ravisher! you and yours shall learn what it is to set foot unbidden on the dominions of the King of Spain."

"The devil take you and the King of Spain together!" shouts Amyas, laughing loudly. "Fire, men! and God defend the right!"

Both parties obeyed the order; and the Spaniards recoiled as the narrow face of the stockade burst into one blaze of musketry and swivels, raking their long array from front to rear.

The front ranks fell over each other in heaps; the rear ones turned and ran.

Amyas and about thirty followed them fast; for he had hope of learning from some prisoner his brother's fate.

However, the Spaniards were out of sight among the thick bushes; and Amyas withdrew sorely against his will, and found in the pathway fourteen Spaniards, but all dead.

"Are you mad?" cried Amyas, as he strikes up one fellow's sword. "Will you kill an Indian?"

And he drags out of the bushes an Indian lad of sixteen, who, slightly wounded, is crawling away like a copper snake along the ground.

Kind words, kind looks, and the present of that inestimable treasure—a knife—brought him to reason. He was an Indian

of the Llanos, or great savannahs which lay to the southward beyond the mountains, and had actually been upon the Orihoco. Did he know the way back again? Who could ask such a question of an Indian? And the lad's black eyes flashed fire, as Amyas offered him liberty, and iron enough for a dozen Indians, if he would lead them through the passes of the mountains, and southward to the mighty river, where lay their golden hopes.

Now was the time to speak; and, assembling his men around him, Amyas opened his whole heart, simply and manfully. This was their only hope of safety. There was but this one chance; and on it Amyas, the first and last time of his life, waxed eloquent, and set forth the glory of the enterprise, the service to the queen, the salvation of heathens, and the certainty that, if successful, they should win honour and wealth, and everlasting fame.

One old *Pelican* broke out with:

"Yes, sir! we didn't go round the world with you for nought. We'll follow you, sir, all alone to ourselves; and let those that know you worse follow after when they're come to their right mind."

Man after man capped this brave speech.

"This," said Amyas, "is indeed the proudest day of my life! I have lost one brother, but I have gained fourscore. God do so to me and more also, if I do not deal with you according to the trust which you have put in me this day!"

So underneath that giant ceiba-tree, those valiant men, reduced by battle and sickness to some eighty, swore a great oath, and kept that oath like men.

"It is a great oath, and a hard one," said Brimblecombe; "but God will give us strength to keep it." And they knelt all together and received the Holy Communion, and then rose to pack provisions and ammunition, and lay down again to sleep and to dream that they were sailing home up Torridge stream.

The Cross stands upright in the southern sky. It is the middle of the night. Cary and Yeo glide silently up the hill and into the camp, and whisper to Amyas that they have done the deed. The sleepers are awakened, and the train sets forth.

But what is that glare away to the northward?

The men look at each other with questioning eyes, each half suspecting, and yet not daring to confess their own suspicions.

Yes; that glare rises from the good ship *Rose*. Amyas, like

Cortes of old, has burnt his ship, and retreat is now impossible. Forward into the unknown abyss of the New World, and God be with them as they go!

The Indian knows a cunning path; it winds along the highest ridges of the mountains; but the travelling is far more open and easy.

They have passed the head of a valley which leads down to St. Jago.

They are at the rancho long before daybreak, and have secured there, not only fourteen mules, but eight or nine Indians stolen from off the Llanos, like their guide, who are glad enough to escape from their tyrants by taking service with them. And now southward and away, with lightened shoulders and hearts; for they are all but safe from pursuit.

CHAPTER XXII

THE INQUISITION IN THE INDIES

Three weeks have passed, and the scene is shifted to a long, low range of cells in a dark corridor in the city of Carthagená. The door of one is open; and within stand two cloaked figures, one of whom we know. It is Eustace Leigh. The other is a familiar of the Holy Office.

He holds in his hand a lamp, from which the light falls on a bed of straw, and on the sleeping figure of a man. The high white brow, the pale and delicate features—them too we know, for they are those of Frank. Saved half-dead from the fury of the savage negroes, he has been reserved for the more delicate cruelty of civilized and Christian men. He underwent the question but this afternoon: and now Eustace, his betrayer, is come to persuade him—or to entrap him?

And yet how calmly he is sleeping! Eustace takes the lamp and bends over him; and as he bends he hears Frank whispering in his dreams his mother's name, and a name higher and holier still.

"Let him rest," whispers he to his companion. "After all, I fear my words will be of little use. Let us go for the present."

"Where is she?"

"The elder sorceress, or the younger?"

"The younger—the——"

"The Señora de Soto?" Ah, poor thing! Within there," pointing carelessly to a door as they went down the corridor. "We can listen a moment, if you like; but don't betray me, Señor?"

Eustace's heart sinks within him as he hears a woman's voice reply, sharpened by indignation and agony:

"Witchcraft against Don Guzman? What need of that, oh, God! what need?"

"You deny it then, Señora? we are sorry for you; but——"

A wail which rings through Eustace's ears, and brain, and heart!

"Oh, misery, misery, misery!" murmured he to himself through grinding teeth; "and I have brought her to this!"

And so Eustace departed; and ere another sun had set, he had gone to the principal of the Jesuits; told him his whole heart, or as much of it, poor wretch, as he dare tell to himself; and entreated to be allowed to finish his novitiate, and enter the order, on the understanding that he was to be sent at once back to Europe, or anywhere else; "Otherwise," as he said frankly, "he should go mad, even if he were not mad already." The Jesuit, who was a kindly man enough, went to the Holy Office, and settled all with the Inquisitors, recounting to them, to set him above all suspicion, Eustace's past valiant services to the Church. His testimony was no longer needed; he left Carthagená for Nombre that very night, and sailed the next week I know not whither.

I say, I know not whither. He may have ended as General of his Order. Eustace, as he says of himself, is "dead". Twice dead, I fear. Let the dead bury their dead. We have no more concern with Eustace Leigh.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BANKS OF THE META

Nearly three years are past and gone since that little band had knelt at evensong beneath the giant tree of Guayra—years of seeming blank, through which they are to be tracked only by scattered notes and misspelt names.

There they sit at last—four-and-forty men out of the eighty-four who left the tree of Guayra.

And there the survivors sit, beside the silent stream, sun-dried and lean, but strong and bold as ever, with the quiet fire of English courage burning undimmed in every eye. So they have wandered, and so they will wander still, the lords of the forest and the deadly foes of the faithless and murderous Spaniard.

The men are sleeping among the trees, and council of war is going on beside the watch-fire, between the three adventurers and the faithful Yeo.

"Well," says Will Cary, taking his cigar out of his mouth, "at least we have got something out of those last Indians. It is a comfort to have a puff at tobacco once more, after three weeks' fasting."

"For me," said Jack Brimblecombe, "Heaven forgive me! but when I get the magical leaf between my teeth again, I feel tempted to sit as still as a chimney, and smoke till my dying day, without stirring hand or foot."

"Then I shall forbid you tobacco, Master Parson," said Amyas, "for we must be up and away again to-morrow. We have been idling here three mortal days, and nothing done."

"Shall we ever do anything? I think the gold of Manoa is like the gold which lies where the rainbow touches the ground, always a field beyond you."

Amyas was silent awhile, and so were the rest.

"There is but one more chance," said he at length, "and that is, the mountains to the east of the Orinoco, where we failed the first time. What say you, Yeo?"

"I cannot but mind, your worship, that when we came up the Orinoco, the Indians told us terrible stories of those mountains."

"Remember, too," said Jack, "how they told us to beware of the Amazons."

"What, Jack, afraid of a parcel of women?"

"Well," said Jack; "if I fight, let me fight honest flesh and blood, that's all, and none of these outlandish monsters. How do you know but that they are invulnerable by Art magic?"

"Gentlemen!" said Yeo. "where you go, I go; and not only I, but every man of us, I doubt not; but we have lost now half our company, and spent our ammunition; so we are no better

men, were it not for our swords, than these naked heathens round us."

"Thou art right, old fellow; right enough; and I was only jesting. Our chance is over, I believe, though I dare not confess as much to the men."

"Sir," said Yeo, "I have a feeling on me that the Lord's hand is against us in this matter. I have long had a voice within which saith, 'Salvation Yeo, thou shalt never behold the Golden City'. And what is more, gentlemen, if, as Scripture says, dreams are from the Lord, I verily believe mine last night came from Him; for as I lay by the fire, sir, I heard my little maid's voice calling of me, as plain as ever I heard in my life; and the very same words, sirs, which she learned from me and my good comrade, William Penberthy, to say, 'Westward-ho! jolly mariners all!'"

Cary had long since given up laughing at Yeo about the "little maid"; and Amyas answered:

"So let it be, Yeo, if the rest agree: but what shall we do to the westward?"

"Do?" said Cary; "there's plenty to do; for there's plenty of gold, and plenty of Spaniards, too, they say, on the other side of these mountains: so that our swords will not rust for lack of adventures, my gay knights-errants all."

They started next morning cheerfully enough.

They paddled onward hour after hour, sheltering themselves as best they could under the shadow of the southern bank, while on their right hand the full sun-glare lay upon the enormous wall of mimosas, figs, and laurels, which formed the northern forest, broken by the slender shafts of bamboo tufts, and decked with a thousand gaudy parasites; bank upon bank of gorgeous bloom piled upward to the sky, till where its outline cut the blue, flowers and leaves, too lofty to be distinguished by the eye, formed a broken rainbow of all hues quivering in the ascending streams of azure mist, until they seemed to melt and mingle with the very heavens.

At last a soft and distant murmur, increasing gradually to a heavy roar, announced that they were nearing some cataract.

"Rapids again!" grumbled one. "I thought we had had enough of them on the Orinoco."

Their Indian guide, suddenly looking round him and whispering, bade them beware of savages; and pointed to a canoe which lay swinging in the eddies under the largest island, moored apparently to the root of some tree.

"Silence all!" cried Amyas, "and paddle up thither and seize the canoe. If there be an Indian on the island we will have speech of him."

Amyas, always the foremost, sprang boldly on shore, whispering to the Indian boy to follow him.

Once on the island, Amyas felt sure enough, that if its wild-tenant had not seen them approach, he certainly had not heard them, so deafening was the noise which filled his brain, and seemed to make the very leaves upon the bushes quiver, and the solid stone beneath his feet to reel and ring. Suddenly, scrambling over the rocky flower-beds to the other side of the isle, he came upon a little shady beach. Ten yards farther, the cataract fell sheer in thunder; but a high fern-fringed rock turned its force away from that quiet nook. Here, if anywhere, was the place to find the owner of the canoe. He leapt down upon the pebbles; and as he did so, a figure rose from behind a neighbouring rock, and met him face to face.

It was an Indian girl; and yet, when he looked again,—was it an Indian girl? Her stature was taller, her limbs were fuller and more round; her complexion, though tanned by light, was fairer by far than his own sunburnt face. Full of simple wonder, he gazed upon that fairy vision; but quick as light she caught up from the ground a bow, and held it fiercely toward him, fitted with the long arrow, with which, as he could see, she had been striking fish. Amyas stopped, laid down his own bow and sword, and made another step in advance, smiling still, and making all Indian signs of amity; but the arrow was still pointed straight at his breast.

The boy, who had been peering from above, leaped down to them in a moment; and began, as the safest method, grovelling on his nose upon the pebbles, while he tried two or three dialects, one of which at last she seemed to understand, and answered in a tone of evident suspicion and anger.

"What does she say?"

"That you are a Spaniard and a robber, because you have a beard."

"Tell her that we are no Spaniards, but that we hate them. Tell her, that if she will send her tribe to us, we will do them no harm. We are going over the mountains to fight the Spaniards, and we want them to show us the way."

The boy had no sooner spoken, than, nimble as a deer, the nymph had sprung up the rocks, and darted between the palm-

stems to her canoe. Suddenly she caught sight of the English boat, and stopped with a cry of fear and rage.

"Let her pass!" shouted Amyas, who had followed her close. "Push your boat off, and let her pass. Boy, tell her to go on; they will not come near her."

"What fair virago have you unearthed?" cried Cary, as they toiled up again to the landing-place.

"Beshrew me," quoth Jack, "but we are in the very land of the nymphs, and I shall expect to see Diana herself next, with the moon on her forehead."

"Hillo!" shouted one in a few minutes, "here's fresh fish enough to feed us all round. I suppose that young cat-a-mountain left it behind her in her hurry."

"Leave that fish alone," said Amyas, "it is none of yours."

The men were accustomed enough to strict and stern justice in their dealings with savages: but they could not help looking slyly at each other, and hinting, when out of sight, that the captain seemed in a mighty fuss about his new acquaintance.

A full hour passed before they saw anything more of their Indian neighbours; and then from under the bushes shot out a canoe, on which all eyes were fixed in expectation.

The canoe came close up to the island; Amyas saw that they were unarmed, and laying down his weapons, advanced alone to the bank, making all signs of amity. They were returned with interest by the old man, and Amyas's next care was to bring forward the fish which the fair nymph had left behind, and, through the medium of the Indian lad, to give the Cacique (for so he seemed to be) to understand that he wished to render every one his own. This offer was received, as Amyas expected, with applause, and the canoe came alongside; but the crew still seemed afraid to land.

The ancient worthy, rising in the canoe, pointed to heaven, earth, and the things under, and commenced a long sermon, which, interpreted by the Indian lad, seemed to signify that he was sent to welcome them into those regions by the Daughter of the Sun.

"The Daughter of the Sun!" quoth Amyas; "then we have found the lost Incas after all."

"We have found something," said Cary; "I only hope it may not be a mare's nest, like many another of our finding."

"Or an adder's," said Yeo. "We must beware of treachery."

"We must beware of no such thing," said Amyas, pretty sharply. "Have I not told you fifty times, that if they see

that we trust them, they will trust us, and if they see that we suspect them, they will suspect us?"

CHAPTER XXIV

THE INDIAN VILLAGE AND AYACANORA

Our voyagers, beheld, on landing, a scattered village of palm-leaf sheds, under which, as usual, the hammocks were slung from tree to tree. Here and there, in openings in the forest, patches of cassava and indigo appeared; and there was a look of neatness and comfort about the little settlement superior to the average.

But now for signs of the evil spirit.

"You mark, sirs," said Yeo, "there's some feast or sacrifice toward. I'm not over-confident of them yet."

"Nonsense!" said Amyas, "we could kill every soul of them in half an hour, and they know that as well as me."

But some great demonstration was plainly toward.

With a hideous yell, leapt into the centre of the space a personage who certainly could not have complained if any one had taken him for the devil, for he had dressed himself up carefully for that very intent, in a jaguar skin with a long tail, grinning teeth, a pair of horns, a plume of black and yellow feathers, and a huge rattle.

"Here's the Piache, the rascal," says Aymas.

"Ay," says Yeo, "in Satan's livery, and I've no doubt his works are according, trust him for it."

Whereat all the men laughed; and the Piache began a harangue, to which Amyas listened patiently, cigar in mouth.

"What's it all about, boy?"

"He wants to know whether you have seen Amalivaca on the other shore of the great water?"

To which Amyas replied that it was more important to him to know whether the tribe would give him cassava bread, and let them stay peaceably on that island, to rest a while before they went on to fight the Spaniards.

The Piache went toward the door of a carefully closed hut, and crawling up to it on all fours in most abject fashion, began whining to some one within.

And from the interior of the hut rose a low sweet song, at which all the simple Indians bowed their heads in reverence; and the English were hushed in astonishment; for the voice was not shrill or guttural, like that of an Indian, but round, clear, and rich, like a European's. The Piache, jumped up-right, and recommenced preaching at Amyas.

"Tell the howling villain to make short work of it, lad! His tune won't do after that last one."

The lad, grinning, informed Amyas that the Piache signified their acceptance as friends by the Daughter of the Sun; that her friends were theirs, and her foes theirs.

"Then let her give us some cassava," answered Amyas, and lighted a fresh cigar.

Whereon the door of the hut opened, and the Indians prostrated themselves to the earth, as there came forth the same fair apparition which they had encountered upon the island, but decked now in feather-robcs and plumes of every imaginable hue.

Slowly and stately, as one accustomed to command, she walked up to Amyas, glancing proudly round on her prostrate adorers, and pointing with graceful arms to the trees, the gardens, and the huts, gave him to understand by signs that all was at his service; after which, taking his hand, she lifted it gently to her forehead.

At that sign of submission a shout of rapture rose from the crowd; and as the mysterious maiden retired again to her hut, the English sat down beneath the trees, and feasted merrily, and Amyas was willing enough to get back to the island while the men were still sober; so there were many leave-takings and promises of return on the morrow, and the party paddled back to their island-fortress, racking their wits as to who or what the mysterious maid could be.

They all assembled for the evening service; and after it was over, they must needs sing a Psalm, and then a catch or two, ere they went to sleep.

Cary and Amyas went to the brink of the river; and there they could hear plainly the same voice which had so surprised them in the hut, repeating, clear and true, snatches of the airs which they had sung. After a while the voice ceased, and the two returned to dream of Incas and nightingales.

They visited the village again next day, but the maiden kept her distance.

Amyas questioned the Cacique about her.

The Cacique, taking them in his canoe a full mile down the stream, told them, in a sort of rhythmic chant, how, many moons ago, his tribe was a mighty nation, and dwelt in Papamene, till the Spaniards drove them forth. And how, as they wandered northward, they had found this fair creature wandering in the forest, about the bigness of a seven years' child. Wondering at her white skin and her delicate beauty, the simple Indians worshipped her as a god, and led her home with them.

So, as the girl grew up among them, she was tended with royal honours, by command of the conjurer of the tribe. And as she grew, she had become, it seemed, somewhat of a prophetess among them, as well as an object of fetish worship.

Such was the Cacique's tale; on which Cary remarked, probably not unjustly, that he "dared to say the conjurer made a very good thing of it:" but Amyas was silent, full of dreams, if not about Manoa, still about the remnant of the Inca race.

So they paddled back, while the simple Cacique besought them not to take her away with them, lest the Sun should forget the poor Omaguas, and ripen their manioc and their fruit no more.

Amyas had no wish to stay where he was longer than was absolutely necessary to bring up the sick men from the Orinoco; but this, he well knew, would be a journey probably of some months, and attended with much danger.

Cary volunteered at once, however, to undertake the adventure, if half a dozen men would join him, and the Indians would send a few young men to help in working the canoe: but this latter item was not an easy one to obtain.

Whether, however, it was pride or shyness which kept the maiden aloof, she conquered it after a while; perhaps through mere woman's curiosity; and perhaps, too, from mere longing for amusement in a place so unspeakably stupid as the forest. She gave the English to understand, however, that though they all might be very important personages, none of them was to be her companion but Amyas. And ere a month was past, she was often hunting with him far and wide in the neighbouring forest, with a train of chosen nymphs, whom she had persuaded to follow her example and spurn the dusky suitors around.

So a harmless friendship sprang up between Amyas and the girl, which soon turned to good account. For she no sooner heard that he needed a crew of Indians, than she consulted the Piache, assembled the tribe, and having retired to her hut, com-

menced a song, which (unless the Piache lied) was a command to furnish young men for Cary's expedition, under penalty of the sovereign displeasure of an evil spirit with an unpronounceable name—an argument which succeeded on the spot, and the canoe departed on its perilous errand.

The Indians, attracted by the singing, attended the morning and evening service in such numbers, that the Piache found his occupation gone, and vowed to put an end to Jack's Gospel with a poisoned arrow.

Which plan he took into his head to impart to Ayacanora, and was exceedingly astonished to receive in answer a box on the ear, and a storm of abuse.

So the Piache announced one day in public, that in consequence of the impiety of the Omaguas, he should retire to a neighbouring tribe, of more religious turn of mind; and taking with him the precious instrument, leave their palms to blight, and themselves to the evil spirit.

Dire was the wailing, and dire the wrath throughout the village. Jack's words were allowed to be good words; but what was the Gospel in comparison of the trumpet? The rascal saw his advantage, and began a fierce harangue against the heretic strangers.

"It is God's quarrel, sirs all," said Jack Brimblecombe; "let Him defend the right."

As he spoke, from Ayacanora's hut arose her magic song, and quivered aloft among the green heights of the forest.

The mob stood spell-bound, still growling fiercely, but not daring to move. Another moment, and she had rushed out, like a very Diana, into the centre of the ring, bow in hand, and arrow on the string.

The fallen "children of wrath" had found their match in her; for her beautiful face was convulsed with fury.

"Fools!" cried she to the tribe, while tears of anger rolled down her cheeks. "Choose between me and your trumpet! I am a daughter of the Sun; I am white; I am a companion for Englishmen! I shall go to the white men, and never sing you to sleep any more."

This terrible counter-threat, in spite of the slight bathos involved, had its effect; for it appealed to that dread of the sleep world which is common to all savages; but the conjurer was ready to outbid the prophetess, and had begun a fresh oration, when Amyas turned the tide of war. Bursting into a huge laugh at the whole matter, he took the conjurer by his shoulders,

sent him with one crafty kick half a dozen yards off upon his nose; and then, walking out of the tanks shook hands all round with all his Indian acquaintances.

Whereupon, like grown-up babies, they all burst out laughing too, shook hands with all the English, and then with each other. The Piache relented, like a prudent man; Ayacanora returned to her hut to sulk; and Amyas to his island, to long for Cary's return, for he felt himself on dangerous ground.

At last Will returned, safe and sound, and as merry as ever, not having lost a man. He brought back three of the wounded men, now pretty nigh cured; the other two had refused to come. And if it were not for the gnats (of which Cary said that there were more mosquitos than there was air), they should be the happiest men alive. Amyas could hardly blame the poor fellows; for the chance of their getting home through the forest with one leg each was very small, and, after all, they were making the best of a bad matter. And a very bad matter it seemed to him, to be left in a heathen land.

The next day he announced his intention to march once more, and to his delight found the men ready enough to move towards the Spanish settlements. One thing they needed: gunpowder for their muskets. But that they must make as they went along; that is, if they could get the materials. Charcoal they could procure, enough to set the world on fire; but nitre they had not yet seen; perhaps they should find it among the hills: while as for sulphur, any brave man could get that where there were volcanoes. And if they found none—why, cloth-yard arrows had done Englishmen's work many a time already, and they could do it again, not to mention those same blow-guns and their arrows of curare poison, which, though they might be useless against Spaniard's armour, were far more valuable than muskets for procuring food, from the simple fact of their silence.

One thing remained: to invite their Indian friends to join them. And that was done in due form the next day.

Ayacanora was consulted, of course, and by the Piache, too, who was glad enough to be rid of the rival preacher, and his unpleasantly good news that men need not worship the devil, because there was a good God above them. The maiden sang most melodious assent; the whole tribe echoed it; and all went smoothly enough, till the old Cacique observed that, before starting a compact should be made between the allies, as to their share of the booty.

Nothing could be more reasonable; and Amyas asked him to name his terms.

"You take the gold, and we will take the prisoners."

"And what will you do with them?" asked Amyas, who recollected poor John Oxenham's hapless compact made in like case.

"Eat them," quoth the Cacique, innocently enough.

Amyas whistled.

"Humph!" said Cary. "The old proverb comes true—'the more the merrier; but the fewer the better fare'. I think we will do without our red friends for this time."

Ayacanora, who had been preaching war like a very Boadicea, was much vexed.

"Do you too want to dine off roast Spaniards?" asked Amyas.

She shook her head, and denied the imputation with much disgust.

Amyas was relieved; he had shrunk from joining the thought of so fair a creature, however degraded, with the horrors of cannibalism.

But the Cacique was a man of business, and held out staunchly.

"Is it fair?" he asked. "The white man loves gold, and he gets it. The poor Indian, what use is gold to him? He only wants something to eat, and he must eat his enemies. What else will pay him for going so far through the forests hungry and thirsty? You will get all, and the Omaguas will get nothing."

The argument was unanswerable; and the next day they started without the Indians, while John Brimblecombe heaved many an honest sigh at leaving them to darkness, the devil, and the holy trumpet.

And Ayacanora?

When their departure was determined, she shut herself up in her hut, and appeared no more.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW THEY TOOK THE GOLD-TRAIN

A fortnight or more has passed in severe toil; but not more severe than they have endured many a time before.

They have pitched their camp among the tree-ferns, above a spot where the path winds along a steep hill-side, with a sheer cliff below of many a hundred feet.

In the meanwhile, all their attempts to find sulphur and nitre have been unavailing, and they have been forced to depend after all upon their swords and arrows.

So, having blocked up the road above by felling a large tree across it, they sit there among the flowers chewing coca, in default of food and drink, and meditating among themselves the cause of a mysterious roar, which had been heard nightly in their wake ever since they left the banks of the Meta. However, they are in the world of wonders; and, moreover, the gold-train is far more important than any noise.

At last, up from beneath there was a sharp crack and a loud cry.

"That was a whip's crack," said Yeo, "and a woman's wail. They are close here, lads!"

"A woman's? Do they drive women in their gangs?" asked Amyas.

"Why not, the brutes? There they are, sir. Did you see their basnets glitter?"

Up they came slowly, and all hearts beat loud at their coming.

First, about twenty soldiers, only one-half of whom were on foot; the other half being borne, incredible as it may seem, each in a chair on the back of a single Indian, while those who marched had consigned their heaviest armour and their arquebuses into the hands of attendant slaves, who were each pricked on at will by the pikes of the soldier behind them.

Last of this troop came some inferior officer, also in his chair. Another procession followed, which made them forget all else.

A line of Indians, Negroes, and Zambos, naked, emaciated, scarred with whips and fetters, and chained together by their left wrists, toiled upwards, panting and perspiring under the burden of a basket held up by a strap which passed across their foreheads. Yeo's sneer was but too just; there were not only old men and youths among them, but women; slender young girls,

mothers with children running at their knee; and, at the sight, a low murmur of indignation rose from the ambushed Englishmen.

But the first forty, so Amyas counted, bore on their backs a burden which made all, perhaps, but him and Yeo, forget even the wretches who bore it. Each basket contained a square package of carefully corded hide; the look whereof friend Amyas knew full well.

"What's in they, Captain?"

"Gold!" And at that magic word all eyes were strained greedily forward.

The ambush was complete; the only question, how and when to begin?

Amyas had a shrinking, which all will understand, from drawing bow in cool blood on men so utterly unsuspecting and defenceless.

Suddenly the *casus belli*, as usually happens, arose of its own accord.

The last but one of the chained line was an old grey-headed man, followed by a slender, graceful girl of some eighteen years old. A voice shouted, "Halt, Señors! there is a tree across the path!"

The line of trembling Indians surged up and down upon the ruinous steps of the Indian road, until the poor old man fell grovelling on his face.

The officer leaped down, and hurried upward to see what had happened. Of course, he came across the old man, and he prostrate wretch with the point of his sword.

The old man tried to rise, but the weight on his head was too much for him; he fell again, and lay motionless.

"What does the intendant mean by sending me out with worn-out cattle like these? Forward there!" shouted he. "Clear away the tree, Señors, and I'll soon clear the chain. Hold it up, Pedrillo!"

The blade gleamed in the air, once, twice, and fell: not on the chain, but on the wrist which it fettered. There was a shriek—a crimson flash—and the chain and its prisoner were parted indeed.

One moment more, and Amyas's arrow would have been through the throat of the murderer, who paused, regarding his workmanship with a satisfied smile; but vengeance was not to come from him.

Quick and fierce as a tiger-cat the girl sprang on the ruffian,

and with the intense strength of passion, clasped him in her arms, and leaped with him from the narrow ledge into the abyss below.

The girl hung by her chained wrist; the officer was gone.

Amyas sprang like an avenging angel into the midst of the astonished ruffians.

His first thought was for the girl. In a moment, by sheer strength he had jerked her safely up into the road; while the Spaniards recoiled right and left. The men of Devon had followed their captain's lead: a storm of arrows left five Spaniards dead and a dozen more wounded, and down leaped Salvation Yeo, his white hair streaming behind him, with twenty good swords more, and the work of death began.

The Spaniards fought like lions; but they had no time to fix their arquebuses on the crutches; no room in that narrow path to use their pikes. Five desperate minutes, and not a living Spaniard stood upon those steps.

Amyas and his men hurried past the Indians to help Cary and the party forward, where shouts and musket-shots announced a sharp affray.

Their arrival settled the matter. All the Spaniards fell.

"Now then! Loose the Indians!"

They found armourers' tools on one of the dead bodies, and it was done.

"We are your friends," said Amyas. "All we ask is, that you shall help us to carry this gold down to the Magdalena, and then you are free."

"Your worship," said Yeo, "we must have these rascals' ordnance."

"And their clothes too, Yeo, if we wish to get down the Magdalena unchallenged. We have won, by God's good grace, gold enough to serve us the rest of our lives, and that without losing a single man.

"Sir John, take the Indian lad for your interpreter, and try and comfort the souls of these poor heathens. Tell them, that they shall all be free."

"Why, who is that comes up the road?"

All eyes were turned in the direction of which he spoke. And, wonder of wonders! up came none other than Ayacanora herself, blow-gun in hand, bow on back, and bedecked in all her feather garments, which last were rather the worse for a fortnight's woodland travel.

All stood mute with astonishment, as, seeing Amyas, she

uttered a cry of joy, quickened her pace into a run, and at last fell panting and exhausted at his feet.

"I have found you!" she said; "you ran away from me, but you could not escape me!" and she fawned round Amyas, like a dog who had found his master, and then sat down on the bank, and burst into wild sobs.

After half an hour's hard work, the weapons, clothes, and armour of the fallen Spaniards were hauled up the cliff, and distributed in bundles among the men; and they started again upon their road toward the Magdalena, while Yeo snorted like a warhorse who smells the battle, at the delight of once more handling powder and ball.

Ayacanora told Amyas how she had followed on their track day and night, and had every evening made sounds, as loud as she dared, in hopes of their hearing her, and either waiting for her, or coming back to see what caused the noise.

Amyas now recollected the strange roaring which had followed them.

"Noises? What did you make them with?"

"Look!" whispered she, as if half afraid that the thing itself should hear her. "I have it—the holy trumpet!"

She told a long story, from which Amyas picked up, as far as he could understand her, that that trumpet had been for years the torment of her life; the Piache would not show her that trumpet, or tell her where it was. She confessed to her burning the old rogue's hut over his head; from which he escaped with loss of all his conjuring-tackle, and fled raging into the woods. Whereon, the young lady started on his trail, and ran him to earth just as he was unveiling the precious mystery. Gathering courage from the thought that the white men used to laugh at the whole matter, she rushed upon the hapless conjurer, and bore off her prize in triumph; and there it was!

"I hope you have not killed him?" said Amyas.

"I did beat him a little; but I thought you would not let me kill him."

Amyas was half amused with her confession of his authority over her: but she went on—

"And then I dare not go back to the Indians; so I was forced to come after you."

"And is that, then, your only reason for coming after us?" asked stupid Amyas.

He had touched some secret chord—though what it was

he was too busy to inquire. The girl drew herself up proudly, blushing scarlet, and said—

"You never tell lies. Do you think that I would tell lies?"

On which she fell to the rear, and followed them steadfastly, speaking to no one, but evidently determined to follow them to the world's end.

On the evening of the fourth day, they had reached the margin of the river, at a point where it seemed broad and still enough for navigation.

Aroused by the noise of their approach, a figure issued from a cave in the rocks, and, after gazing at them for a moment, came down the garden towards them. He was a tall and stately old man, whose snow-white beard and hair covered his chest and shoulders, while his lower limbs were wrapped in Indian-web. He bowed courteously to Amyas (who of course returned his salute). He spoke in Spanish—

"Who and whence are you? And why are you bringing into this lonely wilderness that gold."

"What we are, reverend Sir, matters little, as long as we behave to you as the young should to the old. We must be your neighbours, I fear, for a day or two; but I can promise you, that your garden shall be respected, on condition that you do not inform any human soul of our being here."

"My garden, and all which it produces, is at your service. Only let me entreat that these poor Indians shall have their share."

A camp was soon formed; and that evening the old hermit asked Amyas, Cary, and Brimblecombe to come up into his cavern.

They went; and after the accustomed compliments had passed, sat down on mats upon the ground, while the old man stood, leaning against a slab of stone surmounted by a rude wooden cross.

"My motive, Señors, for inviting you was, perhaps, somewhat of a selfish one. I am possessed by a longing to unburthen my heart of a tale which I never yet told to man.

"Know, then, victorious cavaliers, that I, whom you now see here as a poor hermit, was at one time one of the foremost of that terrible band, who went with Pizarro to the conquest of Peru.

"We were mad with blood; and none more mad than I. Surely it is no fable that men are possessed by devils. Why

else when Don Ferdinando de Soto returned, and upbraided us with our villainy, did I, instead of confessing the sin which that noble cavalier set before us, withstand him to his face."

"Then Don de Soto was against the murder? So his own grandson told me."

"So you know his grandson? I trust he is a noble cavalier?"

Amyas was silent; the old gentleman saw that he had touched some sore point, and continued—

"And why, again, Señors, did I after that day give myself up to cruelty as to a sport; who now dare not destroy a gnat, lest I harm a being more righteous than myself? Was I mad? If I was, how then was I all that while as prudent as I am this day? But I am not here to argue, Señors, but to confess. In a word, there was no deed of blood done for the next few years in which I had not my share, if it were but within my reach. When Challcuchima was burned, I was consenting; when that fair girl, the wife of Inca Manco, was tortured to death, I smiled at the agonies at which she too smiled, and taunted on the soldiers, to try if I could wring one groan from her before she died. You know what followed, the pillage, the violence.

"Señors, I had a brother, whether better or worse than me, God knows, before whom he has appeared ere now. There was a maiden in one of those convents, Señors, more beautiful than day. The two brothers of whom I spoke quarrelled for the possession of her. And one of those two brothers—the one who speaks to you now—crying, 'If I cannot have her, no man shall!' turned the sword against that hapless maiden—and—stabbed her to the heart. And as she died, she looked up in my face with a smile as of heaven, and thanked me for having rid her once and for all from Christians and their villainy.

"You know, doubtless, Señors, how, after the death of old Almagro, his son's party conspired against Pizarro. It was enough for me, that the brother who had struck me thought a man right, for me to think that man a devil. What Almagro's work was, you know. He slew Pizarro. Murdered him, Señors, like a dog, or rather like an old lion."

"He deserved his doom," said Amyas.

"Let God judge him, Señor, not we.

"Well, I followed Almagro's fortunes. Then to the war; you know how Vaca de Castro was sent from Spain to bring

order and justice where was nought but chaos, and the dance of all devils. We met him on the hills of Chupas. We charged with our lances, man against man, horse against horse. All fights I ever fought were child's play to that day. There was a gallant gentleman in front of me. His lance struck me in the crest, and bore me over my horse's croup; but mine, Señors, struck him full in the vizor. We both went to the ground together, and the battle galloped over us. I beheld the dead man's face. And it was the face of my brother!

"Did you ever guess, most noble cavaliers, what Cain's curse might be like! Look on me and know!"

"Señor," said Jack, "the best way to punish oneself for doing ill, seems to me to go and do good. If you have wronged Indians in time past, see whether you cannot right them now."

The old man held down his head.

"Right the Indians? Alas! what is done, is done!"

"Not altogether, Señor," said Amyas, "as long as an Indian remains in New Granada."

"And look now," said Jack, "if you dare not go forth to help the Indians, see now how God has brought the Indians to your own door."

"Could you not teach them to fear God and to love each other? They would obey you as a dog obeys his master. You might be their king, their father, yea, their pope, if you would."

"But I am no priest."

"When they are ready," said Jack, "the Lord will send a priest. If you begin the good work, you may trust to Him to finish it."

"God help me!" said the old warrior.

Amyas assembled the Indians, and told them that they must obey the hermit as their king, and settle there as best they could: for if they broke up and wandered away, nothing was left for them but to fall one by one into the hands of the Spaniards. They heard him with their usual melancholy and stupid acquiescence, and went and came as they were bid; but the negroes were of a different temper; and Amyas, making a virtue of necessity, asked them whether they would go Spaniard-hunting with him?

This was just what the bold Coromantees wished for; they grinned and shouted their delight, and then set to work most gallantly.

So went on several days, while Ayacanora, silent and moody, wandered into the woods. But what to do with Ayacanora weighed heavily on the mind of Amyas. He opened his heart on the matter to the old hermit, and asked him whether he would take charge of her. The latter smiled, and shook his head at the notion. One evening, as they were all standing together before the mouth of the cave, Ayacanora came up smiling with the fruit of her day's sport; and Amyas, thinking this a fit opportunity, began a carefully prepared harangue to her.

She heard him quietly, her great dark eyes opening wider and wider, her bosom swelling, her stature seeming to grow taller every moment, as she clenched her weapons firmly in both her hands.

The last words had hardly passed his lips, when, with a shriek of mingled scorn, rage, and fear, she dashed through the astonished group.

"There's no use in standing here idle, gentlemen. Staring after her won't bring her back. After all, I'm glad she's gone."

But the tone of his voice belied his words. Now he had lost her, he wanted her back; and perhaps every one present, except himself, guessed why.

But Ayacanora did not return; and ten days more went on in continual toil at the canoes without any news of her from the hunters.

The sun had sunk; the night had all but fallen; the men were all on board; Amyas in command of one canoe, Cary of the other.

"Give way, men," cried Amyas; and as he spoke the paddles dashed into the water, to a right English hurrah!

About twenty yards below, a wooded rock, some ten feet high, hung over the stream. The river was there not more than fifteen yards broad; deep near the rock, shallow on the farther side; and Amyas's canoe led the way, within ten feet of the stone.

As he passed, a dark figure leapt from the bushes on the edge, and plunged heavily into the water close to the boat. All started. A jaguar? No; he would not have missed so short a spring. What, then? A human being?

A head rose panting to the surface, and with a few strong strokes the swimmer had clutched the gunwale. It was Ayacanora!

A yell rose from the negroes: a roar from the crew as from a

cage of lions. There was a rush and a swirl along the surface of the stream; and "Caiman! cainian!" shouted twenty voices.

Now, or never, for the strong arm! "To larboard, men, or over we go!" cried Amyas, and with one huge heave, he lifted the slender body upon the gunwale. Her lower limbs were still in the water, when, within arm's length, rose above the stream a huge muzzle.

There was the gleam of an axe from above, a sharp ringing blow, and the jaws came together with a clash which rang from bank to bank. He had missed her! Swerving beneath the blow, his snout had passed beneath her body, and smashed up against the side of the canoe, as the striker, overbalanced, fell headlong overboard upon the monster's back.

"Who is it?"

"Yeo!" shouted a dozen.

Man and beast went down together, and, where they sank, the moonlight shone on a great swirling eddy, while all held their breaths.

Another swirl; a shout from the canoe abreast of them, and Yeo rose, having dived clean under his own boat, and risen between the two.

"Safe as yet, lads! Heave me a line, or he'll have me after all."

But ere the brute reappeared, the old man was safe on board.

And there was the huge brute swimming slowly round and round in search of his lost victim. It was too dark to put an arrow into his eye; so they paddled on, while Ayacanora crouched silently at Amyas's feet.

"Yeo!" asked he, in a low voice, "what shall we do with her?"

"Why ask me, sir?" said the old man, as he had a very good right to ask.

"Because, when one don't know oneself, one had best inquire of one's elders. Besides, you saved her life at the risk of your own, and have a right to a voice in the matter, if any one has, old friend."

"Then, my dear young Captain, if the Lord puts a precious soul under your care, don't you refuse to bear the burden He lays on you."

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW THEY TOOK THE GREAT GALLEON

The bay of Santa Martha was rippling before the land-breeze, one sheet of living flame.

The Bishop of Cartagena, as he sat in the state cabin of that great galleon, *The City of the True Cross*, looked pensively out of the window towards the shore.

An Indian girl, bedizened with scarfs and gold chains, kept off the flies with a fan of feathers; and by him, in a pail of ice, stood more than one flask of virtuous wine of Alicante. But he was not so selfish, good man, as to enjoy either ice or wine alone; Don Pedro, colonel of the soldiers on board, Don Alvarez, Intendant of His Catholic Majesty's Customs at Santa Martha, and Don Paul, captain of mariners in *The City of the True Cross*, had, by his especial request, come to his assistance that evening, and with two friars, who sat at the lower end of the table, were doing their best to prevent the good man from taking too bitterly to heart the present unsatisfactory state of his cathedral town, which had just been sacked and burned by an old friend of ours, Sir Francis Drake.

"We have been great sufferers. Señors—ah, great sufferers," snuffled the Bishop. "Great sufferers, truly. Yes, I trust Our Lady's mercies are not shut up, nor her arms shortened.—Look, Señors!" and he pointed majestically out of the window. Yea, the very waves, as they ripple past us, sing of gold, gold, gold!"

"It is a great privilege," said the intendant, "to have comfort so gracefully administered at once by a churchman and a scholar."

"A poet, too," said Don Pedro. "You have no notion what sweet sonnets——"

"Hush, Don Pedro—hush!"

"Fray Gerundio, what are you whispering about down there, sir?"

"You will excuse him, Señors" (turning to the Dons, and speaking in a lower tone), "a very worthy and pious man, but a poor peasant's son; and beside—you understand. A little wrong here; too much fasting and watching, I fear, good man." And the bishop touched his forehead knowingly.

Fray Gerundio was accustomed to such rebuffs as the

bishop's; he took them for what they were worth, and sipped his wine in silence; while the talk went on.

"They say," observed the commandant, "that a very small Plate-fleet will go to Spain this year."

"What else?" says the intendant. "What have we to send, in the name of all saints, since these accused English Lutherans have swept us out clean?"

"And if we had anything to send," says the sea-captain, "what have we to send it in? That fiend incarnate, Drake——"

"Ah!" said his holiness; "spare my ears! Don Pedro, you will oblige my weakness by not mentioning that man. Sacked are we; and Saint Domingo, as I hear, in worse case than we are; and Saint Augustine in Florida likewise; and all that is left for a poor priest like me is to return to Spain, and see whether the pious clemency of his Majesty, and of the universal Father, may not be willing to grant some small relief or bounty to the poor of Mary.

"Señors, you will excuse age and infirmities. Fray Gerundio, go to bed!"

And the Dons rose to depart, while the bishop went on maundering:

"Farewell! Life is short. Ah! we shall meet in heaven at last. And there are really no more pearls?"

And the old miser clambered into his hammock. The Indian girl, Tita, drew the mosquito net over him, wrapped another round her own head, and master and slave soon snored a merry bass to the treble of the mosquitoes.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was down. The sentinels slept as soundly as the bishop's self.

Two long lines glided out from behind the isolated rocks of the Morro Grande, which bounded the bay some five hundred yards astern of the galleon. They were almost invisible on the glittering surface of the water, being perfectly white.

Now the bishop had awoke, and turned himself over uneasily. He sat upright in his hammock, looked out upon the bay, and called Tita.

"Put another pillow under my head, child! What is that? a fish?"

Tita looked. She did not think it was a fish.

The bishop looked again; settled that it must be a white whale, or shark, or other monster of the deep; crossed himself, prayed for a safe voyage, and snored once more.

Presently the cabin-door opened gently, and the head of the Señor Intendant appeared.

Tita sat up; and then began crawling like a snake along the floor, among the chairs and tables, by the light of the cabin lamp.

"Is he asleep?"

"Yes: but the casket is under his head."

"Curse him! How shall we take it?"

"Give me your dagger."

"No, not mine. It may be found. I shall be suspected. What if my sheath were seen to be empty?"

"Your knife will do. His throat is soft enough."

And she glided stealthily as a cat towards the hammock, while her cowardly companion stood shivering at the other end of the cabin, and turned his back to her, that he might not see the deed.

Was that a death-bell tolling? No; it was the pulses of his brain. Impossible, surely, a death-knell. Whence could it come?

There was a struggle, and Tita's voice, apparently muffled, called for help.

"I cannot help you. Mother of Mercies! I dare not help you!" hissed he. "She-devil! you have begun it, and you must finish it yourself!"

A heavy arm from behind clasped his throat; and in another minute he found himself bound hand and foot, and laid upon the table by a gigantic enemy. The cabin was full of armed men, two of whom were lashing up the bishop in his hammock.

"Now, Will," whispered the giant who had seized him, "forward and clap the fore-hatches on; and shout Fire! with all your might. Girl! murderess! your life is in my hands. Tell me where the commander sleeps, and I will pardon you."

Tita looked up at the huge speaker, and obeyed in silence. The intendant heard him enter the colonel's cabin, and then a short scuffle, and silence for a moment.

But only for a moment; for already the alarm had been given, and mad confusion reigned through every deck. Amyas (for it was none other) had already gained the poop; the sentinels were gagged and bound; and every half-naked wretch who came trembling up on deck in his shirt by the main hatchway, calling one, "Fire!" another, "Wreck!" and another, "Treason!" was hurled into the scuppers, and there secured.

"Lower away that boat!" shouted Amyas in Spanish to his first batch of prisoners.

The men, unarmed and naked, could but obey.

"Now then, jump in. Here, hand them to the gangway as they come up."

It was done; and as each appeared, he was kicked to the scuppers, and bundled down over the side.

"She's full. Cast loose now, and off with you. If you try to board again, we'll sink you."

"Fire! fire!" shouted Cary, forward. "Up the main hatchway for your lives!"

The ruse succeeded utterly; and before half an hour was over, all the ship's boats which could be lowered were filled with Spaniards in their shirts, getting ashore as best they could.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards above had fought fiercely: but in spite of superior numbers, they had gradually given back before the "demoniacal possession of those blasphemous heretics, who fought, not like men, but like furies from the pit".

"Yield, Señor!" shouted Amyas to the commander, who had been fighting like a lion, back to back with the captain of marines.

"Never!"

And he rushed on Amyas. There was a few moments' heavy fence between them; and then Amyas cut right at his head. But as he raised his arm, the Spaniard's blade slipped along his ribs, and snapped against the point of his shoulder-blade. An inch more to the left, and it would have been through his heart. The blow fell, nevertheless, and the commandant fell with it, stunned by the flat of the sword, but not wounded; for Amyas's hand had turned, as he winced from his wound. But the sea captain, seeing Amyas stagger, sprang at him, and, seizing him by the wrist, ere he could raise his sword again, shortened his weapon to run him through. Amyas made a grasp at his wrist in return, but between his faintness and the darkness, missed it. Another moment, and all would have been over!

A bright blade flashed close past Amyas's ear; the sea captain's grasp loosened, and he dropped a corpse; while over him, like an angry lioness above her prey, stood Ayacanora, her long hair floating in the wind, her dagger raised aloft, as she looked round, challenging all and every one to approach.

"Are you hurt?" panted she.

"A scratch, child. What do you do here? Go back, go back."

Ayacanora slipped back like a scolded child, and vanished in the darkness.

The battle was over.

Amyas hurried forward to get the sails set. "Now, then, lads! Get the Santa Fé gold up out of the canoes, and then we will put her head to the north-east, and away for Old England."

Amyas walked forward among the men.

"Muster the men, boatswain, and count them."

"All here, sir, but the six poor fellows who are laid forward."

"Now, my men," said Amyas, "for three years you and I have wandered on the face of the earth, seeking our fortune; and we have found it at last, thanks be to God! Now, what was our promise and vow which we made to God beneath the tree of Guayra, if He should grant us good fortune, and bring us home again with a prize? Was it not, that the dead should share with the living; and that every man's portion, if he fell, should go to his widow or his orphans, or if he had none, to his parents?"

"It was, sir," said Yeo, "and I trust that the Lord will give these men grace to keep their vow. They have seen enough of His providences by this time to fear Him."

"I doubt them not; but I remind them of it. So, now to prayers, lad, and then to eat our breakfast."

So, to the Spaniards' surprise (who most of them believed that the English were atheists), to prayers they went.

After which, Brimblecombe contrived to inspire the black cook and the Portuguese steward with such energy that, by seven o'clock, the latter worthy appeared on deck, and, with profound reverences, announced to "The most excellent and heroical Señor Adelantado Captain Englishman", that breakfast was ready in the state cabin.

So they went down, and found the bishop, who was by this time unbound, seated in a corner of the cabin, his hands fallen on his knees, his eyes staring on vacancy, while the two priests stood as close against the wall as they could squeeze themselves, keeping up a ceaseless mutter of prayers.

"Your holiness will breakfast with us, of course; and these two frocked gentlemen likewise."

The bishop seemed to revive slowly as he snuffed the savoury steam; and at last, rising mechanically, subsided into the chair

which Amyas offered him on his left, while the commandant sat on his right.

"Señor Commandant! a glass of wine? You need it after your valiant toils. To the health of all brave soldiers—and a toast from your own Spanish proverb, 'To-day to me, to-morrow to thee!'"

"I drink it, brave Señor. Your courtesy shows you the worthy countryman of General Drake, and his brave lieutenant."

"Drake! Did you know him, Señor?" asked all the Englishmen at once.

"Do you not know, sir, that he and his fleet, only last year, swept the whole of this coast, and took, with shame I confess it, Carthage, San Domingo, St. Augustine, and—— Where is your ship? I thought that all Drake's squadron had left six months ago."

"Our ship, Señor, has lain this three years rotting on the coast near Cape Codera."

"Ah! we heard of that bold adventure—but we thought you all lost in the interior."

"You did? Can you tell me, then, where the Señor Governor of La Guayra may be now?"

"The Señor Don Guzman de Soto," said the Commandant, in a somewhat constrained tone, "is said to be at present in Spain, having thrown up his office in consequence of domestic matters."

Amyas longed to ask more; but he knew that the well-bred Spaniard would tell him nothing which concerned another man's wife; and went on:

"What befell us after, I tell you frankly."

And Amyas told his story, from the landing at Guayra to the passage down the Magdalena. The Commandant lifted up his hands.

"Were it not forbidden to me, as a Catholic, most invincible Señor, I should say that the divine protection has indeed——"

"But what noise is that outside? Cary, go and see."

But ere Cary could reach the door, it was opened; and Evans presented himself with a terrified face.

"Here's villainy, sir! The Don's murdered, and cold; the Indian lass fled; and as we searched the ship for her, we found an Englishwoman, as I am a sinful man!—and a shocking sight she is to see!"

"An Englishwoman?" cried all three, springing forward.

"Bring her in!" said Amyas, turning very pale; and as he

spoke, Yeo and another led into the cabin a figure scarcely human.

An elderly woman, dressed in the yellow "San Benito" of the Inquisition, with ragged grey locks hanging about a countenance distorted by suffering, and shrunk by famine.

Amyas stood silent with fear and horror; some instinct told him that he was on the point of hearing news for which he feared to ask. But Jack spoke:

"My dear soul! my dear soul! don't you be afraid; and the Lord will stand by you, if you will but tell the truth. We are all Englishmen, and men of Devon, as you seem to be by your speech; and this ship is ours; and the Pope himself shan't touch you."

"Devon?" she said, doubtingly; "Devon! Whence, then?"

"Bideford men. This is Mr. Will Cary, to Clovelly. If you are a Devon woman, you've heard tell of the Carys, to be sure."

The woman made a rush forward, and threw her fettered arms around Will's neck:

"O Mr. Cary, my dear life! Mr. Cary! and so you be!"

"Who on earth are you?"

"Lucy Passmore, the white witch to Welcombe. Don't you mind Lucy Passmore, as charmed your warts for you when you was a boy?"

"Lucy Passmore!" almost shrieked all three friends. "She that went off with——"

"Where is my brother Frank?" shouted Amyas.

"Dead, dead, dead!"

"How did my brother die, Lucy?" asked Amyas, still calmly.

"Who be you, sir?"

A gleam of hope flashed across Amyas—she had not answered his question.

"I am Amyas Leigh of Burrough. Do you know aught of my brother Frank, who was lost at La Guayra?"

"Mr. Amyas! Heaven forgive me that I did not know the bigness of you. Your brother, sir, died like a gentleman as he was."

"But how?" gasped Amyas.

"Burned with her, sir!"

"Is this true, sir?" said Amyas, turning to the bishop, with a very quiet voice.

"I, sir?" stammered he, in panting haste. "I had nothing to do—I was compelled in my office of bishop to be an

unwilling spectator. Saints and angels, sir! what are you going to do?" shrieked he, as Amyas laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and began to lead him towards the door.

"Hang you!" said Amyas. "If I had been a Spaniard and a priest like yourself, I should have burnt you alive. Take the dark monk, Yeo, and hang him too."

"O Fray Gerundio!" screamed the bishop, "pray for me. I have treated you like a beast. O Fray, Fray!"

"Ask pardon of God for all your sins against the poor innocent savages, when you saw your harmless sheep butchered year after year, and yet never lifted up your voice to save the flock which God had committed to you."

"Clear away that running rigging!" said Amyas, while the dark Dominican stood perfectly collected, with something of a smile of pity at the miserable bishop.

Amyas stood long in solemn silence, watching the two corpses dangling above his head. At last he drew a long breath, as if a load was taken off his heart.

"Will your honour," said Salvation Yeo, "have us kill the rest of the idolaters?"

"God forbid!" said Cary. "You would not do that, Amyas?"

"No; we will spare them. God has shown us a great mercy this day, and we must be merciful in it. We will land them at Cabo Velo. But henceforth till I die no quarter to a Spaniard."

When he returned to the cabin, he bowed courteously to the Commandant, begged pardon of him for having played the host so ill, and entreated him to finish his breakfast.

"But, Señor—is it possible? Is his holiness dead?"

"He is hanged and dead, Señor. I would have hanged, could I have caught them, every living thing which was present at my brother's death, even to the very flies upon the wall. No more words, Señor; your conscience tells you that I am just."

"Let us say no more," said the poor man, crossing himself fervently. "Obedience is my duty; and for the rest the Church must decide, according to her infallible authority."

Amyas left him with a smile of pity, and went to look for Lucy Passmore, whom the sailors were nursing and feeding, while Ayacanora watched them with a puzzled face.

"I will talk to you when you are better, Lucy," said he, taking her hand. "Now you must eat and drink."

"I am not fit now to hear more. You shall tell me all to-morrow;" and he turned away.

"Why do you take her hand?" said Ayacanora, half-scornfully. "She is old, and ugly, and dirty."

"She is an Englishwoman, child, and a martyr, poor thing; and I would nurse her as I would my own mother."

"Why don't you make me an Englishwoman, and a martyr? I could learn to do anything that that old hag could do!"

"Instead of calling her names, go and tend her; that would be much fitter work for a woman than fighting among men."

Ayacanora darted from him, thrust the sailors aside, and took possession of Lucy Passmore.

"Where shall I put her?" asked she of Amyas, without looking up.

"In the best cabin; and let her be served like a queen, lads."

"No one shall touch her but me;" and taking up the withered frame in her arms, as if it were a doll, Ayacanora walked off with her in triumph, telling the men to go and mind the ship.

"The girl is mad," said one.

"Mad or not, she has an eye to our captain," said another.

And so that wild night and day subsided. The prisoners were kindly used enough; for the Englishman, free from any petty love of tormenting, knows no mean between killing a foe outright, and treating him as a brother; and when, two days afterwards, they were sent ashore in the canoes off Cabo Velo (C de la Vela), captives and captors shook hands all round; and Amyas, after returning the Commandant his sword, and presenting him with a case of the bishop's wine, bowed him courteously over the side.

Scrap by scrap, as weakness and confusion of intellect permitted her, Lucy Passmore told her story. It was a simple one after all. The Spaniard had gained Lucy to his side by huge promises of Indian gold; and, in fine, they had gone to Lundy, where the lovers were married by a priest—Father Parsons.

They sailed from Lundy in a Portugal ship, and then away for the West Indies; while all went merry as a marriage bell. "Sir, he would have kissed the dust off her dear feet, till that evil eye of Mr. Eustace's came, no one knew how or whence." And from that time all went wrong.

Then came preparations to meet the English, and high words about it between Don Guzman and Rose.

The very morning after he had gone up to the villa, Lucy

and her mistress were taken down to the quay, in the name of the Holy Office, and shipped off to Carthagena.

She recanted, and became a Romanist; Rose remained firm. Three weeks afterwards, they were brought out to an *Auto-da-Fé*; and there, for the first time, Lucy saw Frank walking, dressed in a San Benito, in that ghastly procession. Lucy was adjudged to receive publicly two hundred stripes, Frank and Rose were sentenced to death as impenitent, and delivered over to the secular arm.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW SALVATION YEO FOUND HIS LITTLE MAID AGAIN

And so Ayacanora took up her abode in Lucy's cabin, as a regularly accredited member of the crew.

After she had satisfied her simple wonder at the great floating house by rambling from deck to deck, and peeping into every cupboard and cranny, Ayacanora manifested a great propensity to steal and hide every trumpery which smit her fancy.

It seemed best to Amyas to make Parson Jack teach her the rudiments of Christianity, that she might be baptized in due time when they got home to England.

But here arose a fresh trouble—for she roundly refused to learn of Jack, or of any one but Amyas himself.

And next, as if troubles would never end, she took a violent dislike, not only to John Brimblecombe, whose gait and voice she openly mimicked for the edification of the men, but also to Will Cary, whom she never allowed to speak to her or approach her.

Over the rest of the sailors she lorded it like a very princess, calling them from their work to run on her errands and make toys for her, enforcing her commands now and then by a shrewd box on the ears; while the good fellows, especially old Yeo, like true sailors, petted her, obeyed her, even jested with her, much as they might have done with a tame leopard, whose claws might be unsheathed and about their ears any moment.

At last the matter, as most things luckily do, came to a climax; and it came in this way.

The ship had passed the ring of the West India islands, and

for the first time, it was thought safe to "rummage" their noble prize. What they found was enough, with the other treasure, to make Amyas rich for life, after all claims of Cary's and the crew, not forgetting Mr. Salterne's third, as owner of the ship, had been paid off. But in the captain's cabin were found two chests, one full of gorgeous Mexican feather dresses, and the other of Spanish and East Indian finery. Which two chests were, at Cary's proposal, voted amid the acclamations of the crew to Ayacanora.

The Mexican work she chose to despise as savage; but the Spanish dresses were a treasure; and for two or three days she appeared on the quarter-deck, sunning herself like a peacock before the eyes of Amyas in Seville mantillas, and I know not how many other gewgaws.

Amyas would have spoken, but he was afraid. The actor, unable to contain herself longer, appealed to Amyas,—"Ayacanora quite English girl now; is she not?"—heard a titter behind her, looked round, saw a dozen honest faces in broad grin, comprehended all in a moment, darted down the companion-ladder, and vanished.

Amyas, fully expecting her to jump overboard, followed as fast as he could. But she had locked herself in with Lucy, and he could hear her violent sobs, and Lucy's faint voice entreating to know what was the matter.

In vain he knocked. She refused to come out all day, and at even they were forced to break the door open, to prevent Lucy being starved.

There sat Ayacanora, her finery half torn off, and scattered about the floor in spite, crying still as if her heart would break; while poor Lucy cried too, half from fright and hunger, and half for company.

Amyas tried to comfort the poor child, assured her that the men should never laugh at her again.

"Yes, I will be good, and Sir John shall teach me!"

"There's my good maid," said Amyas. "Sir John shall begin and teach you to-morrow."

Tired of doing nothing, Ayacanora went forward to the poop-rail to listen to John Squire the armourer, who sat tinkering on a headpiece and humming a song—

"Oh, Bideford is a pleasant place, it shines where it stands,
And the more I look upon it, the more my heart it warms;
For there are fair young lasses, in rows upon the quay,
To welcome gallant mariners, when they come home from say.

"Oh, if I was a herring, to swim the ocean o'er,
Or if I was a say-dove, to fly unto the shoor,
To fly unto my true love, awaiting at the door,
To wed her with a goold ring, and plough the main no moor."

Here Yeo broke in—

"Aren't you ashamed, John Squire? Let the songs of Zion be in your mouth, man."

"You sing 'em yourself then, gunner."

"Well," says Yeo, "and why not?" And out he pulled his psalm-book, and began a scrap of the grand old psalm—

"Such as in ships and brittle barks
Into the seas descend,
Their merchandise through fearless floods
To compass and to end."

"Humph!" said John Squire. "Very good and godly: but still I du like a merry catch now and then, I du. Wouldn't you let a body sing 'Rumbelow'—even when he's a-heaving of the anchor?"

"Well, I don't know," said Yeo; "but the Lord's people had better praise the Lord then too, and pray for a good voyage, instead of howling about—

"A randy, dandy, dandy O,
A whet of ale and brandy O,
With a rumbelow and a Westward-ho!
And heave, my mariners all, O!"

"Is that fit talk for immortal souls? How does that child's-trade sound beside the Psalms, John Squire?"

And it fell that Ayacanora, as she stood by Amyas's side watching the men, and trying to make out their chat, heard it, and started; and then, half to herself, took up the strain, and sang it over again, word for word, in the very same tune and tone.

Salvation Yeo started in his turn, and turned deadly paler

"Who sung that?" he asked quickly.

"The little maid here," said Amyas.

Yeo started up from the gun where he sat. "I can't abear it! As I live, I can't! You, Indian maiden, where did you learn to sing that there? Ask her, for mercy's sake—ask her, Captain Leigh!"

"My child," said Amyas, "do you recollect anything that happened when you were a little girl?"

She paused awhile; and then moving her hands overhead:

"Trees—great trees like the Magdalena—always nothing but trees—wild and bad everything." Ayacanora won't talk about that."

"Do you mind anything that grew on these trees?" asked Yeo eagerly.

She laughed. "Silly! Flowers and fruit, and nuts—grow on all trees, and monkey-cups too. Ayacanora climbed up after them—when she was wild. I won't tell any more."

"But who taught you to call them monkey-cups?" asked Yeo, trembling with excitement.

"Monkeys drink; mono drink.

"Ayacanora mind great monkeys—black, oh, so high," and she held up her hand above her head, and made a violent gesture of disgust.

"Monkeys? what, with tails?"

"No, like man. Ah! yes—just like Cooky there—dirty Cooky!"

"Do you mind no great monkeys but those black ones?" asked Amyas.

"Ay!" said she, in good enough Spanish, "Mono de Panama; viejo diablo de Panama."

Yeo threw up his hands with a shriek:

"O Lord of all mercies! Those were the last words of Mr. John Oxenham! Ay—and the devil is surely none other than the devil Don Francisco Xararte! Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! my sweet young lady! my pretty little maid! and don't you know me?"

And the honest fellow, falling on his knees, covered Ayacanora's hands with kisses.

"Mr. Yeo," said Amyas, "can't you think of any other token?"

Yeo stamped impatiently. "What need then? It's her, I tell ye, and that's enough! What a beauty she's grown! Oh dear! where were my eyes all this time, to behold her, and not to see her! 'Tis her very mortal self, it is!"

Ayacanora had watched him, first angry, then amused. Suddenly she grew crimson, and snatching her hands from the old man's, hid her face in them, and stood.

She shuddered, reeled, then fell weeping on the bosom of Amyas Leigh.

From that day Ayacanora was a new creature. The thought that she was an Englishwoman; that she, the wild Indian, was really one of the great white people whom she had learned to

worship, carried in it some regenerating change; she regained all her former stateliness, and with it a self-restraint, a temperance, a softness which she had never shown before. Her dislike to Cary and Jack vanished. Amyas assigned her a handsome cabin to herself, always addressed her as Madam, and told Cary, Brimblecombe, and the whole crew, that as she was a lady and a Christian, he expected them to behave to her as such. The crew, of course, though they were a little vexed at losing their pet, consoled themselves with the thought that she was a "real born lady", and Mr. Oxenham's daughter.

Old Yeo kept sorrowfully apart. He had found her! and after all, she did not care for him! Why should she?

But why did Amyas wish to increase the distance between himself and Ayacanora? The main reason, fantastic as it may seem, was that he had discovered her to be a Spaniard. Pah! one of the accursed race.

But what had become of that bird-like song of Ayacanora's, which had astonished them on the banks of the Meta. She refused utterly to sing anything but the songs and psalms which she picked up from the English.

So homeward they ran, before a favouring south-west breeze; but long ere they were within sight of land, Lucy Passmore was gone to her rest beneath the Atlantic waves.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW AMYAS CAME HOME THE THIRD TIME

It is the evening of the 15th of February, 1587, and Mrs. Leigh is pacing slowly up and down the terrace walk at Burrough. Three years and more are past and gone, and yet no news of Frank and Amyas, and the gallant ship and all the gallant souls therein.

Her hair was now grown grey; her cheeks were wan; her step was feeble.

This evening Northam is in a stir. For this day has come the news that Mary Queen of Scots is beheaded in Fotheringay; and all England, like a dreamer who shakes off some hideous nightmare, has leapt up in one tremendous shout of jubilation.

Still the bells pealed on, and would not cease.

What was that which answered them from afar out of the fast-darkening twilight? A flash, and then the thunder of a gun at sea.

Mrs Leigh stopped. The flash was right outside the bar. A ship in distress it could not be. The wind was light, and westerly. The noisy folks of Northam were hushed at once, and all hurried into the churchyard, which looks down on the broad flats and the river.

There was a gallant ship outside the bar. She was running in, too, with all sails set. A large ship; nearly a thousand tons she might be; but not of English rig. What was the meaning of it?

The strange sail passed out of sight behind the hill of Apple-dore; and then there rose into the quiet evening air a cheer, as from a hundred throats. Mrs. Leigh stood still, and listened. Another gun thundered among the hills; and then another cheer.

It might have been twenty minutes before the vessel hove in sight again round the dark rocks of the Hubbastone, as she turned up the Bideford river.

Mrs. Leigh walked quickly towards the house, and called her maid:

"Grace, bring me my hood. Master Amyas is come home!"

"No, surely? Oh, joyful sound! Praised and blessed be the Lord, then; praised and blessed be the Lord! But, Madam, however did you know that?"

"I heard his voice on the river; but I did not hear Mr. Frank's with him, Grace!"

And Mrs. Leigh, with Grace behind her, started with rapid steps towards Bideford.

As they came down Bridgeland Street, round the corner swept a great mob, sailors, women, 'prentices, hurraing, questioning, weeping, laughing: Mrs. Leigh stopped; and behold, they stopped also.

"Here she is!" shouted some one; "here's his mother!"

The next moment, the giant head and shoulders of Amyas, far above the crowd, swept round the corner.

She threw her arms round his neck, and asked no question. She saw that Amyas was alone.

At last he whispered, "I would have died to save him, mother, if I could."

"You need not tell me that, Amyas Leigh, my son."

Another silence.

"How did he die?" whispered Mrs. Leigh.

"He is a martyr. He died in the——"

Amyas could say no more.

"The Inquisition?"

"Yes."

A strong shudder passed through Mrs. Leigh's frame, and then she lifted up her head.

"Come home, Amyas. I little expected such an honour—such an honour—ha! ha! and such a fair young martyr, too; a very St. Stephen. Amyas, who is that?"

And she pointed to Ayacanora, who stood close behind Amyas, watching with keen eyes the whole.

"She is a poor wild Indian girl—my daughter, I call her. I will tell you her story hereafter."

"Your daughter? My grand-daughter, then. Come hither, maiden, and be my grand-daughter."

"Mother," said Amyas, when they were now past the causeway, "we are rich for life."

"Yes; a martyr's death was the fittest for him."

"I have brought home treasure untold."

"What, my boy?"

"Treasure untold."

"Yes—all as it should be. My maid, and do you not find it cold here in England, after those hot regions?"

"Ayacanora's heart is warm; she does not think about cold."

"Warm? perhaps you will warm my heart for me, then."

"Would God I could do it, mother!" said Amyas, half reproachfully.

Mrs. Leigh looked up in his face, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

"Sinful! sinful that I am!"

"Will your mother love me?" whispered Ayacanora to Amyas, as she went in.

"Yes; but you must do what she tells you."

Her story was soon told to Mrs. Leigh, who, of course, womanlike, would not allow a doubt as to her identity.

And then, with the iron nerve which good women have, she made him give her every detail of Lucy Passmore's story, and of all which had happened from the day of their sailing to that luckless night at Guayra. And when it was done she led Ayacanora out, and began busying herself about the girl's comforts as calmly as if Frank and Amyas had been sleeping in their cribs in the next room.

Amyas went the next day to Salterne, and told his tale. The old man had heard the outlines of it already; but he calmly bade him sit down, and listened to all, his chin upon his hands, his elbows on his knees. His cheek never blanched, his lips never quivered throughout.

"And her husband?" asked he, after a pause.

"I am ashamed to have to tell you, sir, that the man still lives."

"Still lives, sir?"

"Too true, as far as I know. That it was not my fault, my story bears me witness."

"Sir, I never doubted your will to kill him. Still lives, you say? Well, so do rats and adders."

"I am minded, at least, to do one thing, Mr. Salterne, and that is, to kill Spaniards, in fair fight, by land and sea, where-soever I shall meet them."

"Well, sir, when you start, come to me for a ship, and the best I have is at your service."

"My good sir, I have accounts to square with you after a very different fashion. As part-adventurer in the *Rose*, I have to deliver to you your share of the treasure which I have brought home."

"My share, sir? If I understood you, my ship was lost off the coast of the Caraccas, three years ago, and this treasure was all won since?"

"True; but you, as an adventurer in the expedition, have a just claim for your share, and will receive it."

"Captain Leigh, the treasure is yours; I have enough, and more than enough, and none, God help me, to leave it to. If I have a claim in law, accept that claim as a plain burgher's thank-offering." And the old man rose, and, with an unmoved countenance, bowed Amyas to the door.

That evening a messenger from Bideford came running breathless up to Burrough Court. The authorities wanted Amyas's immediate attendance, for he was one of the last, it seemed, who had seen Mr. Salterne alive.

Salterne had locked himself into Rose's room. Supper-time came, and he did not appear. The apprentices forced the door. Salterne was kneeling by his daughter's bed; his head was upon the coverlet; his Prayer-book was open before him at the Burial Service; his hands were clasped in supplication; but he was dead and cold.

His will lay by him. He had left all his property among

his poor relations, saving and excepting all money, &c., due to him as owner and part-adventurer of the ship *Rose*, and his new bark of three hundred tons burden, now lying East-the-water; all which was bequeathed to Captain Amyas Leigh, on condition that he should re-christen that bark the *Vengeance*.

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW THE VIRGINIAN FLEET WAS STOPPED BY THE QUEEN'S COMMAND

And now Amyas is settled quietly at home again; and for the next twelve months little passes worthy of record. Yeo has installed himself as major-domo, with no very definite functions save those of walking about everywhere at Amyas's heels.

And, one by one, small hints came out, which made Ayacanora's identity certain, at least in the eyes of Mrs. Leigh and Yeo. After she had become familiar with the sight of houses, she gave them to understand that she had seen such things before. The red cattle, too, seemed not unknown to her; the sheep puzzled her for some time, and at last she gave Mrs. Leigh to understand that they were too small.

"Ah, Madam," quoth Yeo, who caught at every straw, "it is because she has been accustomed to those great camel sheep (llamas they call them) in Peru."

But Ayacanora's delight was a horse.

One night, sleeping in the same room with Mrs. Leigh, she awoke shrieking, and sobbed out a long story, how the "Old ape of Panama", her especial abomination, had come to her bedside, and dragged her forth into the courtyard, and how she had mounted a horse, and ridden with an Indian over great moors and high mountains, down into a dark wood; and there the Indian and the horses vanished, and she found herself suddenly changed once more into a little savage child. So strong was the impression, that she could not be persuaded that the thing had not happened, if not that night, at least some night or other. So Mrs. Leigh at last believed the same, and told the company next morning, in her pious way, how the Lord had revealed in a vision to the poor child who she was, and how she had been exposed in the forests

by her jealous step-father; and neither Sir Richard nor his wife could doubt but that hers was the true solution.

Sir Richard had brought home an Indian with him from Virginia.

This man was to be baptized in the church at Bideford, by the name of Raleigh, his sponsors being most probably Raleigh himself, who may have been there on Virginian business, and Sir Richard Grenville. All the notabilities of Bideford came.

Mrs. Leigh went, as a matter of course, and Ayacanora would needs go too.

The service was half performed, when a heavy sigh, or rather groan, made all eyes turn, and Ayacanora sank fainting upon Mrs. Leigh's bosom.

She was carried out, and to a neighbouring house; and when she came to herself, told a strange story. How, as she was standing there, trying to recollect whether she too had ever been baptized, the church seemed to grow larger, the priest's dress richer; the walls were covered with pictures, and above the altar, in jewelled robes, stood a lady, and in her arms a babe. Soft music sounded in her ears; the air was full (on that she insisted much) of fragrant odour, which filled the church like mist; and through it she saw not one, but many Indians, standing by the font; and a lady held her by the hand, and she was a little girl again.

And after many questionings, so accurate was her recollection, not only of the scene, but of the building, that Yeo pronounced—

"A christened woman she is, Madam, if Popish christening is worth calling such; and has seen Indians christened, too, in the Cathedral Church at Quito."

Raleigh had written more than once, entreating Amyas to take the command, which if he had done, perhaps the United States had begun to exist twenty years sooner than they actually did. But his mother had bound him by a solemn promise to wait at home with her twelve months at least.

But soon came a sharper trial of Amyas's promise to his mother; and one which made him, for the first time in his life, moody, peevish, and restless, at the thought that others were fighting Spaniards, while he was sitting idle at home.

Mary, Queen of Scots, who, having every comfort and luxury found for her by the English Government, could afford to employ the whole of her jointure as Queen Dowager of France,

in plotting the destruction of the said Government, and the murder of its Queen.

Of her the Jesuits were not unmindful. She was a Romanist; she was "beautiful and unfortunate".

To all which the people of England made a most practical and terrible answer. "We are tired of these seventeen years of chicanery and terror. This woman must die; or the commonweal of England perish!" We all know which of the two alternatives was chosen.

The Spaniard was not sorry on the whole for the catastrophe; for all that had kept him from conquering England long ago, was the fear lest, after it was done, he might have had to put the crown thereof on Mary's head, instead of his own. But Mary's death was as convenient a stalking-horse to him, as to the Pope; and now the Armada was coming in earnest.

January 1587-8 had well-nigh run through before Sir Richard Grenville made his appearance on the streets of Bideford. He had been appointed in November one of the council of war for providing for the safety of the nation, and the West Country had seen nothing of him since. But one morning, just before Christmas, his stately figure darkened the old bay window at Burrough, and Amyas rushed out to meet him, and bring him in, and ask what news from court.

"All good news, dear lad, and dearer Madam. The Queen shows the spirit of a very Boadicea."

"Amyas, has Raleigh written to you of late?"

"Not a word, and I wonder why."

"Well; no wonder at that, if you knew how he has been labouring."

"Then here is his health, the health of a true friend to all bold mariners, and myself in particular! But where is he now?"

"Coming here to-morrow, as I hope—for he left London with me, and so down by us into Cornwall, to drill the trainbands, as he is bound to do, being Seneschal of the Duchies, and Lieutenant-General of the county."

"What chestnut does the cat want us monkeys to pull out of the fire for him now, I wonder?"

"Sir Richard Grenville is hardly accustomed to be called a monkey," said Mrs. Leigh.

"I meant no harm; and his worship knows it, none better: but where is Raleigh going to send us, with a murrain?"

"To Virginia. The settlers must have help: and, as I

trust in God, we shall be back again long before this armament can bestir itself."

So Raleigh came, saw, and conquered; and the next five months were spent in continual labour on the part of Amyas and Grenville, till seven ships were all but ready in Bideford river, the admiral whereof was Amyas Leigh.

But that fleet was not destined ever to see the shores of the New World; it had nobler work to do.

It was in the long June evenings, in the year 1588; Mrs. Leigh sat in the open window, busy at her needlework; Ayacanora sat opposite to her, on the seat of the bay, trying diligently to read *The History of the Nine Worthies*, and stealing a glance every now and then towards the garden, where Amyas stalked up and down as he had used to do in happier days gone by. Ayacanora looked back again to her book, and heaved a deep sigh.

"What is my maid sighing about, there?" said Mrs. Leigh.

"Because I cannot make out the long words," said Ayacanora, telling a very white fib.

"Is that all? Come to me, and I will tell you."

Ayacanora moved over to her, and sat down at her feet.

"H—e, he, r—o, ro, i—c—a—l, heroical," said Mrs. Leigh.

"But what does that mean?"

"Grand, good, and brave, like——"

Her pupil caught at the pause, and filled it up for herself.

"Like him?" and she turned her head quickly towards the window.

"Yes, like him, too," said Mrs. Leigh, with a half-smile at the gesture. "Now, mind your book."

"Shall I ever be an English girl?" asked Ayacanora.

"You are one now, sweet; your father was an English gentleman."

Amyas looked in, and saw the two sitting together.

"Well, how goes on the reading?" said he; and then, without waiting for an answer.

"Should not you like to sail with us now, and see the Indians in the forest once again?"

"There! I knew it! She would not be four-and-twenty hours ashore, but she would be off into the woods again."

"It is false, bad man!" and she burst into violent tears, and hid her face in Mrs. Leigh's lap.

"Amyas, Amyas, why do you tease the poor fatherless thing?"

"I was only jesting, I'm sure," said Amyas, like a repentent schoolboy. "Don't cry now, don't cry, my child."

And out he pulled some smart kerchief or other, which had taken his sailor's fancy.

She looked round sharply, snatched it out of his hand, and tore it to shreds.

"I hate it, and I hate you!" and she sprang up and darted out of the room.

"Oh, boy, boy!" said Mrs. Leigh, "will you kill that poor child? She loves you, Amyas, as a woman only can love."

"You would not have me marry her?" asked blunt, practical Amyas.

"God knows what I would have—I know not; I see neither your path nor my own—no, not after weeks and months of prayer. All things beyond are wrapped in mist; and what will be, I know not, save that whatever else is wrong, mercy at least is right."

"I'd sail to-morrow if I could. As for marrying her, mother—her birth, mind me——"

"Ah, boy, boy! Are you God, to visit the sins of the parents upon the children?"

"She is half a Spaniard, mother. Can I forget the look of her eyes, as she stood over that galleon's captain, with the smoking knife in her hand. Ugh! And she is not tamed yet, as you can see, and never will be; not that I care, except for her own sake, poor thing!"

"Cruel boy! to impute as a blame to the poor child, not only the errors of her training, but the very madness of her love!"

"Of her love? As it is I can hardly speak civilly to her (God forgive me!) when I recollect that she belongs to the crew who murdered him"—and he pointed to the picture, and Mrs. Leigh shuddered as he did so.

"You feel it! You know you feel it, tender-hearted, forgiving angel as you are; and what do you think I must feel?"

"Oh, my son, my son!" cried she, wringing her hands, "if I be wretch enough to give place to the devil for a moment, does that give you a right to entertain and cherish him thus day by day?"

Amyas was silent for a minute or two; and then—

"If it were not for you, mother, would God that the Armada would come!"

"What, and ruin England?"

"No! Curse them! Not a foot will they ever set on

English soil, such a welcome would we give them! There's a fire burning me up, night and day, and nothing but Spanish blood will put it out."

"Or the grace of God, my poor wilful child! Who comes to the door?—so quickly too?"

There was a loud hurried knocking, and in another minute a serving-man hurried in with a letter.

"This to Captain Amyas Leigh, with haste, haste!"

It was Sir Richard's hand. Amyas tore it open; and a loud laugh laughed he."

"The Armada is coming! My wish has come true, mother!"

"God help us, it has. Show me the letter."

It was a hurried scrawl.

"DR. GODSON,—Walsingham sends word that the A^{da} sailed from Lisbon to the Groyne the 18. of May. We know no more, but have commandment to stay the ships. Come down, dear lad, and give us counsel; and may the Lord help His Church in this great strait.—Your loving godfather, R. G."

Amyas literally danced into Sir Richard's hall.

"Admiral Leigh," said Sir Richard, "we need you now, if ever. Here are the Queen's orders to furnish as many ships as we can; though from these gentlemen's spirit, I should say the orders were well-nigh needless."

"Not a doubt, sir; for my part, I will fit my ship at my own charges, and fight her too, as long as I have a leg or an arm left."

"Or a tongue to say, Never surrender, I'll warrant!" said an old merchant. "You put life into us old fellows, Admiral Leigh; but it will be a heavy matter for those poor fellows in Virginia, and for my daughter, too, Madam Dare, with her young babe, as I hear, just born."

"I begin unloading the *Vengeance* to-morrow," said Amyas; "and to sea as soon as I can fill up my crew to a good fighting number."

Cary and Brimblecombe, with thirty tall Clovelly men, came across the bay, and, without even asking leave of Amyas, took up their berths as a matter of course on board the *Vengeance*. In a week's time the whole seven were ready once more for sea, and dropped down into Appledore pool, with Amyas as their admiral for the time being, and waited for the first favourable wind to start for the rendezvous in the Sound.

At last, upon the twenty-first of June, the clank of the

capstans rang merrily across the flats, and amid prayers and blessings, forth sailed that gallant squadron over the bar, to play their part in Britain's Salamis; while Mrs. Leigh stood watching as she stood once before, beside the churchyard wall: but not alone this time; for Ayacanora stood by her side, and gazed, and gazed, till her eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets. At last she turned away with a sob.

"And he never bade me good-bye, mother!"

"God forgive him! Come home and pray, my child; there is no other rest on earth than prayer for woman's heart!"

CHAPTER XXX

HOW THE ADMIRAL JOHN HAWKINS TESTIFIED AGAINST CROAKERS

Behind the Pelican Inn, on the afternoon of the nineteenth of July, chatting in groups, or lounging over the low wall which commanded a view of the Sound and the shipping far below, was gathered almost every notable man of the Plymouth fleet. The Armada has been scattered by a storm. Lord Howard has been out to look for it, as far as the Spanish coast; but the wind has shifted to the south, and fearing lest the Dons should pass him, he has returned to Plymouth, uncertain whether the Armada will come after all or not.

See those five talking earnestly, in the centre of a ring, which longs to overhear, and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those soft long eyes and pointed chin you recognize already; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the *Elizabeth Jonas*: but who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up, with keen grey eyes, into the face of each speaker? When at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him; for his name is Francis Drake.

A burly, grizzled elder claps Drake on the back, and, with a broad Devon twang, shouts, "Be you a-coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not?—saving your presence, my Lord." The Lord High Admiral only laughs, and bids Drake go and drink his wine; for John Hawkins, Admiral of the port, is the Patriarch of Plymouth seamen.

So they push through the crowd, wherein is many another man whom one would gladly have spoken with face to face on earth.

But who is the aged man who sits upon a bench, against the sunny south wall of the tavern, his long white beard flowing almost to his waist. It is old Martin Cockrem, the first Englishman, perhaps, who ever set foot on the soil of the New World. He has seen the death of old Europe and the birth-throes of the new. Go to him, and question him; for his senses are quick as ever; and just now the old man seems uneasy. He is peering with rheumy eyes through the groups, and seems listening for a well-known voice.

"There 'a be again! Why don't 'a come, then?"

"Quiet, Gramfer, and don't trouble his worship."

"Here an hour, and never speak to poor old Martin! I say, sir"—and the old man feebly plucks Amyas's cloak as he passes. "I say, Captain, do 'e tell young master old Martin's looking for him."

"Young master who?" says Amyas, bending down to the old man, and smiling to the dame to let him have his way.

"Master Hawkins; he'm never been a-near me all day."

Amyas goes to the Admiral, and gives his message.

"Mercy on me! Where be my wits? Iss, I'm a-coming," says the old hero in his broadest Devon, waddles off to the old man, and begins lugging at a pocket. "Here, Martin, I've got mun, I've got mun, man alive; but his lordship kept me so."

Old Martin begins dipping his finger into a little paper of Muscovado sugar, and rubbing it on his toothless gums, smiling and nodding thanks to his young master; while the little maid at his knee, unrebuked, takes her share also.

"There, Admiral Leigh; both ends meet—gramfers and babies! You and I shall be like to that one day, young Samson!"

"We shall have slain a good many Philistines first, I hope."

"Amen! so be it; but look to mun! so fine a sailor as ever drank liquor: and now greedy after a bit of sweet trade!"

And off waddled the Port Admiral.

"Hillo, Am'as!" said Cary, "who's your friend? Here's a man been telling me wonders about the River Plate. We should go thither for luck the' next time."

"River Plate?" said old Martin. "It's I knows about the River Plate; none so well. Who'd ever been there, nor heard of it nether, before Captain Will and me went, and I, lived among the savages a whole year; and audacious civil I found 'em, if they'd had but shirts to their backs."

"You were up the Plate with Cabot?" said Cary, after a pause. "Do you mind the fair lady Miranda, Sebastian de Hurtado's wife?"

"What! her that was burnt by the Indians? Mind her? Do you mind the sun in heaven? Oh, the beauty! Oh, the ways of her! Oh, the speech of her! Mind her? I minded nought else when she was on deck."

"Who was she?" asked Amyas of Cary.

"A Spanish angel, Amyas."

"Humph!" said Amyas. "So much the worse for her. The devil has not grown white because he has trod in a lime-heap."

"Or an angel black because she came down a chimney," said Cary; and so the talk ended, or rather was cut short; for the talk of all the groups was interrupted by an explosion from old John Hawkins.

"Fail? Fail? What a murrain do you here, to talk of failing? Who made you a prophet, you scurvy, hang-in-the-wind, croaking, white-livered son of a corby-crow?"

"Heaven help us, Admiral Hawkins, who has put fire to your culverins in this fashion?" said Lord Howard.

"Who? my Lord! Croakers! my Lord! Here's a fellow calls himself the captain of a ship, and Her Majesty's servant, and talks about failing."

"Admiral John Hawkins," quoth the offender, "you shall answer this language with your sword."

"I'll answer it with my foot; and buy me a pair of horn-tips to my shoes, like a wraxling man. Fight a croaker? Fight a frog, an owl! I fight those that dare fight, sir! Marry come up, what says Scripture? 'He that is fearful and faint-hearted among you, let him go and'—what? son Dick there? Thou'rt pious, and read'st thy Bible. What's that text? A mortal fine one it is, too."

"'He that is fearful and faint-hearted among you, let him go back,'" quoth the Complete Seaman. "Captain Merryweather, as my father's command, as well as his years, forbid

his answering your challenge, I shall repute it an honour to entertain his quarrel myself—place, time, and weapons being at your choice.”

“Well spoken, son Dick! My Lord, you’ll let them fight?”

“The Spaniard, sir; but no one else. But, captains and gentlemen, consider well my friend the Port Admiral’s advice.”

Hawkins, having blown off his steam, went back to Drake and the bowls.

“Fill my pipe, Drawer—that croaking fellow’s made me let it out, of course! Spoil-sports! The father of all manner of troubles on earth, be they noxious trade of croakers!”

“And what,” said Drake, “would have kept me, if I’d let ’em, from ever sailing round the world, but these same croakers?”

“You’re right, Frank. My old father always told me—and old King Hal (bless his memory!) would take his counsel among a thousand—‘And, my son,’ says he to me, ‘whatever you do, never you stand no croaking; but hang mun, son Jack, hang mun up for an ensign.’—Who cometh now?”

The man, a rough-bearded old sea-dog, now came panting and blowing straight up to the High Admiral:

“My Lord, my Lord! They’re coming! I saw them off the Lizard last night!”

“Who? my good sir, who seem to have left your manners behind you.”

“The Armada, your worship—the Spaniard.”

“Sirrah,” said Lord Howard, “is this no fetch, to cheat us out of your pardon for these piracies of yours?”

“Come here, Jack Fleming,” said Hawkins, “what wilt drain, man? Hippocras or Alicant, Sack or John Barleycorn.”

“Admiral Hawkins, Admiral Hawkins, this is no time for drinking.”

“Why not, then, my Lord? Good news should be welcomed with good wine. Frank, send down to the sexton, and set the bells a-ringing to cheer up all honest hearts. Why, my Lord, if it were not for the gravity of my office, I could dance a galliard for joy!”

“Well, you may dance, Port Admiral; but I must go and plan; but God give to all captains such a heart as yours this day!”

“And God give all generals such a head as yours! Come, Frank Drake, we’ll play the game out before we move. It will be two days before we shall be fit to tackle them, so an odd half hour don’t matter.”

"I must command the help of your counsel, Vice-Admiral," said Lord Charles, turning to Drake.

"And it's this, my good Lord," said Drake, looking up, as he aimed his bowl. "They'll come soon enough for us to show them sport, and yet slow enough for us to be ready; so let no man hurry himself. And as example is better than precept, here goes."

Lord Howard shrugged his shoulders, and departed, knowing two things; first, that to move Drake was to move mountains; and next, that when the self-taught hero did bestir himself, he would do more work in an hour than any one else in a day.

"Eh, Captain Leigh, where's my boy Dick?"

"Gone off with his Lordship, Sir John."

"Why ain't you gone too, sir?"

"I follow my leader," said Amyas, filling his pipe.

"Well said, my big man," quoth Drake. "If I could lead you round the world, I can lead you up channel, can't I? Drink, lad! You're over-sad to-day."

"Not a whit," said Amyas. "Only I can't help wondering whether I shall find him after all."

"Whom? That Don? We'll find him for you, if he's in the fleet."

"Bye, bye, Uncle Martin. We'm going to blow the Dons up now in earnest."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE GREAT ARMADA

And now began that great sea-fight which was to determine whether Popery and despotism, or Protestantism and freedom, were the law which God had appointed for the half of Europe, and the whole of future America.

"Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." The Spaniards soon discover the superior "nimbleness of the English ships"; and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give, in spite of his endeavours, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward,

like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track.

One of the four great galliasses is already riddled with shot. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which manœuvre, the "principal galleon of Seville" runs foul of her neighbour, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry, left to her fate.

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed for ever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain.

Amyas and the other Bideford ships have been right busy for two hours, knocking holes in a huge galleon, which carries on her poop a maiden with a wheel, and bears the name *Sta. Catharina*. Called off at last by the Admiral's signal, Amyas goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

The next morning finds them off Torbay; and Amyas is hailed by a pinnace, bringing a letter from Drake, which ran somewhat thus:

"DEAR LAD,—

"I fell in with Valdez' great galleon; and in it good booty, which the Dons his fellows had left behind. But I have much news from him (for he is a leaky tub); and among others, this, that your Don Guzman is aboard of the *Sta. Catharina*, commandant of her soldiery, and has his arms flying at her sprit, beside *Sta. Catharina* at the poop, which is a maiden with a wheel, and is a lofty built ship of 3 tier of ordnance, from which God preserve you, and send you luck with

"Your deare Friend and Admirall,

"F. DRAKE."

"*St. Catharine?* why, that was the galleon we hammered all yesterday!" said Amyas, stamping on the deck.

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. Some of the men are for leaving their place to board her; but Amyas stoutly refuses. He has "come out to fight, and not to plunder; so let the nearest ship to her have her luck without grudging".

And so ends the second day; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all" (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft).

Night falls upon the floating volcano; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition; but they will scarce return to-night, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife, and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy sea again. The galleys attack; and in their van three of the great galliasses thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see, Lord Howard's *Triumph*, his brother's *Lion*, Southwell's *Elizabeth Jonas*, Lord Sheffield's *Bear*, Baker's *Victory*, and George Fenner's *Leicester*, towed stoutly out to meet them with such salvoes of chain-shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's mainmast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn.

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the live-long afternoon.

So fares St. James's day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time.

The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come.

A solemn day that Sabbath must have been in country and in town. And many a brave man, as he knelt beside his wife and daughters, felt his heart sink to the very pavement, at the thought of what those beloved ones might be enduring a few short days hence, from a profligate and fanatical soldiery, or from the more deliberate fiendishness of the Inquisition.

But where is Amyas Leigh all this while? Day after day he has been seeking the *Sta. Catharina* in the thickest of the press, and cannot come at her, cannot even hear of her. He is moody, discontented, restless, even peevish with his men. And yet this

is the day for which he has been longing ever since he brought home that magic horn as a fifteen years boy.

"I cannot communicate, Sir John. Charity with all men? I hate, if ever man hated on earth."

"You hate the Lord's foes only, Captain Leigh."

"No, Jack, I hate my own as well."

Jack departed with a sigh, and, while the crew were receiving the Communion on deck, Amyas sate below in the cabir sharpening his sword, and after it, called for a boat and went on board Drake's ship to ask news of the *Sta. Catharina*. At last, Drake was summoned by the Lord Admiral, and returned with a secret commission, which ought to bear fruit that night; and Amyas, who had gone with him, helped him till nightfall, and returned to his own ship as Sir Amyas Leigh.

By two o'clock on the Monday morning, eight fire-ships, "besmeared with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones", are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower.

And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics, which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches make night hideous. Cutting all cables, hoisting any sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbour.

When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dykes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely, among the foremost; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to re-form.

So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up.

The duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great *San Philip* into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the *San Matthew* comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away at one of the great galliasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter.

Slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the *San Matthew*, and then glides on to reload; but not to return. For not a pistol-shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop—he can he believe his eyes for joy—the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

"Steady, men!" says Amyas, in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Reload and be ready; I must speak with him first"; and the *Vengeance* glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas, from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.

He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop-railing twenty feet above Amyas's head, and shouts through his vizor:

"At your service, sir! whoever you may be."

"Don Guzman! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and a ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will."

"You are welcome to come on board me, sir," answers the Spaniard in a clear quiet tone; "bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat;" and lingering a moment, out of bravado, to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down again behind the bulwarks.

"Fire!" His ordnance crash through the sternworks of the Spaniard; and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Amyas stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head.

"Can I help you, Captain Leigh?" asked Lord Henry Seymour, as he passes within oar's length of him, to attack a ship ahead.

"I thank your Lordship; but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your Lordship could lend me powder——"

"Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet."

A puff of wind clears away the sulphureous veil for a moment; the Spanish fleet are moving again up channel,

Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand, the vast hull, of the *San Philip* is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer, the *San Matthew* is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

"Go in, my Lord, and have the pair," shouts Amyas.

"No, sir! Forward is a Seymour's cry. We will leave them to pay the Flushingers' expenses." And on went Lord Henry.

Amyas clings to his prey. But in vain; for three or four galleys, having forced their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and spluttering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon.

So, surely and silent, the *Vengeance* sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have, during the night, regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas's great disgust, the *Sta. Catharina* has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "here comes a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads; and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot.

"As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! the villain means to run."

"There go the rest of them! Victoria!" shouted Cary, as one after another, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

It was over! The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

"They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon," murmured Amyas; "and I have lost my labour! Oh, for powder, powder, powder! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here, and a cartridge there?—anything to set to work again!"

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with some quantity; but he was on board again only just in time, for the south-wester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and the Spaniards and English were moving away; but this time northward. Whither now? To Scotland? Amyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW AMYAS THREW HIS SWORD INTO THE SEA

Yes, it is over; and the great Armada is vanquished.

Yes, as the medals struck on the occasion said, "It came, it saw, and it fled!" And whither? Away and northward, like a herd of frightened deer; past the Orkneys and Shetlands, catching up a few hapless fishermen as guides; past the coast of Norway, and on northward ever towards the lonely Faroes, and the everlasting dawn which heralds round the Pole the mid-night sun.

They must homeward at least, somehow. Medina Sidonia, with some five-and-twenty of the soundest and best victualled ships, will lead the way, and leave the rest to their fate.

At the fifty-seventh degree of latitude, the English fleet, finding themselves growing short of provisions, and having been long since out of powder and ball, turn southward toward home.

The Armada is away on the other side of Scotland, and Amyas is following in its wake.

For when the Lord High Admiral determined to return, Amyas asked leave to follow the Spaniard; and asked, too, of Sir John Hawkins, who happened to be at hand, such ammunition and provisions as could be afforded him; after which Amyas, calling his men together, reminded them once more of the story of the Rose of Torridge and Don Guzman de Soto, and then asked—

"Men of Bideford, will you follow me?"

And every soul on board replied, that they would follow Sir Amyas Leigh around the world.

It was now the sixteenth day of the chase.

In vain they had strained their eyes through the darkness, to catch, by the fitful glare of the flashes, the tall masts of the Spaniard. Slowly and wearily broke the dawn. As the day went on, the breeze died down, and the sea fell to a long glassy foam-flecked roll, while overhead brooded the inky sky, and round them the laden mist shut out alike the shore and the chase.

Amyas paced the sloppy deck fretfully and fiercely. Was he to lose his prey after all? The thought made him shudder with rage and disappointment. It was intolerable. Anything but that.

"No, God!" he cried, "let me but once feel this in his accursed heart, and then—strike me dead, if Thou wilt!"

"The Lord have mercy on us," cried John Brimblecombe.

"What have you said?"

"What is that to you, sir? There, they are piping to dinner. Go down. I shall not come."

And Jack went down, and talked in a half-terrified whisper of Amyas's ominous words.

All thought that they portended some bad luck, except old Yeo.

"Well, Sir John," said he, "and why not? Our captain is wilful and spiteful, and must needs kill his man himself; while for me, I don't care how the Don goes, provided he does go. Hark! there's the captain's voice!"

"Here she is!" thundered Aymas from the deck; and in an instant all were scrambling up the hatchway as fast as the frantic rolling of the ship would let them.

"There she is; and here we are," said Cary; "but where is here? and where is there? How is the tide, master?"

"Running up Channel by this time, sir."

"What matters the tide?" said Amyas, devouring the ship with terrible and cold blue eyes. "Can't we get at her?"

"Dear old lad," said Cary, as they leaned over the bulwarks, "what is this? You are not yourself, and have not been these four days."

"No. I am not Amyas Leigh. I am my brother's avenger. Do not reason with me, Will: when it is over, I shall be merry old Amyas again:" and he passed his hand over his brow.

The weary day wore on.

About two Yeo came up to him.

"He is ours safely now, sir. The tide has been running to the eastward for this two hours."

"Safe as a fox in a trap. Satan himself cannot take him from us!"

"But God may," said Brimblecombe simply.

"Here comes the breeze. Round with the yards, or we shall be taken aback."

The yards creaked round; the sea grew crisp around them: the hot air swept their cheeks, tightened every rope, filled every sail, bent her over. A cheer burst from the men as the helm went up, and they staggered away before the wind, right down upon the Spaniard, who lay still becalmed.

"The dog has it now, There he goes!" said Cary.

"Right before the wind. He has no liking to face us."

"He is running into the jaws of destruction," said Yeo. "An hour more will send him either right up the Channel, or smack on shore somewhere."

Amyas yielded unwillingly to hints which were growing into open murmurs, and bade shorten sail.

On they rushed with scarcely lessened speed.

"Get the arms and ammunition under cover, and then below with you all," shouted Amyas from the helm.

"And heat the pokers in the galley fire," said Yeo, "to be ready if the rain puts our linstocks out. I hope you'll let me stay on deck, sir, in case——"

"I must have some one, and who better than you?"

On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard.

"Call the men up, and to quarters; the rain will be over in ten minutes."

Yeo ran forward to the gangway; and sprang back again, with a face white and wild—

"Land right ahead! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm!"

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below.

She swung round.

"What is it, Morte? Hartland?"

"Lundy!" said Yeo. "The south end! I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers! Hard a-port yet, and get her close-hauled as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!"

Yes, look at the Spaniard!

He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to broach-to. But his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas madly, and throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir! sir! What are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas in his frenzy; "but he will not!"

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself. And then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right, my right! when it was in my very grasp!"

A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver; a bright world of flame and then a blank of utter darkness.

A whisper, a rustling close beside him, and Brimblecombe's voice said softly—

"Give him more wine, Will; his eyes are opening."

"Hey-day?" said Amyas faintly, "not past the Shutter yet! How long she hangs in the wind!"

"We are long past the Shutter, Sir Amyas," said Brimblecombe.

"What is this? I must be asleep! What has happened? Where am I?"

"In your cabin, Amyas," said Cary.

"What? And where is Yeo?"

"Yeo is gone where he longed to go, and as he longed to go. The same flash which struck you down, struck him dead."

"Dead? Lightning? Any more hurt? I must go and see. Why, what is this?" and Amyas passed his hand across his eyes. "It is all dark—dark, as I live!" And he passed his hand over his eyes again.

There was another dead silence. Amyas broke it.

"Oh, God, I am blind! blind! blind!" And writhing in his great horror, he called to Cary to kill him.

Soon his fit of frenzy passed off, and he sank back exhausted.

They lifted him into their remaining boat, rowed him ashore, carried him painfully up the hill to the old castle, and made a bed for him on the floor, in the very room in which Don Guzman and Rose Salterne had plighted their troth to each other, five wild years before.

Three miserable days were passed within that lonely tower. In the meanwhile, Cary had sent off one of the island skiffs to Clovelly, with letters to his father, and to Mrs. Leigh, entreating the latter to come off to the island; but the heavy westerly winds made that as impossible, as it was to move Amyas on board, and the men had to do their best, and did it well enough.

On the fourth day his raving ceased; but he was still too weak to be moved. Toward noon, however, he called for food, ate a little, and seemed revived.

"Will," he said, after a while. "I feel as if I should be a sound man once more, if I could but get one snuff of the sea-breeze."

They set forth, Amyas walking slowly, but firmly, between his two friends.

"Whither?" asked Cary.

"To the south end. The crag above the Devil's-limekiln. No other place will suit."

"I can see all thence."

So on they went to the point, where the western side of Lundy ends sheer in a precipice of some three hundred feet.

All three were silent for a while; and Jack and Cary, gazing downward with delight upon the glory and the grandeur of the sight, forgot for a while that their companion saw it not. Yet when they started sadly, and looked into his face, did he not see it? So wide and eager were his eyes, so bright and calm his face, that they fancied for an instant that he was once more even as they.

A deep sigh undeceived them. "I know it is all here—the dear old sea, where I would live and die. And my eyes feel for it—and cannot find it; never, never will find it again for ever! God's will be done!"

"Now set me where I can rest among the rocks without fear of falling."

"You can sit here as in an armchair," said Cary, helping him down to one of those square natural seats so common in the granite tors.

"Good; now turn my face to the Shutter. Be sure and exact. So. Do I face it full?"

"Full," said Cary.

They retired a little space and watched him. He never stirred for many minutes. He remained so long thus, that the pair became anxious, and went towards him. He was asleep, and breathing quick and heavily.

"You have been asleep, Amyas."

"Have I? I have not slept back my eyes, then. Take up this great useless carcass of mine, and lead me home. Give me your hand. Now, march!"

His guides heard with surprise this new cheerfulness.

"I have reason to be cheerful, Sir John; I have left a heavy load behind me. But God has shown me my sin, and we have made up our quarrel for ever."

"Made it up?"

"Made it up, thank God. But I am weary. Set me down a while, and I will tell you how it befell."

Wondering, they set him down upon the heather, and Amyas felt for a hand of each, and began:

"When you left me there upon the rocks, lads, I looked, and I saw the grand old galleon, Will; she has righted with the sweeping of the tide."

Cary and Jack looked at him, and then at each other. His eyes were clear, and bright, and full of meaning; and yet they knew that he was blind. His voice was shaping itself into a song. Was he inspired? Insane? What was it? And they listened with awe-struck faces, as the giant pointed down into the blue depths far below, and went on.

"And I saw him sitting in his cabin, like a valiant gentleman of Spain. Then he took a locket from his bosom; and I heard him speak, Will, and he said: 'Here's the picture of my fair and true lady; drink to her, Señors all.' Then he spoke to me: 'We have had a fair quarrel, Señor; it is time to be friends once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me; so your honour takes no stain.' Then he held out his hand to me, Cary; and I stooped to take it, and awoke."

He ceased; and they looked in his face again. It was exhausted, but clear and gentle, like the face of a new-born babe. So the next day the *Vengeance* sailed, leaving behind a dozen men to seize and keep in the Queen's name any goods which should be washed up from the wreck.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW AMYAS LET THE APPLE FALL

It was the first of October, with soft grey autumn cloud, as if all heaven and earth were resting after those fearful summer months of battle, the *Vengeance* slid over the bar, and dropped her anchor off Appledore, with her flag floating half-mast high; for the corpse of Salvation Yeo was on board.

A boat pulled off from the ship, and away to the western end of the strand; and Cary and Brimblecombe helped out Amyas Leigh, and led him slowly up the hill toward his home.

The crowd clustered round him, with cheers and blessings, and sobs of pity from kind-hearted women.

"Spare me, my good friends," said Amyas; "I have landed here that I might go quietly home, without passing through the town, and being made a gazing-stock. Think not of me, good

folks, nor talk of me; but come behind me decently, as Christian men, and follow to the grave the body of a better man than I."

And, as he spoke, another boat came off, and in it, covered with the flag of England, the body of Salvation Yeo.

The people took Amyas at his word; and a man was sent on to Burrough to tell Mrs. Leigh that her son was coming. When the coffin was landed and lifted, Amyas and his friends took their places behind it as chief mourners, and the crew followed in order, while the crowd fell in behind them, and gathered every moment; till, ere they were half-way to Northam town, the funeral train might number full five hundred souls.

Mrs. Leigh sat down in the bay window, with Ayacanora by her side; and, when the tolling of the bell ceased, she opened her Prayer-book, and began to read the Burial Service.

"Ayacanora," she said, "they are burying old Master Yeo, who loved you, and sought you over the wide, wide world, and saved you from the teeth of the crocodile. Are you not sorry for him, child, that you look so gay to-day?"

Ayacanora blushed, and hung down her head; she was thinking of nothing, poor child, but Amyas.

The Burial Service was done; the blessing said. Amyas waved his hand, as one about to speak; while the eyes of all men were fastened on him.

"Here lieth the flower and pattern of all bold mariners; the truest of friends, and the most terrible of foes. Who having suffered at the hands of the Popish enemy, learned therefrom, my masters, to fear God, and to fear nought else; and is now exalted to his reward, as Elijah was of old: letting fall, I trust and pray, upon you who are left behind, the mantle of his valour and his godliness, that so these shores may never be without brave and pious mariners, who will count their lives as worthless in the cause of their Country, their Bible, and their Queen. Amen."

And feeling for his companions' hand, he walked slowly from the churchyard, and up the lane to Burrough gates. Up to the door he went, as if he had seen it; felt for the entrance, stood therein, and called quietly, "Mother!"

In a moment his mother was on his bosom.

Neither spoke for a while.

"Will! Jack!" called Amyas, turning round; but the two good fellows had walked briskly off.

"I am glad we are away," said Cary; "I should have made

a baby of myself in another minute, watching that angel of a woman."

So the two went off to Cloveilly together that very day.

And Amyas was sitting all alone. There was a dish of apples on the table: he knew it by their smell; the very same old apples which he used to gather when he was a boy. He put out his hand, and took them, and felt them over, and played with them; and the whole of his past life rose up before him, and he saw all the places which he had ever seen till he came to that fairy island on the Meta; and then again rose from the fern-grown rocks the beautiful vision of Ayacanora—Where was she? He had not thought of her till now. And he began playing again with his apples.

At last one of them slipped through his fingers, and fell on the floor. He stooped and felt for it; but he could not find it. Vexatious! He turned hastily to search in another direction, and struck his head sharply against the table.

Was it the pain, or the little disappointment? or was it the sense of his blindness brought home to him in that ludicrous commonplace way, and for that very reason all the more humiliating? or was it the sudden revulsion of over-strained nerves, produced by that slight shock? Or had he become indeed a child once more? I know not; but so it was, that he stamped on the floor with pettishness, and then checking himself, burst into a violent flood of tears.

A quick rustle passed him; the apple was replaced in his hand, and Ayacanora's voice sobbed out:

"There! there it is! Do not weep! Oh, do not weep! I cannot bear it! I will get you all you want! Only let me fetch and carry for you, tend you, feed you, lead you, like your slave, your dog! Say that I may be your slave!" and falling on her knees at his feet, she seized both his hands, and covered them with kisses.

"Yes!" she cried, "I will be your slave! I must be! You cannot help it! You cannot escape from me now! You cannot go to sea! You cannot turn your back upon poor wretched me. I have you safe now! Safe!" and she clutched his hands triumphantly. "Ah! and what a wretch I am, to rejoice in that! to taunt him with his blindness! Oh, forgive me! I am but a poor wild girl—a wild Indian savage, you know: but—but——" and she burst into tears.

A great spasm shook the body and soul of Amyas Leigh; he sat quite silent for a minute, and then said solemnly:

"And is this still possible? Then God have mercy upon me a sinner!"

Ayacanora looked up in his face inquiringly; but before she could speak again, he had bent down, and lifting her as the lion lifts the lamb, pressed her to his bosom, and covered her face with kisses.

The door opened. There was the rustle of a gown; Ayacanora sprang from him with a little cry, and stood, half trembling, half-defiant, as if to say: "He is mine now; no one dare part him from me!"

"Who is it?" asked Amyas.

"Your mother."

"You see that I am bringing forth fruits meet for repentance, mother," said he, with a smile.

He heard her approach. Then a kiss and a sob passed between the women; and he felt Ayacanora sink once more upon his bosom.

"Amyas, my son," said the silver voice of Mrs. Leigh, low, dreamy, like the far-off chimes of angels' bells from out the highest heaven; fear not to take her to your heart again; for it is your mother who has laid her there."

From that hour Ayacanora's power of song returned to her; and day by day, year after year, her voice rose up within that happy home, and soared, as on a skylark's wings, into the highest heaven, bearing with it the peaceful thoughts of the blind giant back to the Paradises of the West, in the wake of the heroes who from that time forth sailed out to colonise another and a vaster England, to the heaven-prospered cry of Westward Ho!

NOTES

CHAPTER I

Bideford, a town and seaport on the north-west of Devonshire. It is situated on the River Torridge, and is 4 miles from the sea. The river, which falls into Bideford bay, divides the town into two parts, united by a bridge of twenty-four arches.

Captain Drake, Sir Francis Drake, heroic English sailor, the first Englishman to sail round the world. On his return in 1580 he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. He played an important part in the struggle with Spain—attacked the Spanish coasts in 1587, or, as he put it, "singd the King of Spain's beard", and so delayed the sailing of the Armada for a whole year; took a leading part in the defeat of the Armada, which he followed to the north of Scotland; destroyed the year after much Spanish shipping in Coruña, and at Vigo; conducted an unsuccessful expedition to the West Indies in 1595. He died off Portobello in 1596.

Oxenham, John, sea-captain, who died in 1575. He was with Drake in Central America in 1572. He undertook a new expedition in 1574, which was destroyed by the Spaniards. He himself was taken prisoner, and was hanged at Lima.

shotten herrings, a term applied to herrings that have just spawned, and are therefore empty. It is applied to persons to signify a worthless good-for-nothing.

Nombre de Dios, a seaport of the Republic of Panama, 40 miles N. by E. of Panama.

Plymouth, a seaport and naval station on Plymouth Sound, in the south of Devon.

Finisterre, the most westerly headland of France, forming, we may say, the westernmost point of the southern coast of the English Channel. "Past Finisterre" means, therefore, out of the Channel into the Atlantic Ocean.

broke the door, forced open the door.

Clovelly, 11 miles west of Bideford, the most romantic village in Devonshire, if not in the whole of England.

galleons, the name given to the large ships used at the time by the Spaniards in their trade with America.

Carbonadoed Dons, Spaniards who had been cut down. Carbonado is an old name for a piece of meat or fowl that had been cut across, seasoned, and broiled.

Eddystone, a narrow rock of hard, tough, crystalline rock, about 14 miles from Plymouth. The rock is daily submerged by the tide, and was long a danger to ships.

Sir Richard Grenville, a British naval hero, born about 1541. He was a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh's, and in 1585 he commanded a fleet which took part in the attempt to colonize Virginia. In 1591 he was

Vice-Admiral in the fleet which was sent under Sir Thomas Howard to intercept the Spanish treasure ships. When the English were at anchor off Flores, a Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail appeared, and Howard put to sea to avoid it; but Grenville refused to flee, as many of his men were on shore. Then began one of the most famous sea-fights in history, "the fight of the one and the fifty-three". Grenville died a few days later.

"the Straits", the Straits of Gibraltar, the entrance to the Mediterranean.

Shakespeare, William (1564-1616), England and the world's greatest dramatic poet. He was born at Stratford; went to London when little more than twenty years old; became a member of the Earl of Leicester's company of actors, which, after passing under successive patrons, became in 1603 the King's Company of Players. From the late eighties till about 1612 Shakespeare continued to produce play after play. In addition, he published in 1593 his *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594 his *Lucrece*. His famous sonnets appeared in 1609.

Spenser, Edmund, the author of the *Shepherd's Calendar* and of the great though unfinished allegorical poem *The Faerie Queene*, was born about 1552 and died in 1599. As a poet he is usually considered second only to Shakespeare.

Alva, or Alba (Duke of), was born in 1508. He was a famous Spanish general, and fought in several campaigns of Charles V, whose uncle he was. In the time of Philip I he was sent to the Netherlands as Governor, and became notorious for the cruelty with which he carried on the government.

Parma, Farnese Alessandro (1547-92), a famous general in the service of Spain. He took part in the battle of Lepanto in 1571. He was

made Governor of the Low Countries in 1578.

Spanish Jesuits, referring to the fact that the order was founded by a Spanish ex-soldier, Ignatius Loyola, and flourished in Spain.

Hawkins (Sir John), born at Plymouth, 1532, died at sea off Porto Rico, 1595, an English naval hero who took part in the defeat of the Armada in 1588. He was closely associated with Drake, and was second in command in Drake's expedition to the West Indies, where he died.

South Tawton, a small place in Devonshire, some 6 miles east of Okehampton.

CHAPTER II

Exeter College, founded in 1314 by Walter Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, for poor scholars born or resident in Devon or Cornwall, is now one of the larger of the Oxford colleges.

gaol fever, a very deadly form of fever caused by the insanitary condition of the prisons or gaols.

Sidney, or Sydney, Sir Philip (1564-86), soldier, statesman, and poet, son of Sir Henry Sidney, three times Lord-Deputy of Ireland, narrowly escaped with his life during the Bartholomew massacre. *The Arcadia*, with which work his name is more particularly associated, a medley of prose romance and poetry written to entertain his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, was first published in 1590. To the 1598 edition were added the "Apologie for Poetrie", "Astrophel and Stella", and other poems. The work was for long greatly in vogue. His death at Zutphen in 1586, fighting to free Holland from the tyranny of Spain, was worthy of his life.

Budaëus. This Budaëus must not be confused with Budaëus, the

French scholar, and friend of Erasmus. He died in 1540. This may refer to Jean Budé, the son of the French scholar. He died in 1581.

Lord Hunsdon, Henry Carey, first baron, a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, the son of her mother's sister. He was knighted in 1558, and created Baron Hunsdon in 1559.

Leicester, Robert Dudley, fifth son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. He proclaimed his sister-in-law, Lady Jane Gray, queen, but was pardoned by Queen Mary. He became a favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He married Lettice Knollys, Countess of Essex, in 1578; assisted the United Provinces against Spain, 1585; was made Governor, 1586; recalled, 1587; and died, 1588.

hart of ten, a stag whose antlers have ten pointers.

smooth-skinned poppets, a reference to the Italian greyhounds which were much in favour at Court a little later. A poppet is a doll.

Gloriana, the name applied to Queen Elizabeth as a sovereign in Spenser's poem *The Faerie Queene*.

Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio Africanus, wife of Sempronius Gracchus, and mother of the tribunes Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. She lived in the second century B.C., and was renowned for her virtues and accomplishments.

Cerberus, in Greek mythology, the watch-dog at the entrance to the infernal regions. He is usually represented with three heads, a serpent's tail, and a mane of serpents' heads.

Lethe, the river of oblivion, one of the streams of the infernal regions. Its waters made those who drank of them forget all about their previous existence.

Entellus, a Trojan or Sicilian

hero, who gives name to the town of Entella in Sicily.

Barnstaple, a seaport on the river Taw, just where the river ceases to be navigable. At Barnstaple the Yeo joins the Taw. The town sent five ships to join Sir Francis Drake against the Armada.

Andrew Barker of Bristol. Bristol was for a long time second in importance to London. It was from Bristol that the expedition under the Cabots sailed towards the end of the fifteenth century. For long the trade with the colonies and the West Indies was carried on mainly through Bristol.

Dives to the torment. This is a likely mistake for an uneducated old woman to make. In Christ's parable Dives entreats Father Abraham to send Lazarus, the beggar who had formerly lain at his gates, that he might dip his finger in water, so that he might cool his tongue, because he was tormented in the flames.

Thespian art, dramatic art. Thespis was a Greek poet who is said to have lived in the middle of the sixth century B.C., and to have been the founder of tragedy.

allegory, a picture or story which, under an altogether different form, conveys a moral lesson regarding the subject under discussion.

triple tiara, the diadem worn by the Pope, which is surmounted by the orb and cross of sovereignty and surrounded by three crowns, usually richly wrought with jewels.

imperial crown, the crown worn by the emperors of the "Holy Roman Empire", to show that they claimed the Empire of Western Europe, and looked on other kings as their subjects.

Pope and the King of Spain. The King of Spain of the time of Philip I was looked on as the most powerful sovereign in Europe. He

set it before himself as his task in life to force Protestants to submit to the Pope, and so to reunite Christendom.

antichrist. According to the opinion of the Protestants of the time, the Pope was antichrist.

gale, the sweet-gale or bog-myrtle.

Torridge, a river of Devonshire. It rises 4 miles south of Hartland, and joins the Taw at Barnstaple Bay.

Muses. The muses were the goddesses who, according to the ancients, inspired song. There were supposed to be nine of them, and they presided over the various kinds of poetry and over the arts and sciences.

Parnassus, a mountain ridge in Greece famed as the abode of Apollo and the muses and nymphs. It lies 83 miles north of Athens.

Raleigh, Sir Walter (written also Raleigh) (1552-1618), was born at Hayes Barton, in South Devon. Courtier, soldier, navigator, poet, and historian, he is one of the most representative men of the time.

"Shepherd's Calendar", twelve eclogues, corresponding to the twelve months of the year, first published by Spenser in 1579, and dedicated by the unknown poet to Sidney, "The president of noblesse and of chevalrie". In it the poet criticizes the clergy of his time for their neglect of Christ's flock:—

"They han the fleece, and eke the flesh
(O, seely sheepe, the while),
The corn is theirs, let others thresh,
Their handes they may not file."

Goliath, a giant of Gath, who challenged the hosts of Israel to single combat, and was slain by the shepherd boy, David.

Gogmagog, a mythical king of giants, who was killed by Corineus, a follower of Brut.

Grantorto, the personification in *The Faerie Queene* of the spirit of rebellion in Ireland, a huge giant

who withheld from Iberia (Ireland) her inheritance. He is destroyed by Sir Artegal in single combat (*The Faerie Queene*, Book V, cantō xii.).

Herodotus, celebrated Greek historian of the fifth century B.C. He wrote a history in nine books, named from the nine muses, giving an account of the Persian invasion of Greece down to 479 B.C.

Plato, a pupil of Socrates and the teacher of Aristotle. He is the most famous of the world's philosophers, and the greatest exponent of idealism.

Pliny, a famous Roman writer and naturalist, who perished in the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79.

Damnonians, from Damnonii, the tribe inhabiting south-west Britain in Roman times, that is, what is now called Devon and Cornwall. The Lizard was called the Damnonian Promontory.

Father Neptune, the Roman god of the sea, identified even by the Romans with the Greek god Poseidon, one of the sons of Oceanos and brother of Zeus. Cf. "Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did say, 'If ever I dwell upon dryland'", &c.

Triton, a son of Neptune, represented as riding over the sea on sea-monsters. In Greek mythology, a son of Poseidon and Amphitrite, who lived with his father and mother in a golden palace at the bottom of the sea.

Kilkhampton, a village in Cornwall north-east of Stratton. The parish church is a very fine one.

Taw, a Devonshire river, rises in Dartmoor, and flows first north-east and then north-west, and falls into Bideford Bay after a course of 50 miles.

CHAPTER III

Coved, vaulted or arched.

Burrough, or Borough, a country house near Northam village on the road between Bideford and West

ward Ho. It was owned by the family of Leigh for many generations.

never troubled, were never put in force. That is, Roman Catholics were not persecuted in England.

Moorwinstlow, a Cornish village 6 miles north of Bude. Here the cliffs rise almost precipitously from the sea.

Jesuits, members of the monkish order of the "Society of Jesus", founded by the ex-Spanish soldier, Ignatius Loyola; noted for their discipline and learning and for their efforts as missionaries. Their doctrines, as well as their practices, were repugnant to members of the reformed churches.

seminary priests, English priests trained in foreign lands, and forbidden by law to return to England.

harpies, rapacious, grasping, greedy persons. A harpy was in Greek and Latin mythology a filthy creature, with the face of a woman and the claws and wings of a bird, sent by the gods to punish wrongdoers.

Chapel, the name of the Leighs' house at Moorwinstlow.

Appledore, a seaport in Northam parish, North Devon, 3 miles north-west of Bideford.

Northam, a long straggling village, 2 miles from Bideford, with a fine view over the bay.

"fell on t'other side." The quartos say only which "falls on the other". Side is an evident addition.

Portledge, on the shores of Bideford Bay to the west of Abbotsham.

Parsons, or **Persons**, Robert (1546-1610), Jesuit missionary. He was a Fellow of Balliol. In 1574 went to Louvain; came back to England with Edmund Campion in 1580.

Campion, Edmund (1540-81), son of a London bookseller; Fellow

of St. John's College; Anglican deacon, 1568; refused B.D., 1569; went to Dublin, 1569; went to Douay, 1571, and to Rome, 1572; joined the Jesuits, 1573; came with Parsons to force English Roman Catholics to action in 1580; arrested at Lyford, in Berkshire, 1581; executed, December, 1581.

slot, the scent left by a deer as it runs, and followed by the hounds along the track.

Hartland, a promontory in North Devon, forming the south-west front of Bideford Bay.

Bude Haven, a sandy creek or bay formed by a break in the cliffs that run along the Cornish coast here.

in embryo, only beginning; had not yet taken definite form.

CHAPTER IV

Pius V, Pope (1566-72), was born near Milan in 1544.

bull, an edict issued by the Pope to the churches.

Father Mayne was the first seminary priest executed in England. An ex-chaplain of St. John's College, he went to Douay in 1573; became chaplain to Francis Tregian, 1576; was executed, 1577.

Tregian, Francis. He was imprisoned for twenty-eight years and his property confiscated for harbouring the popish priest, Cuthbert Mayne, in 1577. The name in the story is spelt as it was no doubt pronounced, *Trudgeon*.

galliard, an old-fashioned Spanish dance. Cf. "That never a hall such a galliard did grace" (*Marmion*).

lavoltas, an old-fashioned dance in which there was much turning.

Fortescue, a noted West Devonshire family, to which several prominent lawyers, politicians, and soldiers belonged in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and later centuries.

for my sake, &c. See St. Mark, x. 29 and 30.

CHAPTER V

Stow, the mansion house of the Grenvilles, situated above the village of Combe, which lies in Combe valley, a picturesque valley north of Kilkhampton, opening to the sea between lofty cliffs.

Ate's apple: referring to the apple thrown by Eris (supposed by some the mother of Ate), the goddess of discord, with the description on it, "For the most beautiful". For its possession Juno, Minerva, and Venus contended.

Ate, according to Hesiod, was a daughter of Eris, and, according to Homer, of Zeus. She led both gods and men to rash and inconsiderate actions. According to the tragic writers, Ate is the goddess who avenges evil deeds on the offenders and on their descendants.

Knight of the burning pestle, the title of one of Beaumont and Fletcher's best known plays. "Knight of the pestle" was a common name for an apothecary.

Oriana, the heroine of the mediæval romance, *Amadis of Gaul*. She was the daughter of Lisuarte, King of England, and with her Amadis fell in love when he was at the Court of the King of Scotland, where he was brought up.

Davils of Marsland. Davils was done to death exactly as described.

Saunders, Nicholas (1527-80-3), born at Reigate; educated at Winchester and Oxford; became Professor of Common Law, 1558; went to Rome; became a priest, 1561; was Professor of Theology at Louvain; came to Ireland as papal legate.

James Fitzmaurice, known as the "arch-traitor". In 1573 he submitted to Sir John Perrot, the English Deputy, as described; ar-

ranged with Pope and Stukely for invasion of Ireland; sailed from Spain with first body of invaders. Fitzmaurice was attacked and killed by his cousin, Theobald Burke, soon after landing.

Killmallock, a small town 20 miles south of Limerick.

Perrot, Sir John, Lord-Deputy of Ireland. He was made President of Munster in 1570, and Lord-Deputy of Ireland, 1584; tried to drive the McDonnells from Antrim; returned to London in disgrace, 1588; died in the Tower, 1592.

Stukely, Thomas (1525-78), an unscrupulous adventurer. He was arrested by Queen Elizabeth, pardoned, and sent to Ireland. Later he accepted a pension from Philip II. He was killed at the battle of Alcazar.

Smerwick, a place, consisting of a few scattered houses, situated on the west coast of Smerwick Bay. Near this Dr. Sanders, the Pope's nuncio, and a number of Spaniards landed and built the fort called Fort-del-Oro. Later they were joined by a considerable force, mainly Italians.

a Courtenay of Haccombe. Haccombe was held for centuries by the Courtenays, but in the time of Henry VI its heiress, Joan Courtenay, married Sir Nicholas Carew.

Civita Vecchia, an Italian town on the Mediterranean. It is the seaport of Rome, from which it is distant 38 miles. Through it the commerce of the Papal States passed.

Sebastian (born 1554), King of Portugal, 1557-78. He was killed at the battle of Alcazar.

Mohammed, the Prince of Fez. It was Mohammed, or rather Mahomet XI, Abd-Allah's son, who was deposed by Abd-el-Malek I, and who appealed to Sebastian of Portugal for help.

Alcazar, or Kasr-el-Kebir, a

town of Morocco in Fez, 53 miles south of Tangier.

Thomas Doughty, one of the Adventurers of the expedition, was "tried for actions tending to overthrow the service in hand, and making away of his (Drake's) person". He was tried before forty of the chiefs of the fleet, and their decision was that "He had deserved death, and that it stood by no means with their safety to let him live".—Drake's *World Encompassed*.

Carrigfolium, Carrigafoyle, a castle on the shores of the Shannon. It was taken and the garrison entirely destroyed by Sir W. Pelham in 1580.

Homer's heroes, the heroes on both sides who took part in the Trojan war, whose deeds are described in the *Iliad*.

Marshland Mouth, or rather Marshland Mouth, the opening known also as Welcombe Mouth, where through a gap in the cliffs the Combe reaches the Atlantic.

CHAPTER VI

noble, a gold coin of the value of 6s. 8d., long current in England.

Tu = two.

CHAPTER VII

manner of roog, kind of rogue, a vagrant or vagabond.

masterless man, a man out of employment. Such men were taken before magistrates, and forced to accept employment.

Lima, the capital of Peru, lies fully 12 degrees south of the Equator.

South Seas, the name applied chiefly to the Pacific Ocean, the ocean between Asia and Australia on the one hand, and America on the other.

Panama, now the capital of the

Republic of the same name, is situated on the south or Pacific coast of the Isthmus of Panama.

Marazion, or Market Jew, a watering-place, seaport, and railway station on Mounts Bay, 3 miles east of Penzance.

Quito, now the capital of Ecuador, was taken by the Spaniards in 1534, and was incorporated as a city by Charles V in 1541.

Cabo San Francisco, a cape on the west coast of Ecuador, little more than half a degree south of the Equator.

February come two years. This means when February comes it will be two years ago. It is now usually put, "two years ago, come February".

pezos, more commonly "pesos", a Spanish coin, gold or silver, long current in Spanish America.

Cimaroons, from a word *Cimarron*, meaning wild, unruly, applied both to men and to animals.

Lutheran, a follower of Luther, the German reformer of the early sixteenth century.

Carthagena, usually Cartagena, a city and seaport of Columbia on a small sandy peninsula.

Caravel, a Spanish fishing-boat, or small ship.

Netherland wars, the wars that arose in what are now called Belgium and Holland when Philip II tried to compel his subjects to submit to the decrees of the Council of Trent.

Spanish Main, the name applied to that part of the Caribbean Sea which was the north coast of South America, and stretches from the mouth of the Orinoco to the Isthmus of Panama.

Indies, used for West Indies, though it includes both the West and East Indies.

CHAPTER VIII

St. Leger, **Chichester**, and

Fortescue, the names of three of the principal West Devonshire families.

not to Coventry but to Oxford, a play on the phrase to "send a person to Coventry", that is, to refuse to hold intercourse with him. Coventry is a town in Warwickshire, 19 miles south-east of Birmingham.

Deus Venter, stomach-god, love of and longing for food.

Deus Cupid, the god of love. Cupid is identified with the Greek Eros, the son of Hermes (Mercury), and Aphrodite (Venus).

Dido, founder and Queen of Carthage, whither she had fled from Tyre, fell in love with Aeneas, and, as he did not return her love, but left to seek for the lands promised him by the gods, destroyed herself.

Aeneas, a Trojan prince, the son of Anchises and of Venus, by his marriage with Lavinia became the ancestral hero of the Romans.

Alicante. Alicante, the capital of the Spanish province of the same name, has a large export trade in wine of Eastern Spain, known in the English market as wine of Alicante.

Basnet, the name of a prominent Cornish family.

Marshal of Munster. Sir Warham St. Leger (died 1597) was Marshal of Munster from 1579-89.

Norris, Sir John (died 1597), brother of Thomas Norris, President of Munster, greatly distinguished himself in the religious wars both in France and in the Netherlands. He helped in the preparation to meet the Armada, and held a command in Drake's expedition to the coast of Spain the following year.

CHAPTER IX

Fort del Oro, a fort occupied by the filibusters. It lies on the west side of Smerwick harbour.

Winter, more correctly Wynter, Sir William (died 1589), was Surveyor of the Navy and Master of Naval Ordnance from 1549. He took part in the great fight with the Armada.

Colbrand, a mythical Danish giant who was slain by the English hero, Guy of Warwick.

the grammarian's son, Sir John Cheke, the noted Greek scholar, died 1557. He was professor of Greek at Cambridge from 1540-51. He was imprisoned in the Tower by Mary, and was compelled to adjure Protestantism.

Lord Grey of Wilton, Irish Deputy, to whom Edmund Spenser the poet acted as Secretary. He was made Lord-Deputy in 1579, and he it was who suppressed the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond.

Argonauts, the heroes and demigods who, according to Greek legend, took part in the expedition to Colchis on the shores of the Euxine to bring back the golden fleece.

hidalgo, Spanish for a person of noble descent, a noble man or woman.

spare the Amalekites, a wandering tribe who attacked the Israelites under Joshua, but were repulsed. Saul defeated them, but he did not utterly destroy them, as he had been ordered, and was severely rebuked by Samuel for sparing them.

Antonio Galvao, Antonio Galvao, a Portuguese navigator, whose book published in 1555 was published in English by Richard Hakluyt in 1601. The author died in 1557.

El Dorado (the gilded), the reputed King of a fabulous city of great wealth, the City of Manoa, supposed to be situated somewhere in the north of South America.

Lepanto, Battle of, a great naval victory won by the Spaniards and Italians under Don John of Austria over the Turks in 1571.

Ormond's departure, the Ormonde referred to is Thomas, tenth Earl of Ormonde. He crushed the Desmonds in Kerry in 1580-3.

snipe, a bird belonging to the waders, the same class as the cranes, plovers, &c. Snipe frequents marshy ground, hence their abundance on the Irish bogs.

yellow mantles, the Irish peasants who wore, as we learn from Spencer, mantles "instead of housing, bedding, and clothing".

CHAPTER X

Peru, a South American republic which has for its capital Lima. It formed the chief port of the Empire of the Incas, and was to some extent civilized before its conquest by Spain.

Levant, the part of the Mediterranean that washes the shores of Syria and Palestine.

East Indies, a name applied to India and Further India, but more especially to the islands lying to the south-east of Asia.

islands, the islands between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, and those between the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico.

Mexico, the most southern of the North American states. The early inhabitants were the Aztecs, who, like the Incas of Peru, had made considerable progress in civilization before their conquest by Spain. The country was invaded by Cortes in 1519; and from 1535 to 1821 was known as New Spain.

CHAPTER XI

Desmonds, the title of the head of the Fitzgeralds or Fitzmaurices. Gerald Fitzgerald, the fifteenth Earl, rebelled against Elizabeth. He died 1583. The Desmond country was Cork and Kerry.

Inchiquin. The O'Briens were Barons Inchiquin and Earls of Thomond, and played a very important part in Irish history in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

Thomond corresponds roughly to County Clare.

ancient, a standard-bearer, ensign.

Pucks, hobgoblins, mischievous spirits who play tricks on people.

banshees, spirits (often family) who bewail in anticipation the death, particularly, of one of the members of the family.

Burghley, William Cecil (1520-98), for forty years the chief minister of Queen Elizabeth, was born at Bourn, in Lincolnshire.

Essex, the Elder (died 1576), an Irish adventurer, created Earl of Essex, 1572; undertook the conquest of Ulster, 1573; tried to rid Ulster of the Scots under Sorley Boy; joined Scots against the Irishry under O'Neil; recalled, 1575.

Kernes, Irish peasants.

Lord Baltinglas, James Eustace, third Viscount Baltinglas, who headed an Irish Catholic insurrection in 1580; fled to Spain, where he died, 1585.

Ora pro me, pray for me.

Hakluyt, Richard (died 1616), geographer of Westminster, devoted his time to the publication of the accounts of the voyages and discoveries of early navigators.

Humphrey, Gilbert (died 1583), step-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. He left England in 1583 in command of five ships, his object being to begin to colonize Newfoundland.

Compton Castle, 2 miles from Cockington and 4 from Torquay, was for some time the residence of Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

Cawsand Bay (pron. *Cosdon*), on the south-west of Plymouth Sound, forms an excellent anchorage.

Capitol. In old Roman history the centre of the City; that part of the Capitoline hill which was occupied by the temple of Jupiter Optimus.

CHAPTER XII

Pyramids, sepulchral monuments erected as tombs, and one of the special features of Egypt.

La Guayra, a seaport in Venezuela, on the south shore of the Caribbean Sea. It is the port of Caracas.

Seville, a province of South Spain, also its capital; one of the largest and most important commercial cities in the country. It is situated on the left bank of the Guadalquivir. It is a remarkably beautiful city, about which the Spaniards say, "See Seville and die".

Hurtado = Hurtado de Mendoza, born at Cuenca, died at Lima, 1561.

Sebastian Cabota, born at Bristol, 1477, died at London in 1557. He was the second son of John Cabot, and was himself a famous explorer. He was invited by Charles V to Spain, but he returned to England in 1546.

Hankford's oak, an oak in the park at Annery, where, according to local tradition, Sir William Hankford, Chief Justice under Henry V, fell when shot by his keeper.

Adrian, Adrian Gilbert, the brother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh.

CHAPTER XIII

Clarencieux, more commonly Clarenceux, the second King-of-Arms in England, the first being the "Garter".

St. Juan d'Ulloa, or San Juan de Ulloa, the castle defending the harbour of Vera Cruz, in Mexico.

Enoch, the patriarch who was son of Jared and father of Methuselah.

He was translated, so he did not see death (Genesis v. 24).

Cape Race, the south-eastern extremity of Newfoundland.

CHAPTER XIV

King of the Gubbins. Ledford Glen, some 9 miles from Okehampton, was the favourite resort of Roger Rowle, the Devon Robin Hood, who lived in the time of Charles I. He was the leader of the Gubbins. "Gubbins land", Fuller tells us, "is a Scythia within England, and they pure heathens therein."

Tavistock, on the right bank of the River Tavy, had a magnificent abbey, and was formerly a place of considerable importance. It lies on the right bank of the river, 16 miles north of Plymouth. A few miles north of Tavistock is Ledford. Sir Francis Drake was born near Tavistock.

Lydford, sometimes Lidford, lies between 6 and 7 miles north of Tavistock. It is noted for its bridge and waterfall.

Brent Tor, a hill 1100 feet high. It serves as a mark for vessels entering Plymouth harbour, 20 miles distant.

Lundy Island, a small island in the Bristol Channel, 18 miles from Clovelly, the nearest port. It is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, with an average breadth of half a mile.

Justice Shallow, a character in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in the second part of *Henry IV*. A pretentious, foolish creature of the sort too often pushed into positions of authority.

CHAPTER XV

Moresco Castle. The earliest recorded Lord of Lundy is Sir Jordan de Marisco (Marsh), in the time of Henry II. The Mariscos held

Lundy for long, leading a piratical life.

"Easterling", a ship from the Baltic, that is, from the Hanse towns.

"Flushing", a ship from the Netherlands, up to that time under the King of Spain, who had heired the possessions of the House of Burgundy.

Cataline, &c., a Roman politician and conspirator, born about 108 B.C. He made himself specially infamous by the part he took in the horrors attending on the proscriptions by Sulla. His conspiracy against the Roman Republic was defeated by the vigilance of Cicero, whose orations helped to keep alive the memory of the monster.

Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, has a university and a cathedral. It was founded in 1567.

Inquisition, a Roman Catholic tribunal called the Holy Office, founded in the thirteenth century, and used from the first for the suppression of opinions thought opposed to Church teaching, and for the punishment of those who held such opinions.

CHAPTER XVI

Deptford is some 3 miles south-east of London Bridge, and immediately west of Greenwich. It is one of the manufacturing areas of London.

"Pellican", or "Pellycan", is name given in Drake's *World Encompassed*.

Earl of Cumberland, Henry de Clifford, third earl. He succeeded his father, the second earl, in 1570.

Frobisher, Sir Martin (died 1594), a noted English admiral and discoverer; made several attempts to find the north-west passage; gives name to bay and straits in North America.

Davis, William. This seems a

slip for John Davis or Davys, who gives his name to Davis Straits. He was born at Sandridge, in Devonshire, about 1550, and was killed in the Straits of Malacca, 1605.

Vowerson, William (flourished 1545-77), merchant and navigator, made three voyages to the coast of Guinea.

Osborne, Sir Edward (died 1591), was Lord Mayor of London. He obtained the incorporation, and was first Governor of the Turkey Company.

The reason firm, &c. The quotation is from Wordsworth's poem, "She was a phantom of delight", &c. The conclusion is "A perfect woman nobly planned", &c.

Peckham, Sir Gilbert, probably for Sir George, merchant venturer; knighted in 1570; died 1608; associated with Gilbert in American explorations.

Hatton, Sir Christopher (1640-91), a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was made Vice-Chamberlain, and from whom he received a grant of estates and an annuity.

mouton = sheep.

Fairy Queen, usually written *The Faerie Queene*, one of the most famous poems in the English language. The first three books of the poem were given to the printer in 1589, when Spenser came from Kilcolman to London.

Peter the Hermit, one of the leading preachers of the first Crusade. He was born about 1050, and died at Huy, in Belgium, 1115.

Ilfracombe = Ilfordcombe, on the north coast of Devon, once a seaport of some considerable importance.

Joshua, the successor of Moses as leader of the Israelites. He it was who led them to the conquest of the Holy Land. (See Book of Joshua).

David, the second King of Israel. (See 1 and 2 Samuel and 1 Kings.)
never-strikes = never yields,
 never surrenders.

CHAPTER XVII

Barbadoes, one of the Lesser Antilles, the most eastern of the West Indian Islands belonging to Britain, and one of the most prosperous.

Barlow, or Barlowe, Arthur, an English navigator who held a command in Raleigh's exploring expedition to America in 1584.

Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes, lies on the north shore of the island. It has no harbour, but lies on a fine open roadstead.

Sirens, fabulous beings who lured men to their destruction. They lived, according to Homer, on an island to the south-west of Italy.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Pelican" and "Minion", the names of the largest and the smallest of the ships of Drake's expedition.

Margarita, an island in the Caribbean Sea. It belongs to Venezuela. It is 45 miles long, and from 5 to 20 miles broad. The name means pearl.

barricos, kegs or small barrels. Spanish, *barrica*.

CHAPTER XIX

Cubagua, a small island of Venezuela, 30 miles north of Caracas.

Peninsula of Paria, the peninsula which separates the Gulf of Paria from the Caribbean Sea.

Cape Codera, a cape to the north of Venezuela. It lies to the east of Caracas.

La Guayra, the port of Caracas.

San Domingo, the largest island

in the West Indies except Cuba. It comprises the two republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo. It was called by Spaniards *Hispaniola*.

Cuba, the largest of the West Indian Islands, now forming a republic of same name,

"Duppy", ghost or spirit.

CHAPTER XX

Higuerote, a seaport of Venezuela about 50 miles east of Caracas; gives its name to the bay.

Stygian flood, the waters of the Styx, the chief river in the nether world, round which it flows several times. All dead persons had to cross it before entering Hades.

CHAPTER XXI

St. Yago de Lion. This may mean Santiago de las Atalayas, a town of Colombia.

Cortés. Hernando Cortés, a famous Spanish soldier, the conqueror of Mexico (1485-1547).

"Jesus of Lubeck", the ship commanded by Sir John Hawkins in his expedition of 1567.

Ceiba tree, the god-tree, the silk cotton tree of the West Indies.

CHAPTER XXIII

Orinoco, one of the chief rivers of South America. It rises in the Parime Mountains, and after a course of 1600 miles falls into the Atlantic by several mouths.

Amazons, a mythical race of women warriors living in Pontus, whose queen, Penthesilea, was killed by Achilles. Hercules obtained the girdle of their queen Hippolyta, and Theseus also fought against them.

nymphs, female divinities, goddesses of springs, rivers, trees, &c.

Diana, the Roman goddess of

light and of the moon. In later times she was identified with the Greek goddess Artemis.

Cacique, the chief or king of an Indian tribe.

Incas, the ruling race in the Empire of Peru before its conquest by the Spaniards. They were sun-worshippers.

CHAPTER XXIV

piache, a medicine-man or witch-doctor among the natives of Central and South America.

Papamene, a supposed state to the southward of Peru.

Omaquas, the Indian tribe to which he was medicine-man.

CHAPTER XXV

basnet, for basinet, a small light-steel head-piece.

Zambos, negro and Indian half-breeds.

casus belli, the reason for fighting.

Pizarro, a Spanish soldier and adventurer, who died at Lima in 1541. He put the Inca Atahualpa to death. He captured Quito and founded Lima. A party of his own followers rose against him and killed him.

Inca Manco. After the death of Atahualpa, Pizarro allowed Manco, the son of the Inca Huayna Capac, to be crowned in 1534. Two years later Manco made a brave attempt to expel the invaders. Almagro, the colleague of Pizarro, returned from Chile, and the two succeeded in defeating Manco.

Vaca de Castro was sent out by Charles V as Governor of Peru, and defeated the army of Almagro the Lad, the half-caste son of Almagro, in the battle of Chupas, after which Almagro the Lad was beheaded at Cuzco.

New Granada, another name for Colombia.

Caiman, or Cayman, the name given to the alligator of South America and the West Indies.

CHAPTER XXVI

Santa Martha, Santa Marta, a port of Colombia, on the eastern shore of the Bay of Cartagena, 40 miles north-east of the mouth of the Magdalena.

intendant, commissioner or manager, the chief official.

sacked and burned. In his expedition of 1585 Drake burned St. Iago, plundered Vigo, and captured San Domingo and Cartagena. On his return he brought back the first colonists of Virginia, 1586.

English Lutherans, used as a term of abuse for English Protestants, who were rather Calvinistic than Lutheran.

St. Augustine, on the east coast of Florida, now one of the most fashionable winter resorts of the United States.

Santa Fé = Santo Fé de Bogoto, now the capital of the republic of Colombia.

"San Benito", or Sanbenito, a yellow garment like a scapular, with a red St. Andrew's cross before and behind, worn by acknowledged and repentant heretics. The same name was given to the black garment, ornamented with devils and flames, worn by a confessed but unrepentant heretic at an auto-da-fé, or burning.

auto-da-fé, a public burning of those who held opinions not sanctioned by the Church or contradictory of the teaching of the Church.

CHAPTER XXVII

viejo diablo de Panama, the old devil of Panama.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Mary Queen of Scots, the beautiful daughter of the unfortunate, James V. Sent to France for her education, she married the dauphin, afterwards Francis II, in 1558. She claimed the throne of England on the death of Mary in 1558, and returned to Scotland after her husband's death, 1560. She married her cousin, Lord Darnley; was accused of complicity in his murder; was dethroned and imprisoned. She fled to England, where she became the centre of the plots against Elizabeth. She was executed in 1587.

CHAPTER XXIX

Boadicea, wife of Prasutagas, the King of the Iceni, a British tribe occupying what is now Norfolk. Robbed and ill-used by Roman officials, she headed a rebellion by which the Romans were nearly driven from the island. She was defeated near London by Suetonius.

Nine worthies. Three of these were pagan—Hector, Alexander, and Julius Caesar; three were Jews—Joshua, David, and Judas Macabeus; three were Christian—Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.

Britain's Salamis, the sea fight in which Britain won her safety and independence from Spain, as Greece won her independence from Persia at Salamis. Cf.:

A king stood on the rocky brow,
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships in thousands lay below,
And men and nations, all were his.
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, where were they?—Byron.

CHAPTER XXX

Howard, Charles (1536-1624). He held chief command against the

Spanish Armada; was made Earl of Nottingham, 1596. Improbably supposed, in recent years, to have been a Roman Catholic. (See *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

"miscorado sugar", raw or unrefined sugar, obtained from the juice of the sugar-cane by draining off the molasses.

River Plate, the Rio de la Plate, the estuary formed by the junction of the Parana and Uruguay rivers in South America.

wraxling, for wrestling. Devonshire and Cornwall are noted for their wrestling. They have a style peculiar to themselves.

CHAPTER XXXI

galliasse, low-built boats, larger than galleys, propelled both by oars and sails.

St. James's Day. St. James of Compostella is the patron saint of Spain, and as the prophets of Baal were proved false prophets by Elijah on Mount Carmel, so the Spanish were shown to be false worshippers in the Armada fight.

Gravelines, a strongly-fortified seaport town of France, lying 42 miles to the east of Calais.

Oquenda, Recalde, &c., commanders of the Armada under Medina Sidonia.

CHAPTER XXXII

Morte Point, a promontory, 800 feet high, on the north-west of Devon, overlooking the Atlantic, 5½ miles south-west of Ilfracombe.

Hartland Point, south-west extremity of Barnstaple Bay, at the entrance to the Bristol Channel.

Shutter, a huge granite mass forming south-west corner of Lundy Isle.